



# ANCIENT GODLY MONARCH

BOOK 04

*Jing Wu Hen*

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

# Ancient Godly Monarch

(太古神王)

by

Jing Wu Hen

(净无痕)

# Synopsis

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Within the Province of the Nine Skies, far above the heavens, there exists nine galaxies of astral rivers. Each of these astral rivers is made up of the combination of countless constellations interwoven together. These nine galaxies can also be collectively known as the Nine Layers of Heaven.

Legend has it that the strongest cultivators in the Province of the Nine Skies were beings that could open an astral gate every time they advanced into a new realm. Their talent in cultivation was such that they could even establish innate links with constellations that existed on a higher layer than the Nine Layers of Heaven, eventually transforming into the heaven-defying and earth-shattering powers known as the War Gods within the Nine Layers of Heaven.

Qin Wentian is the MC of this story. How can a guy, who has a broken set of meridians, successfully cultivate? There are countless Stellar Martial Cultivators, the same as there are countless constellations within the vast starry skies. Yet, what he wants to be, is the brightest constellation of all, the one which shines the most dazzlingly within the vast and starry skies.

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English Translation by kurodreamer @ [Gravity Tales](#)

Translation Edit by Milkbiscuit @ [Gravity Tales](#)

ePub conversion by Lisa Hayes @ [Hasseno Blog](#)

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# AGM 301 - Gazing-Dragon Mountain

## Rampart

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As the sun rose, Shu Ruanyu could be seen sitting cross-legged, leaning against a wall in the cave dwelling. Her eyes were lightly shut as her arms clasped around her body protectively. Even as she rested, she was still in a state of vigilance.

Although Qin Wentian had undone the formation he placed on her yesterday, allowing her to absorb Astral Energy once more, she still suffered from some restrictions in the cave.

“Pitter, patter!” A crisp sound echoed in the dwelling. Shu Ruanyu opened her fatigue-filled eyes and to her surprise, she discovered that there was no one else in the cave dwelling right then.

“Mhm?” Shu Ruanyu instantly stood up. She stealthily approached the cave’s entrance and peered outside. Other than a foggy mist formed by the condensation of last night’s rain, there was no one else outside as well.

“Time to escape.” Shu Ruanyu let out a long sigh of relief. Finally, she didn’t have to worry about that damnable fatty ever again. But then again, throughout her past few days of captivity, Qin Wentian did keep his word. Other than placing that formation on her, he hadn’t done anything else.

“Qin Wentian, I won’t forget this,” Shu Ruanyu icily commented. After speaking, her silhouette flickered as she rose up in the air.

Qin Wentian and his group had long departed since early this morning. As promised, he released Shu Ruanyu. Back then, because of his actions, Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi were implicated despite them having nothing to do with it. As long as Shu Ruanyu returned safe and sound, Yang Fan wouldn’t do anything to Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi. The White Deer Institute could also be considered a major power in the Moon Continent, even though the scope of their combined forces couldn’t be compared to a transcendent power. The Star-Seizing Manor would definitely not go all out to start a war by allowing Yang Fan to kill the Bailu siblings.

Because of the need to maintain absolute secrecy of his whereabouts, Qin Wentian had to leave the mountain range they were in, lest Shu Ruanyu brought back reinforcements to capture him.

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Qiyun Country was right alongside the boundaries of the Azure Continent and was a country under the administration of the transcendent power—the Ouyang Aristocratic Clan.

The Ouyang Aristocratic Clan was a clan and not a sect, however, in order to expand even further, they were careful not to neglect the recruitment of fresh blood and new talents. Although the new recruits might not be of their bloodline, they would still do their best to nurture the chosen ones, thereby ensuring that their power

wouldn't wane.

There was also an extremely famous mountain named Gazing-Dragon Mountain outside the borders of Qiyun Country.

This mountain was renowned for the various innate techniques engraved on the stone walls, and anyone was free to study them for their own comprehension. It was rumoured that Qiyun's past generations of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns had spent their time and effort into engraving their comprehensions onto the mountain rampart, leaving this priceless treasure behind for the Stellar Martial Cultivators of Qiyun Country.

To a small country, stepping into the Heavenly Dipper Realm was already the pinnacle. If they didn't wish to stagnate, they would surely roam the Grand Xia. But some of these Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns loved their countries dearly, which inspired them to leave something behind for future generations, resulting in the current popularity of the Gazing-Dragon Mountain.

In front of the rampart, there were many stone platforms layered in the region around. Every day, there would be several cultivators visiting the mountains, trying their best to gain comprehensions of the innate techniques depicted.

And right now at this moment, there was a young man with a herculean figure standing atop a stone platform, relentlessly brandishing a huge axe. His movements did not have Astral Energy embedded within, yet the power behind them was strong enough to cause a massive wind to kick up.

This herculean figure had skin the color of bronze, his entire frame was ripped with muscles and an explosive strength could be sensed within each of his movements. He didn't look too old, around the age of 24 to 25, but even more interesting was that he'd been brandishing that gigantic axe of his for a total of seven days and hadn't stopped for a single moment. He also didn't seem to be bothered by the spectators watching him.

"Feel the wind from his strikes, I wonder how heavy that Axe of his is?" Somebody among the spectators laughingly commented.

"I would venture a guess at around 500 jin, this person seems like a barbarian and has boundless brute force." Another person replied.

"Why doesn't he get fatigued despite the increasingly profoundness of that axe art he's practicing? How strange."

"Well, there are many bizarre people all around the world. Look over there, there's even someone who's just been sleeping the past few days." One of the spectators pointed to a stone platform not far away from the herculean young man. There was a youth quietly lying there, sleeping in peace or so it seemed, in a world of his own where outside matters couldn't reach him.

"Two idiots."

Yesterday, in the midst of a raining thunderstorm, that herculean young man continued practicing with the axe while the



other young man continued sleeping there. Their actions had no common-sense to them.

What was even more bizarre was that beside the sleeping young man, a snowy white puppy pranced around, its adorable appearance instantly drawing the attention of many.

“Little fellow, come here!” At this moment, a young lady with a fresh and pure countenance, called out to the adorable snowy puppy.

The little snowy puppy gave a bark that sounded of laughter, and momentarily leapt onto the bosom of the young lady, causing her to giggle in happiness as she stroked its fur and patted it on its head.

This little fellow appeared to be enjoying itself immensely, much to the irritation and jealousy of several others in the crowd.

“Your owner is too lazy, doesn’t he care if you’re hungry or not?” The young lady glanced at Qin Wentian as she commented. She had been interacting with Little Rascal for the past few days and often stopped by to hug the little fellow. But this fellow on the stone platform, had always been sleeping every time.

“Ye Xi, you’re here again.” From afar, a slightly plump figure walked over. The young lady glanced at this new comer as she smiled, “What are you doing here again?”

“Well, I’m the buddy of that little shithead’s owner.” Fan Le laughed. The young lady snorted, before looking at Little Rascal that was contently sitting on her bosom, “Is he really?”

“Little Rascal, come here!” Fatty called out to the snowy puppy only to see the snowy puppy confusedly staring back at him, appearing as though it had never seen Fan Le before. After a few moments, it acted bored and started snuggling its head into Ye Xi’s bosom once more.

“See? It doesn’t know you.” Ye Xi glared at Fan Le. Fan Le rolled his eyes, damn that little lecherous wolf in puppy clothing.

Fan Le sat down with boredom, glancing at the sleeping young man before turning his gaze onto that herculean figure who was still wielding his axe. They had already arrived at the Qiyun country for a period of time, and Qin Wentian wished to make a breakthrough and up their power levels before they ventured into the Azure Continent.

And at this moment, Qin Wentian who was sleeping, suddenly sat up. The silhouette of Little Rascal instantly transformed into a white beam of light as it dashed towards the bosom of Qin Wentian. It let out a few delighted barks and kept trying to lick Qin Wentian on his face, indicating the closeness of the bond they shared.

“Boss, you finally woke up.” Fan Le’s eyes shone as he continued, “Boss, this lady is Ye Xi, a good friend of mine. She’s very familiar with Little Rascal, but that little shithead kept ignoring me in her presence, pretending that it didn’t know me. How maddening.”

“Hmm, who are you talking to?” Qin Wentian acted as if he didn’t know this fellow at all... he glanced at Ye Xi while silently condemning Fatty with contempt in his heart.

This fatty, was the epitome of the concept, ‘universal love’.

“Nevermind, you just won.” Fan Le was totally speechless.

“Wow, how rare, that Sleeping God actually woke up,” somebody exclaimed in surprise.

“This fellow really has a talent for sleeping.”

“Sleeping God, are you here to sleep or to cultivate?”

“Sleeping God?” Qin Wentian grinned as he heard his title. In fact, he hadn’t stopped cultivating for a single moment ever since he arrived here.

After that last battle back in the Moon Continent, the Astral Energy within his three Yuanfu had completely dried up, and in addition he’d been seriously injured. After he recovered, and absorbed enough Astral Energy to fill his Yuanfu again, to his pleasant surprise, he discovered that his Yuanfu receptacles had actually expanded in size—he had actually made a breakthrough to the fifth-level of Yuanfu.

“Fatty, this rampart is truly fascinating, you should meditate on it if you have the time.” Qin Wentian tried to persuade Fatty into working harder.

“Don’t worry boss, with my good brains I can easily understand the comprehensions and innate techniques engraved upon it. Look at Big Bro Mang, if even he could understand, it’ll be a snap for a great genius like me.”

Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Chu Mang, the movements of his axe seemed extremely ordinary and without fanfare, yet upon closer observation, they contained within them a marvellous intricacy, moving in a strange trajectory.

“It’s that technique?!” Qin Wentian’s eyes brightened. There was a set of exceedingly profound axe-type innate techniques depicted on the mountain rampart. The illustrated strikes appeared extremely chaotic, yet learning the technique allowed one to circulate the qi in one’s body in a certain direction. This was in accordance to the movements of the axe techniques, achieving the realm of uniting qi and innate technique as one.

“Is he a friend of you guys as well?” Ye Xi wondered, as Qin Wentian nodded his head.

“A bunch of weirdos.” Ye Xi smiled with no hints of rudeness, while some of the spectators also laughed along, “Hey Sleeping God, are you bragging? Telling others to meditate on the depictions while you snore, you mean you’re studying all these marvellous techniques in your sleep?”

Qin Wentian glanced at the crowd, the majority of people here were at the Yuanfu Realm. Occasionally, there would be some cultivators at the Arterial Circulation Realm as well.

Laughing nonchalantly, Qin Wentian didn't deign to give an explanation and continued cultivating quietly.

In the blink of an eye, winter came. The chill of winter's frosty wind, as well as the blanket of snow, caused the number of visitors to the Gazing-Dragon Mountain to lessen.

Amidst the drifting snow, Qin Wentian stretched out his hands, watching as a snowflake landed on his palm. He inclined his head and gazed in the direction of the Moon Continent.

Another year had passed, was Qingcheng still doing fine in the Pill Emperor Hall?

His father, Qin Chuan, Sister Qin Yao, Teacher Mustang, Senior Luo Huan, were all still in Chu. He wondered if they were doing fine as well.

He missed them all, he was already nineteen. Although these three years had passed by in a flash, he had experienced too much, way too much.

“Hey the weather is cold, you should eat these pastries I've brought to warm yourselves up, they're piping hot.” At this

moment, a young lady carrying a basket walked over. Inside the basket were goodies of all kinds, and when she saw the expressions of wistful longing in his eye, she gently smiled, “Brother Wentian, are you thinking of the girl you love?”

Glancing at the young lady’s guileless smile, Qin Wentian stretched out his hands and tousled her hair. Due to their daily interactions during this period of time, he was already very familiar with Ye Xi.

“Wow, what’s this delicious thing I smell.” Fatty sidled upwards, grinning as he grabbed a few steaming buns from the basket and started wolfing them down. Although Stellar Martial Cultivators had no need to consume food, it still felt good to satisfy their desire to eat.

The three of them sat down on the stone platform, laughing and joking about, painting an extremely harmonious scene.

And right at this moment, a white beam of light flashed past. Turning their gazes in the direction of the beam, they only saw Chu Mang brandishing his gigantic axe as the snowflakes surrounding him were controlled by his qi flow, gathering together to form a snow dragon flew through the air, all in accordance to the intricate dance Chu Mang was moving in.

“How beautiful.” Ye Xi’s own gorgeous eyes flickered.

Qin Wentian’s eyes also lit up as a smile appeared on his face. Chu Mang had broken through!

“Excellent!” Qin Wentian laughed—currently their respective levels of power had all taken a step forwards!

# AGM 302 - Ye Xi's Story

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After a final slash, Chu Mang finally stopped. He inclined his head, looking up towards the Heavens and bellowed, “How satisfying, haha!”

Chu Mang at this moment, felt that his entire body was in a very ‘relaxed’ state. The column of snowflakes spiralled around him, directed by the unconscious flow of his qi.

“Big Bro Mang, come and have something to eat. You must be thoroughly worn out after all these days of practice,” Qin Wentian called out. Chu Mang’s gaze shifted over in the direction of Qin Wentian and Fan Le as he heartily agreed.

With a single step, Chu Mang traversed the distance between them and landed on the stone platform. An expression of puzzlement appeared on his face as he glanced at Ye Xi, “Who’s this little sister?”

“Hi Big Bro Mang, my name is Ye Xi.” Ye Xi smiled as she greeted in a sweet voice. Chu Mang rubbed the back of his head and laughed, “Ye Xi, are the goodies made by you? I must definitely try them.”

“Yeah, her pastry-making skills are really excellent.” Qin Wentian laughed.

“Ah, it’s snowing again. I wonder how my big brother is doing now?” Chu Mang stared at the drifting snowflakes as he mumbled.



“Don’t worry, Brother Wuwei will definitely make Chu even more prosperous than before.” Qin Wentian’s thoughts shifted to Chu Wuwei as well. That incomparably calm and serene Emperor of Chu that was always in control.

“Mhm.” Chu Mang heavily nodded his head as his eyes turned slightly red. He truly missed his big brother.

“Ye Xi, where is your family?” Qin Wentian gazed at Ye Xi as he inquired with a smile.

Ye Xi’s smile instantly faded, but she quickly recovered and forced out a joyful look as she replied, “They are in the Royal Capital of Qiyun Country.”

“Then what are you doing here?” Chu Mang was slightly more clumsy and often blundered his way through things that needed diplomacy. He didn’t notice Ye Xi’s expression and hence, he straightforwardly asked the most direct question.

“I didn’t like it there so I ran out.” Ye Xi’s smile was extremely strained.

“Okay.” Chu Mang nodded somewhat stupidly.

“I’ll talk to you guys next time, I suddenly remembered that I have something to do.” Ye Xi took up her basket and frantically walked away. Staring at her departing view, Qin Wentian shook

his head. He knew that this little girl had worries in her heart.

Yes, that's right, a sixteen year old young lady coming to the Gazing-Dragon Mountain every day, yet not for cultivation. There should be a special reason behind it.

“Wentian, when are we leaving for the Azure Continent?” Chu Mang asked.

“I'm currently at a bottleneck, give me a few more days. I want to see if I can make a breakthrough before we enter the Azure Continent.” Qin Wentian smiled. He had already been stuck at the bottleneck at the fifth-level of Yuanfu for quite some time.

“Okay, I will go look at the rampart and see if there are any innate techniques suitable for me to practice.” Chu Mang nodded.

The snow fell with greater intensity and lasted for a total of seven days. After that period of intense snowy weather, the warm rays of the sun felt brimming with warmth and vitality. The last vestiges of snow melted, as the myriad of living things on earth rejoiced, the beautiful landscape resurfacing once more.

The number of visitors to the Gazing-Dragon Mountains increased once again, returning back to the same period of hustle and bustle before the winter.

Chu Mang was still immersed in his cultivation. Although he wasn't intelligent, he was a cultivation fanatic, he could spend the

whole day in his own world, practicing the same move over and over again. This was also the reason why back then, he was ranked first amongst the ten prodigies of Chu.

And because of this particular personality trait, Chu Mang's rate of cultivation was many times faster than the ordinary cultivator.

And Fan Le, although he appeared extremely lazy on the surface, had put in effort during cultivation as well. The word 'hardworking' was gradually imprinted into his bones as well.

"Hey, come and enjoy these delicacies."

The voice of a young lady drifted over. Momentarily, Qin Wentian turned over and stretched his back, having just woken up from sleep.

"Morning, Ye Xi," Qin Wentian greeted.

"Morning? Brother Wentian, the sun's rays are already shining on my bum, it's almost noon already." Ye Xi rolled her eyes and laughed.

"Hehe, Ye Xi, come let me take a look at your bumbum." Fan Le grinned, his words causing Ye Xi to redden. She glared at Fan Le and mimicked Qin Wentian's tone as she scolded, "Damn Fatty."

"HAHAHA!" Fan Le laughed uproariously when he heard Ye Xi's reply. He stuck his hands on his hips, "Ye Xi you better make

things clear, which ounce of this esteemed genius's body is fat?"

"Nope, not fat at all." Ye Xi played along and laughed. Little Rascal had long snuggled its way onto Ye Xi's bosom. The four of them and an adorable little puppy, the scene was like something out of a sit-com.

Throughout those days, Ye Xi would always deliver delicacies over to them. And because Qin Wentian, Fan Le and Chu Mang would endlessly praise her pastry-making skills, Ye Xi felt extremely encouraged. Somehow, being in this group of 'weirdos', made her experience once again the feeling of family warmth. Ye Xi felt extremely relaxed when hanging out among them, greatly loving this atmosphere of joy. In any case, since she had to come to the Gazing-Dragon Mountain Rampart every day, she didn't feel it was a chore to prepare delicacies for them to enjoy after they ended their training.

"Little lady, why are you so friendly with the Sleeping God, Axe Demon and that fatty? Come make us something nice to eat as well," someone in the crowd jested good-naturedly. Sleeping God was the title they gave to Qin Wentian, while Axe Demon was referring to Chu Mang.

"You are not good-looking enough." Ye Xi laughed, her cute manner of refuting instantly caused everyone in the crowd to break out in laughter. The person continued, "But this older brother is very powerful oh, I'm definitely stronger than Sleeping God and Axe Demon."

"Bleh, who knows." Ye Xi stuck out her tongue. That person

laughed again, “I’m an expert that has a cultivation base at the third-level of Yuanfu, my combat prowess isn’t something that Sleeping God, who spends his days in slumber would be able to match. Why don’t you come and be my little wifey instead?”

Ye Xi rolled her eyes, and ignored him. When that person was just about to speak again, abruptly he closed his mouth as his gaze became fixated in a certain direction.

Ye Xi noted his countenance as she too, turned her gaze over that direction. Momentarily, the smile on her face vanished as her countenance turned pale white.

“Ye Xi, what’s wrong?” Chu Mang inquired. Qin Wentian followed Ye Xi’s gaze and saw a group of silhouettes making their way over to them. The person in the middle was clad in luxurious gold-colored robes, an indication of his status and position in that group. The rest of them appeared to be his bodyguards, except for a few that gave a similar air as the golden-robed leader, albeit of a lower rank.

Qin Wentian took note of their cultivation bases. These people were all at the Yuanfu level, the young man in the middle at a cultivation base at the fifth-level of Yuanfu. As for those standing by his side, the weakest among them had a cultivation base at the third-level while the strongest was at the seventh-level of Yuanfu. One had to know that Yuanfu cultivators were already almost at the peak in small countries such as Chu, Snowcloud and of course, Qiyun.

These people definitely had an extraordinary background in

Qiyun.

These group of people instantly appeared in front of the mountain rampart, and the young man in the centre cast a glance towards the surrounding region before smiling, “The citizens of my Qiyun are truly hardworking, not bad at all.”

“We greet young lord.” Many people approached, while bowing to the young man.

“Mhm.” The young man lightly nodded in response. “Fine weather after the snow, the High Princes will come here tomorrow to comprehend the depictions on the rampart. The whole lot of you at the front of the rampart better wise up, and give up your space for them.”

“As you command.” The crowd all nodded, they knew the background of this youth, hence they were all willing to obey.

Every year during this period of time, a group of High Princes would come over to study the depictions engraved on the rampart. The Emperor would then personally examine the High Princes to determine which of them had made the most progress on their comprehension. Needless to say, the one that comprehended the most would often receive the highest amount of recognition from the Emperor and hence, this period of time was highly regarded by the High Princes. Of course, they did not stipulate that someone would need to clear the path for them, however this young man in the golden robes took it upon himself to do just that, as a way to express goodwill with the High Princes.

The background of this young man was extraordinary as well. He was the second son of a conferred King, hence he naturally wanted to form good connection with the various princes.

The young man's gaze slowly surveyed the area, before eventually landing on Ye Xi. He then coldly remarked, "Ye Xi, regardless of your attitude, you are still of noble birth. What are you doing hanging out with this bunch of riffraff every day? Are you doing this to commemorate that cheap slut?"

Ye Xi turned even paler at the young man's words. She angrily retorted, "You are the cheap slut."

"Hehe, Ye Xi, if it were not for the kindness of his highness, you would have been punished long ago. And if you continue with your insolence, then don't blame me for not being polite," the young man spat. After which, he turned his glance towards Qin Wentian, Fan Le and Chu Mang who stood at her side. "I don't want to see your faces here tomorrow morning."

After speaking, he flicked his sleeves and left. "Remember, everyone, when the princes are here tomorrow, the front-most stone platforms are to be left for them. No one, I repeat, no one must occupy it."

After speaking, the whole group of them departed, leaving behind a pale-faced Ye Xi.

The crowd all walked away from the aforementioned platforms,

opting to choose one at the more remote corners. They couldn't afford to antagonise the Royal Clan of Qiyun. "Ye Xi, what's wrong?" Qin Wentian asked in a low voice as he saw how strange she looked.

At this moment, Ye Xi eyes were brimming with tears, appearing extremely sorrowful.

"Nothing." Ye Xi shook her head.

"If you want to cry, just cry. In front of your Brother Wentian, there's no need to restrain your emotions," Qin Wentian gently spoke, as he patted Xi Ye lightly on her shoulders.

Ye Xi collapsed onto Qin Wentian, slightly leaning against his shoulders, her last line of defenses crumbling away. Only now did her tears fall freely.

"Brother Wentian, do you know why I come here so often? Because my mother died right in front of this mountain rampart," Ye Xi sobbed uncontrollably, as she told her story.

So it was revealed that Ye Xi's father was a lord that was conferred Kingship of Qiyun Country. But because he preferred to be unfettered, and not bound by imperial authority, he would often roam about instead of working for the imperial court. Eventually, during one of his jaunts away, he met Yet Xi's mother on of his journeys, a meeting he would always feel extremely blessed to have had. Ye Xi's father's talent in cultivation was pretty good, and he would often come to the mountain rampart in a bid to



comprehend the teachings of the past Qiyun Country's sovereigns.

One day, the elder brother of the wife of another lord in authority that was conferred Kingship, met Ye Xi's mother by chance over at this mountain rampart. Because of her beauty, that man lusted after her, constantly teasing and humiliating her with words. Conflict arose soon after and during an exchange of blows, he accidentally slayed Ye Xi's mother.

When Ye Xi's father rushed to the scene, he killed that man in a fit of rage. After which, he slaughtered his way to the mansion where the lord in power was staying, wreaking havoc all around. Eventually, he was seriously injured during the skirmish, and he was forced to retreat while in hot pursuit.

That conferred King was none other than the father of the young man earlier. And as for the person who slayed Ye Xi's mother, it was none other than the uncle of that young man.

Ye Xi's father, that unfettered King, had been stripped of power and was currently being hunted everywhere. Only when one of the High Prince laid down a command to stop the hunt, recruiting Ye Xi's father as his personal bodyguard instead, did this matter come to an end.

Hence, Ye Xi would often come before the Gazing-Dragon Mountain Rampart.

When she ended her story, Qin Wentian gently hugged her, while lightly patting her shoulders, trying his best to console her.

# AGM 303 - The Strength Of Fatty

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Chu Mang was boiling with anger when he heard her story. Ye Xi's father didn't like the shackles of power and hence chose to be unfettered, yet such a thing still happened to him.

Fan Le narrowed his eyes, "Ye Xi, the King's Consort's older brother, does he know the identity of your mother?"

"I'm not very sure about that." Ye Xi shook her head, as Fan Le's eyes shone with a strange glow. Fan Le then continued, "Back then, I'm sure your mother would have revealed her identity, yet, the elder brother of the Conferred King's consort still did what he did. I think, things might not be as simple as what you've always imagined."

"Are you saying that man might have done what he did because he was under the orders of King Yi? But... that man was eventually killed by my father." Ye Xi wiped her tears away, bitterly smiling as she shook her head. "I'm sorry for breaking down like that. Bro Wentian, Big Bro Chu Mang and Fan Le, you guys better leave this place. You might get caught in the middle of this conflict between my family and theirs. That young lord just now was the second son of King Yi."

"Silly girl, don't worry, your Big Bro Chu Mang is also a High Prince. His older brother is the Emperor of a country." Qin Wentian smiled. Qiyun was only a small country that was under the administration of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, and so Qin Wentian did not place much importance to it.

Even the most casual factions of power from the Moon Continent could completely eradicate a small country like this with ease.

Ye Xi glanced doubtfully at Chu Mang, “Big Bro Chu Mang, is that true?”

“Yeah, Wentian gave the ruling authority to my elder brother, and my elder brother commanded me to roam the world,” Chu Mang straightforwardly replied. Ye Xi felt slightly confused when she heard his words but didn’t probe further. And as the four of them continued chatting, the atmosphere soon lightened up again.

Qin Wentian, Chu Mang and Fan Le actually all seemed very ordinary. Qin Wentian was gentle and quiet. Fan Le loved to joke around with his somewhat shameless personality, but at heart, he was a good person. Chu Mang was honest and uncomplicated, giving people the feeling that he was a big softy. It had been too long since Ye Xi laughed so much in the company of others.

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The rays of the sun cascaded onto the great earth, heralding the coming of a new dawn. The weather today was extremely fine as well, and at this moment, there were already a few people standing guard at the front-most stone platforms in the Gazing-Dragon Mountain Rampart. The others in the crowd stood to the side as the place was drowned by all the voices deep in discussion.

“Brother Wentian, let’s leave.” Ye Xi pulled on the sleeves of Qin Wentian, yet he continued sitting there. He then smiled at her, “Ye

Xi, is your father coming here today as well?”

“Yeah, for his safety, his highness allowed him to be his personal bodyguard and has treated him very well. I’m sure he’ll be here today as well.” Ye Xi lightly nodded her head.

“You will be able to see your father then, why do you want to leave?” Qin Wentian gently smiled, yet Ye Xi still felt a faint sense of worry.

“Sleeping God, better come over here. We are not allowed to stay near the front-most platforms.” Somebody in the crowd tried to persuade him out of a sense of goodwill.

“The whole lot of you better know what’s good for you. The High Princes come here at this time every year just to comprehend the depictions. This matter is extremely crucial to them, so if you offend them, the only path remaining is death.”

“Thank you for everyone’s kindness, but... isn’t that guy standing there as well?” Qin Wentian pointed to a figure not far away. The figure was a swordsman, who had a rusty long sword strapped upon his back. The swordsman sat quietly alone, immersed in his own comprehensions, with nothing else beside him.

The crowd rolled their eyes. Was Sleeping God still asleep? That swordsman was someone even the High Princes would show respect to, so it was laughable to even compare himself to such an esteemed character.

“Brother Wentian, his name is ‘Thirteen’, and he’s the number one swordsman in Qiyun. The Mandate he comprehends is the Mandate of Sword and it’s already at the Transformation Boundary of the first level,” Ye Xi explained in a low voice. Qin Wentian glanced at that young-looking swordsman in astonishment. Being at the sixth-level of Yuanfu wasn’t anything much, but his Mandate had already reached the Transformation Boundary at such a young age. How astounding.

“Not bad. He has a few shades of my talent but our levels are still far apart.” Fatty grinned. Ye Xi rolled her eyes, this fatty was only good at one thing—blowing his own trumpet.

Right then, a group of about thirty to forty people walked over to the stone platforms.

The second son of King Yi, which was the young lord from yesterday, led the way. However, a severe frown soon appeared on his face as he turned his gaze towards the mountain rampart, his eyes glinting with a cold light. Qin Wentian and the other riffraff were still hanging around, blatantly defying the orders he had given them yesterday.

“Didn’t I say that I didn’t want to see your faces here?” the young man shouted in a rage as killing intent gushed out from him. “Ye Xi, do you really think that because of his highness, I wouldn’t dare to kill you?”

“But, why can’t we stay here?” Fan Le asked in an innocent voice.

“If the High Princes weren’t here today, I would definitely slaughter the whole lot of you. Never mind, I’m feeling merciful. I shall give you all ten breaths of time, so if you want to live, you’d better get out of my sight,” the young man spoke, as a dangerous glint flashed in his eyes. After speaking, several of his bodyguards stepped forwards, surrounding Qin Wentian and the rest.

Soon after, the entire entourage arrived. The three High Princes stood in the middle of the protective guards, each of them exuding an extraordinary demeanor. At that moment, a middle-aged man left the side of one of the High Princes, walking out as he spoke, “Xi`er, what are you doing here? Leave quickly.”

“Father.” Ye Xi gazed at the middle-aged man, as she lowered her head. She then turned to Qin Wentian, “Brother Wentian, let’s leave.”

“Ye Xi, why do we need to move? Does this place have the name of its owner imprinted on it? Anyway, this place is the best spot for us to comprehend the depictions, so let’s just stay here instead.” Qin Wentian smiled at Ye Xi. His smile was exceedingly calm, as though he didn’t put the ire of the young lord in his eyes at all.

“You pieces of shit.” The young man’s eyes flashed fire as he stared at the group on the three front-most stone platforms. This bunch of riffraff was obviously intent on occupying the positions that were to be used for the High Princes.

Even the swordsman ‘Thirteen’ sat on a stone platform that was

more to the side, indicating he was giving face to the High Princes of Qiyun.

“Brother Thirteen.”

At this moment, one of the High Princes called out. Thirteen shifted his gaze over and lightly nodded in response, “Your highness.”

“The effort Brother Thirteen puts in his cultivation puts me to shame. I’ll pray for your successful breakthrough to the Heavenly Dipper Realm.” That High Prince laughed, extremely courteous. Thirteen calmly replied, “I shall try my best, thank you for the well wishes.”

After which, that High Prince’s glance shifted onto Ye Xi as he spoke to Ye Xi’s father, “Uncle Ye, look how big Ye Xi has grown. Quickly, ask her to come over.”

Ye Xi’s father hesitated slightly before calling out, “Ye Xi, come here.” Ye Xi cast a glance at her father before shaking her head and gesturing to those at her side, “Father, these are my friends, Brother Wentian, Big Bro Chu Mang, and Fan Le.”

“Stop acting wilful,” Ye Xi’s father lightly berated. After which, he turned to Qin Wentian and the rest, “Friends, Ye Xi is too insensible, could you guys leave first?” “Uncle Ye, the Gazing-Mountain Rampart is a place that’s free for all to visit and there are plenty of stone platforms here as well, why do we have to leave?” Fan Le grinned.

“Don’t hurt Ye Xi,” that High Prince indifferently commanded. This undoubtedly meant that Qin Wentian and the others could be killed without mercy.

The young man nodded, he immediately understood what he should do. With a wave of his hands, three other silhouettes stepped out, their bodies radiating an ice-cold killing intent. “I’ve already reminded you that the High Princes would visit the Gazing-Mountain Rampart today. Yet, you guys still persisted in courting your own deaths. Let me send you to hell then,” that young man coldly stated. The three guards he sent out weren’t weak, all of them were at the fifth-level of Yuanfu. As for Qin Wentian’s group, the three of them were all extremely young, Chu Mang was the oldest, about twenty plus of age while Qin Wentian and Fan Le weren’t even twenty. It was more than sufficient to send out three cultivators at the fifth-level of Yuanfu to get rid of them.

The spectators at the side all felt that it was a great pity. This Sleeping God and Axe Demon were extremely humorous people throughout this period of time where they had cultivated together. They didn’t deserve to die like this.

“Brother Mang, they’re saying that we need to piss off during their visit. What do you think we should do?” Fan Le’s fleshy face scrunched together as he continued grinning, yet his eyes flashed with a cold fire. “Do you want to do it? Or do you want me to do it?” Chu Mang cut to the chase.

“Let me do it then, there’s no need for you to act yet.” Fan Le laughed, as his eyes lighted up. His Arrow-type Astral Souls were



released, as a resplendent bow took form in his hands, coalesced from Astral Light.

“Huh?” The crowd were all dumbfounded by Fan Le’s action. That fatty wanted to fight them head on?

But he was facing against three cultivators at the fifth-level of Yuanfu.

“Courting death.” One of the guards instantly increased his speed, moving towards Fan Le. He slammed forth with his fist, the might of his strike was like a gigantic boulder rolling down the mountains. It was extremely terrifying. However, at the same instant, a golden streak of arrow-like lightning, imbued with relentless flames, fired forth from Fan Le’s bow.

Swift, extremely swift. Like Chu Mang, Fan Le had already comprehended the first level of insights into the Mandate of Arrows, Insta-shot.

Insta-shot at the Advanced Boundary granted an ordinary arrow an increment of speed by a factor of four times.

Speed was also strength, and considering arrows were always unleashed during the instant of explosive momentum, how could archers not be tyrannical? “Chi!” A crisp sound echoed, as the manifestation of that fist attack was shattered into nothingness. The arrow instantly reached the guard, whose countenance drastically fell when he felt the power of the attack. His Astral Soul then flared as his entire body gained stone-like properties.

BOOM! The arrow of Fan Le collided into his stoneskin, driving him backwards. Fan Le actually succeeded in wounding the guard despite the guard's heightened defense.

At the same instant, the second and third arrows penetrated through space, piercing right into the centre of the guard's brow, activating a terrifying blaze that erupted into an inferno.

Describing the battle itself had taken time, but in actuality it happened in the blink of an eye. The other two guards stared dumbfoundedly as their companion burnt into ashes. How could Fan Le miss this opportune moment where their attentions were distracted? Grinning shamelessly, he immediately let go of two arrows. Two golden streaks of lightning zoomed past, killing the other two within a breath of time. Just like that, three cultivators at the fifth-level of Yuanfu had been slain. Everyone in the crowd had frozen in shock while witnessing the entire scenario.

The strength of this fatty was also on the fifth-level of Yuanfu. But the will of his Mandate incorporated the power of his bloodline limit.

Fan Le didn't lower his bow. On the contrary, he nocked an arrow aiming straight at the young lord that was the son of King Yi.

A smile curled on his face, bringing to mind the sly smile of a devil. The young lord met his look and his face instantly paled!

# AGM 304 - Cause

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Qin Wentian had a smile on his face when he looked at Fan Le. This was the reason why archers had to be slain first during a battle. Fan Le not only had a cultivation base at the fifth-level of Yuanfu, but he also had an extremely powerful bloodline and had already comprehended three different kinds of Mandate.

Fan Le's three Astral Souls were: Bow-and-Arrow Astral Soul, Devil-Faced Astral Soul, and Blazing Flames Astral Soul.

The three Mandates he comprehended originated from his Astral Souls; first, the Mandate of Arrows, Insta-shot; second, the Mandate of Flames, Ignition; and third, the Mandate of Psyche-force, Control. The mandate of Psyche-force was extremely mysterious.; it was exceedingly rare and difficult to comprehend this sort of Mandate. It originated from Fan Le's second Astral Soul, the Devil-Faced Astral Soul. His Insta-shot and Ignition had already reached the Advanced Boundary but his mastery of Control still remained at the Initial Boundary.

And according to what Qin Wentian knew, the first level of insight of the Mandate of Psyche-force was Control, and as it leveled up, it was capable of a never-ending myriad of applications that would be terrifying to fight against.

And like Fatty's favorite line, this fatty was a genius. The will of the Mandate of Flames for Fan Le was many times stronger than ordinary Stellar Martial Cultivators because his Empyrean Flames Bloodline was a fire-attribute bloodline as well.

The strength of these three Mandates when fused together was a force to be reckoned with. Even three opponents at the same level of Yuanfu had no way of defending against his might.

And as for the young lord who was the second son of King Yi, the instant he was locked on by Fan Le, he could feel a sense of impending doom engulfing him. A wide smile beamed on Fatty's face—the smile of a devil.

Ye Xi's mouth was wide open. That shameless fatty was this strong?

She glanced at Qin Wentian, as she whispered, "Brother Wentian, that Fan Le..."

"Don't worry about him," Qin Wentian gently replied. Seeing the candid look in Qin Wentian's eyes, Ye Xi nodded, "Okay."

"I'm Ye Cheng from King Yi's Mansion. You'd better think carefully about what you're doing." The young lord glared at Fan Le. Although Fan Le was aiming an arrow at him, he didn't believe that Fan Le would dare to loose that arrow.

"Little lord, don't scare this little fatty." Fan Le's body began to convulse with fear involuntarily, and when matched with that mock terror on his face, many in the crowd couldn't help but perspire. This fatty was too amusing!

"This fatty shall court death then, but sadly, you won't be able to

witness it.” Fan Le’s gaze abruptly turned cold as a golden streak of light fired off from his bow.

“Young lord, be careful!” someone at the side roared, but it was already too late. The arrow fired at a speed that seemed even faster than sound. Ye Cheng instantly died on the spot.

Even in death, Ye Cheng’s eyes were still widened in disbelief. Fan Le fired with no hints of hesitation, killing him off directly.

Such a blatant and decisive attack, even the High Princes nearby felt their hearts involuntarily tremble at the sight.

Fan Le and Qin Wentian both matured through the terrifying tempest that had rocked Chu. The tyranny of the Nine Mystical Palace, Chu Tianjiao’s schemes, the destruction of the Emperor Star Academy. The Fan Le today was no longer the same young fatty that traveled by Qin Wentian’s side when they were taking the examination within the Dark Forest.

Hidden beneath that fleshy frame of his was a heart that had grown cold and decisive. To those who manifested killing intent towards him, he would not show the slightest shred of mercy.

This Fatty was also a genius at holding grudges.

“RUMBLEE~” A terrifying aura swept forth, Ye Cheng’s guards all released their Astral Souls as their killing intent surged forth in torrential waves. Their silhouettes flickered as they rushed Fan Le.

But in the next moment, they only felt an intangible sense of being locked on. They turned to see the herculean young man holding in his hands a bow as resplendent as that of Fan Le's, but the aura he emitted was many times mightier.

“Buzz!”

Nine arrows split apart the air; each imbued with the will of Insta-shot, and at the Transformation Boundary they flew at an increment in speed by a factor of eight.

“Chi, chi chi!”

Ringling sounds echoed as body after body hit the ground. Of all the guards, only one remained alive. That Yuanfu cultivator stood alone in the air, trembling from a gut-wrenching fear, with only one thought running through his mind. Who were these monsters?

The strongest of Ye Cheng's guards had been at the seventh-level of Yuanfu.

Yet the combat prowess of Chu Mang, who was at the same level, far exceeded their anticipations. His arrows instantly slew everyone, with no warning whatsoever.

“Too weak,” Fan Le snorted in disdain, “Big Bro Chu Mang, look at how terrified this poor guy is. Why not let him return alive?”

“Fine.” Chu Mang nodded before the astral bow dissipated from his hands.

However, how could the crowd remain calm? The three High Princes all fixated their gaze onto Chu Mang. This young man had a cultivation base at the seventh-level of Yuanfu, but the will of his Mandate had already reached the Transformation level. He could easily slaughter those ordinary cultivators at the same level as him.

This meant that if Chu Mang wanted to kill them, he would be able to do so with ease.

“Still want me to scram? Those who do, speak out now.” Chu Mang gazed at the crowd as he coldly spoke. Everyone kept quiet out of fear; the entire area was so silent that you could even hear a pin fall.

The majority of the entourage were all at the middle tier of Yuanfu, their cultivation bases around the fourth to the sixth level. Only four were at the seventh-level of Yuanfu, and one at the eighth-level of Yuanfu.

After all, never would the three princes have expected to meet people behaving so audaciously towards them during this trip to the Gazing-Dragon Mountains.

And not only that, they were all young men with extremely outstanding talent.

They couldn't accurately gauge Chu Mang's combat prowess, but inferring from how easily he slew those cultivators at the seventh-level of Yuanfu, it was highly probable that he might even be able to fight evenly against cultivators at the eighth-level of Yuanfu. If they started a fight here, the best scenario would be that they subdued all three of them, but with heavy casualties on their side.

Not only that, if Chu Mang decided to 'lock on' a prince, there was no guarantee that prince might survive.

"You three don't seem to be the citizens of my Qiyun, where are you all from?" The High Prince beside Ye Xi's father spoke. His countenance was calm, totally devoid of anger. There was no way to tell what he was thinking. "You don't need to know." Qin Wentian indifferently commented, "There are still many stone platforms here. If you wish to cultivate, go ahead, if you wish to fight, we will also be happy to play with you."

That High Prince shifted his gaze to Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian's age was similar to Fan Le, both of them were younger than Chu Mang. The three of them were extremely good friends, but who was the leader among them? He had no way to deduce that. But in any case, the strongest of all three should be Chu Mang; there was no doubt about that.

"You guys killed the son of King Yi, so even if I don't send men to pursue this, King Yi would definitely do so. Have you all even considered the consequences? I don't think King Yi would be inclined to show mercy," the prince calmly continued.

Ye Xi's brows were furrowed, she knew that there were many



experts in King Yi's Mansion. King Yi himself was at the eighth-level of Yuanfu, an extremely powerful cultivator in his own right. Although Big Bro Chu Mang was a formidable force, if faced against King Yi, he may not prevail...

“Seeing your group's extraordinary talent, I would like to extend an invitation to join my wing.”

That prince wanted to recruit the three of them. As long as Qin Wentian and the rest agreed, he would intercede with King Yi on their behalf.

The hearts of many in the crowd trembled, they all knew that the second prince had a love for talent. Even in the face of King Yi's wrath, the second prince would still protect the talents under his wing. An expression of disbelief appeared on Fan Le's face. “Being under your wing? You mean becoming your guard?” Fan Le sarcastically remarked, “Truly, you're good at overestimating yourself.”

Qin Wentian completely disregarded that prince. He stared at Ye Xi's father, “Uncle Ye, I wish to ask you something on behalf of Ye Xi. Do you mind coming over here for a chat?”

Ye Zheng's eyes flickered with an unknown light when he heard Qin Wentian's words. He then glanced at the second prince beside him, only to hear the second prince laughing. “No problem, just go and listen to what he has to say.”

Ye Zheng nodded his head, as he arrived at the stone platform

Qin Wentian was at.

“Father,” Ye Xi called out, Ye Zheng glanced at his daughter before glancing at Qin Wentian and the rest. He wondered how his daughter had become acquainted with these powerful young geniuses. “Uncle Ye, take a seat.” Qin Wentian smiled. After which, he took out a crystal pearl and channeled Astral Energy into it. An instant later, a bubble like substance enveloped them within, separating them from the world outside.

This item was something Qin Wentian had obtained as a spoil of victory when he had slain those fourth-ranked Grandmasters. Other than it being a defensive-type item, the bubble world could block out sounds as well.

“Uncle Ye, now our words can’t be heard by those outside.” Qin Wentian smiled, “I’ve heard Ye Xi speaking about the matter of Auntie Ye. No matter what, Uncle Ye, you are still a conferred King as well, don't you feel that it's weird? The fact that the elder brother of King Yi's consort had done such a thing.”

He and Fan Le were filled with suspicions. Ye Zheng was no idiot; he should have found this matter queer as well.

“I’m not from Qiyun, I came here by chance and became acquainted with Ye Xi. She’s like a little sister to me, Uncle Ye, so if you have anything you want to say, you can just tell it to us straight. Maybe, I might be able to be of help,” Qin Wentian added.

Ye Xi also gazed at her father. Yesterday, Qin Wentian and Fan Le

had already thoroughly analyzed this matter for her, but she wanted to hear the truth from her father.

“Father,” Ye Xi called out.

Ye Zheng sighed, “I’ve always known that there was something strange about the whole matter. It’s why I’ve always been by the side of the second prince, hoping to investigate this. However, the clues I’ve found have left me extremely disappointed.” “The second prince is also in on the plot?” Qin Wentian asked, his statement causing a bright glint of light to flash past Ye Zheng’s eyes. This young man was extremely intelligent.

“Yes, the second prince might very well be the mastermind.” Ye Zheng nodded in confirmation, as an expression of agony could be seen on his face. “Why?” Ye Xi’s countenance turned bloodlessly pale. Her family had no grudges nor vengeance with the second prince.

“Because of the Gazing-Dragon Mountain Rampart,” Qin Wentian explained. From Ye Xi, he understood that the High Princes would try their best to comprehend the depictions engraved on the rampart. This matter was an extremely crucial thing in Qiyun, it would determine their future rankings in the eye of the Emperor. And then there was Ye Zheng, a genius that had already comprehended several insights from the rampart, which resulted in him being so powerful.

“Yes, he had long been hinting for me to join him. Because I didn’t want power, I never agreed. Never would I have expected he would use such a ruthless method to bind me to him. And during

this period every year, I'm required to explain to him the insights I've gained. This was the only way he could rise above the other two princes," Ye Zheng stated, his fists tightly clenched.

"But why did you still teach him even though you already knew the truth?" Ye Xi couldn't understand.

"Because I wanted a chance to take revenge, and also, because of you." Ye Zheng gazed at his daughter, "Xi'er, your father is already on top of a raging tiger, it is difficult for me to dismount halfway. The second prince has always been on guard against me, giving me no chance to make a move. And I have to consider this, the instant I do something that defies his orders, what would happen to you then?"

Qin Wentian nodded in understanding; the facts matched most of his deductions. Because he had always sensed that there were people following Ye Xi.

Before this, he thought that they were arranged for her protection, but now it seemed that they weren't arranged for her sake, but rather, to monitor her movements.

"Uncle Ye, you don't have to worry. Big Bro Chu Mang left one alive on purpose, just so that he could relay the news back to King Yi. This whole affair will definitely be concluded today!" Qin Wentian serenely stated, his words causing Ye Zheng's eyes to narrow. He had divulged the truth to Qin Wentian all because he wanted to take Ye Xi away for her own safety. Only then would he be free to act without restrictions.

Yet, Qin Wentian was confidently declaring that this matter would be concluded this very day!

# AGM 305 - Surnamed Ouyang

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The High Princes all chose a stone platform and sat down, no longer daring to bother Qin Wentian. Their bodyguards all stood on the respective platforms their High Princes had chosen. Presently the entire atmosphere was a decidedly strange one to be in.

The spectators exchanged looks of amazement, unable to believe what they had just witnessed.

‘Sleeping God’, the sleepyhead who was perpetually dozing, the shameless Fatty, as well as the lunatic-in-training, Axe Demon; their true strength was quite frightening.

Not only that, they had guts. They directly slaughtered the second son of King Yi, completely disregarding the three High Princes who were present.

This caused the crowd to involuntarily marvel at their boldness. Not only that, it was obvious the three of them acted this way for the sake of Ye Xi. They obviously had nothing to benefit from helping her, yet they still went ahead, not caring in the least who they offended.

For old-timers in the Gazing-Dragon Hall, they all knew that the relationship between Ye Xi and the three of them was an extremely simple one. They met because of a chance encounter, and as they discovered that their personalities were compatible with each other, their friendship grew stronger as their interactions grew

more frequent. The young lady would often bake delicious pastries for them, and after their training they would eat together, happily laughing and spending their days filled with merriment. Such a clean and simple relationship, yet the three of them were willing to offend the Royal Clan of Qiyun for her.

“They truly are a bunch of weirdos.” Many in the crowd mused. Their thoughts soon shifted to what would happen to the three of them once the powerful experts of the King Yi’s Mansion, arrived.

The gentle rays of the sun warmed the Gazing-Dragon Mountain, yet the people present could all feel traces of a chill in their hearts. From afar, a massive wind kicked up, a group of silhouettes could be seen flying over, as a powerful voice filled with surging killing intent resounded throughout the Mountains.

The person in the lead was an imposing-looking, middle-aged man. At this moment, his face was contorted into a rictus of wrath, and the amount of killing intent he was emitting left no doubts that this man, was King Yi.

A while later, the guards of King Yi all descended in front of the mountain rampart, their presence invoking a heavy sense of pressure that enveloped the entire surroundings. King Yi’s eyes flashed with a cold fire as he icily stated, “Who?”

“The three of them.” The guard Chu Mang released earlier pointed to Qin Wentian and the others.

“RUMBLE!” King Yi released his Astral Soul, a manifestation of a

ferocious eagle appeared above him, emanating an extremely powerful demonic aura. He swept his gaze over to Ye Xi and Ye Xi's father before turning to the second High Prince, "Your highness, Ye Xi has caused the death of my son. I have to kill both her and her father today. I will seek your highness's forgiveness afterward."

The second prince cast a glance at Ye Zheng. Currently, Ye Zheng's value to him wasn't as useful as before, and why would Ye Xi's death bother him? He only wanted to use Ye Xi to control Ye Zheng, but since Ye Zheng had already outlived his usefulness...

"Very well, this highness shall not interfere with your vengeance." The second High Prince had no intention to step in.

"BUZZ!" A raging wind gusted, and King Yi made the first move himself. His actions mirrored that of an eagle hunting its prey as he lunged forwards. However, Chu Mang's silhouette flickered, landing before Fan Le, as that giant axe in his hands cleaved down with earth-shattering might. The terrifying will of his Mandate of Axe gushed forth, resembling a flood dragon bursting out of the sea.

King Yi transformed his five fingers into terrifyingly sharp claws. As he slammed forth his claws, both their attacks collided directly, the impact forcing them to involuntarily take a step back.

"How powerful." The crowd gasped when they sensed Chu Mang's Mandate. The first level insight into the Mandate of Axe, Beheader, was also trained by him to the Transformation Boundary. It made him powerful enough to clash directly against



King Yi.

“Capture the rest, but Ye Zheng must die. Remember, I want Ye Xi to be alive, I will show her a fate worse than death!” King Yi bellowed as he rushed towards Chu Mang once more. His Valiant Eagle Astral Soul granted him powerful attacks and immense agility. Evidently, Chu Mang was not as nimble as King Yi.

Another cultivator stepped forwards, the aura he was exuding indicated that he was also at the eighth-level of Yuanfu. Ye Xi paled, this man, was the strongest guest elder in King Yi’s Mansion and had fearsome combat prowess.

“I’ll intercept him,” Ye Zheng volunteered. Only he would have a sliver of a chance to fight against that man.

“There’s no need,” Qin Wentian calmly replied. As the sound of his voice faded, he stomped on the stone platform, instantly lighting up the surface of the ground. This radiance was the glow of Divine Inscriptions.

For an entire day and night, Qin Wentian had been inscribing Divine Inscriptions, waiting for the arrival of these people. Although this was a small country, Qin Wentian wouldn’t overestimate himself thinking that he was powerful enough to rival them all without sufficient preparation.

The surging of a terrifying sword qi tempest took form as it quickly split into several miniature windstorms. The sword qi tempest was naturally a fourth-ranked combat-type Divine

Inscription, but the miniature windstorms that were borne from it were all combat-type peak-tier, third-ranked Inscriptions.

“Wait, this is...” That guest elder at the eighth-level of Yuanfu stiffened when he saw one of the windstorms blowing his way. He immediately soared up into the air, wanting to escape. Yet, beyond his expectations, an array of terrifying swords manifested in the heart of that windstorm, transforming gales into a streak of white lightning, shooting towards him as a terrifying keen whistled.

Puchi...

A crisp sound drifted out as the eighth-level Yuanfu Cultivator was devoured completely by the windstorm. As for the other guards dashing towards Qin Wentian and Ye Xi, their bodies were all riddled with holes, slain with absurd ease in the span of a few seconds.

King Yi and Chu Mang paused their battle. King Yi was totally overwhelmed with shock and horror when he saw what just happened. His body involuntarily trembled when he felt the sword qi gusting his way. If he weren't careful, he would be the next to die. “How is this possible?” The three High Princes and their guards all had thunderstruck expressions on their faces. Not only were King Yi and his men within the scope of the impressive array of Divine Inscriptions, but even the stone platforms the princes were on were all radiating the glow of Divine Inscriptions. This meant that at this moment, all their lives were under the control of Qin Wentian.

“What do you mean by this?” one of the High Princes inquired.

“From this moment onwards, no one is to move a muscle. If not, don’t blame me for not showing mercy.”

The coldness in that tone caused the hearts of everyone to pound madly in terror. This young man was crazy, and now he held their lives in his hands. “King Yi.” Qin Wentian’s eyes stared straight at him.

“I will only ask you once. I want to hear everything regarding the death of Ye Xi’s mother back then. You only have a single chance,” Qin Wentian spoke calmly, but as the crowd turned their gazes onto this devilishly handsome young man, no one doubted his words.

King Yi’s mind rumbled, Ye Xi’s mother’s death...

An intense light of sharpness flashed past the eyes of the second prince as he too stared at King Yi.

“If there are any lies in your words, I will kill each and every one of you. If you say the matter had nothing to do with you, I will kill each and every one of you,” Qin Wentian spoke again, every sentence stabbing right into King Yi’s heart.

He initially wanted to negotiate his conditions, yet Qin Wentian cut straight to the point. If he denied it or if there were any falsehoods in his words, they only had one ending left to them—death.

Looking at that young man's eyes, King Yi had never felt such an intense sense of fear before.

Everyone in the crowd involuntarily mused, this young man was extremely decisive, as well as extremely ruthless.

King Yi only had one chance. Just one.

"I don't have much time to waste on you. Three breaths, speak or die."

King Yi instantly paled, "It was the second prince, his highness, he wanted Ye Zheng to comprehend the depictions on the Gazing-Dragon Mountain Rampart and impart it all to him. Ye Zheng once refused, and so I sacrificed the elder brother of my wife. He ordered me to do so. I had no choice." "NONSENSE!" the second prince roared.

"Uncle Ye." Qin Wentian glanced at Ye Zheng, only to see Ye Zheng nodding his head, "There's no mistake."

"Mhm." Qin Wentian nodded, his gaze abruptly shifting to the second prince. "That's just his one-sided statement." The countenance of the second prince turned green.

"A power play, political tricks?" The light in Qin Wentian's eyes turned colder; he was no stranger to these as he had experienced them before in Chu.

With a flick of his fingers, the sword qi spiraled about. The second prince turned ashen as he roared, “THIS IS QIYUN!”

“Die,” Qin Wentian spat out, and instantly, a beam of sword light stabbed through the throat of the second prince. His decisiveness caused those in the crowd to shiver.

The second prince had fallen.

Ye Zheng and Ye Xi couldn’t believe their eyes as well. How ferocious, had the imposing second prince simply died, just like that?

“Hu...” Ye Zheng drew in a huge breath, feeling a sense of surrealism. His mind was filled with the daily thoughts of revenge, but he never had the opportunity to act on them.

“Uncle Ye, bring Ye Xi and go far away. The world outside is extremely vast, you all will definitely find a place to call home.” Qin Wentian gazed at Ye Zheng, causing him to start slightly before he nodded in agreement. “Brother Wentian.” Ye Xi’s eyes showed a strong sense of unwillingness. Qin Wentian tousled her hair as he smiled. “In the future, even when you’re alone, you have to be as joyful as you are with us, okay?” “I will miss all of you.” Ye Xi’s eyes gradually turned red, as she embraced Qin Wentian.

“We will meet again.” Qin Wentian patted Ye Xi’s shoulders, his face filled with a gentle smile. “This benevolence, I fear that we have no way to repay it.” Ye Zheng clasped his hands to Qin

Wentian in gratitude. After which, Ye Zheng's silhouette flickered as he flew up the skies, no longer hesitant.

“Brother Wentian, Brother Fan Le, Big Bro Chu Mang, you guys have to stay happy as well, okay!” Tears dripped down unabated from Ye Xi's eyes as her voice traveled through the air, waving goodbye to her three big brothers.

“Hmph, you finally addressed me as Brother Fan Le.” Fatty grinned, the smile on his face was extremely radiant. This little girl had eased the monotony of their boredom and kept them company for many days. In truth, he was also feeling a little reluctant to part with her.

Chu Mang waved back as well. Ye Zheng and Ye Xi's silhouette gradually vanished, they knew that they would never return to Qiyun. Qin Wentian glanced at Chu Mang and Fan Le; he initially planned to stay here and continue cultivating for a few days longer. But now it seemed that it was almost time to set off. They would remain here for some time longer as a deterrence, in case Ye Zheng and Ye Xi were to face killers sent after them by the Royal Clan.

What made Qin Wentian extremely astonished was that a few hours later, a group of people could be seen flying over to this location. The one in the lead was an old man, while two young people, a male and a female, both exuding an extraordinary air, followed behind him. Upon noting his appearance, the two other princes brimmed with joy. They bowed to that old man, “Greetings to Senior.”

That old man slightly inclined his head, turning his gaze onto Qin Wentian. With just a single glance, Qin Wentian felt a huge pressure boring down on him.

This old man was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. Qin Wentian initially thought that Qiyun was the same as Chu, Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns all belonged to Ancestor-level people and wouldn't appear that easily. He didn't expect to run into one so fast.

“We offer our greetings to Young Master Ouyang and Miss Ouyang.” That two High Princes then bowed and courteously greeted, their words causing Qin Wentian's eyes to widen in surprise. Surname Ouyang?

If that was the case, he could already deduce their background. No wonder there was a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign present, they were not people of Qiyun!

# AGM 306 - Ouyang Ting

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Qiyun Country was a country under the administration of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, their relationship was the same as that of Chu and Nine Mystical Palace. Now that people from the Ouyang Clan appeared in Qiyun, it was no wonder even the High Princes had to be polite to them.

Back then when Xiao Lan from the Nine Mystical Palace arrived at Chu, Chu Tianjiao similarly bowed his head in submission and was extremely respectful to Xiao Lan.

At this moment, the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign cast his glance over at Qin Wentian's group. A bright light could be seen flashing past his eyes as he marveled at what he saw. The rest of the cultivators of Qiyun all held their breaths, not even daring to move.

“Who was the one that inscribed these Divine Inscriptions?” the old man faintly questioned, and momentarily, the gazes of the crowd all landed onto Qin Wentian.

The countenance of the old man changed as he stared intently at Qin Wentian, as though his eyes had the ability to see through him.

“All of you were trapped here because of this guy?” That young lady from the Ouyang Clan turned her question disdainfully to the High Princes. Her head was proudly inclined, like a princess from the Heavens, completely looking down on this group of people



from Qiyun.

So many experts, all stopped by a single, young man. How shameful was that?

The two High Princes lowered their heads, not daring to refute the young lady's words. The Qiyun country was subordinate to the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, similar to the Nine Mystical Palace and Chu. But the main difference between them was the physical distance between the country of Qiyun and the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, which meant a much higher degree of control being exercised over the other.

Not only that, but there would also be many disciples from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan that would frequent the Gazing-Dragon Mountain Rampart to comprehend the insights as well.

“Young Master Ouyang, the capabilities of this young man is extraordinary. He would serve the Ouyang Clan well.”

King Yi then turned to Qin Wentian and added, “Miss Ouyang and Young Master Ouyang are both from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, situated in the Azure Continent. You would be considered quite fortunate if you were recruited within their ranks.”

Obviously, King Yi wanted to use this matter to form better relations with Qin Wentian, hoping he would be spared, and also hoping his words of praise would gain the goodwill of the Ouyang Clan. Only then would he be able to escape this calamity.

“Oh?” The young man glanced at Qin Wentian as he asked. “What do you mean extraordinary?”

“This man is at the fifth level of Yuanfu, but the will of the Mandate he comprehended is extremely strange, he can freely control the trajectory of arrows, easily slaying opponents at the same level as him. This herculean guy has a cultivation base at the seventh level but despite being the same level, was strong enough to fight equally against me. And as for that last guy, he has enough power to trap all of us here.” At this moment, to preserve his life, King Yi seemed to have forgotten the grudge between him and Qin Wentian.

As a conferred King that had undergone the tempering of political wars, he naturally understood the logic of adapting. At this moment, preserving his life was the most important.

“The might of these Divine Inscriptions are truly powerful,” the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign added. The silhouette of the young lady from the Ouyang Clan flickered as she instantly appeared before Qin Wentian. Her speed was extremely terrifying. She had a cultivation base at the sixth level of Yuanfu and had already comprehended a Mandate. At that moment, an ice-covered dagger appeared in her hands as she abruptly stabbed it towards Qin Wentian’s throat.

The speed of this strike was superbly quick, her actions like a bolt of lightning. The ice-dagger emanated an overwhelming frosty air, and as it neared the throat of Qin Wentian, the frigid aura dulled Qin Wentian’s reactions as his body stiffened.

Qin Wentian lifted a finger and flicked out, the beam of Astral Light knocked the dagger askew, almost causing it to fly out of the young lady's hands. Only then did she retreat, returning to her original location.

“You guys, follow me back to the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan in seven days,” the young lady imperiously commanded, with the impression of granting a great boon to Qin Wentian and the others.

To those from Qiyun, being selected to enter the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan was undoubtedly something they yearned for, even in their dreams. Expressions of envy appeared on the faces of the crowd when they heard what the young lady had said.

Who would have thought that Sleeping God and Axe Demon possessed such a level of power, they were even eligible to enter the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan? This was a heaven-sent opportunity, and with that invitation, no one in Qiyun would even bother pursuing the death of the second High Prince. The authority of the Ouyang Clan far exceeded the royal authority in Qiyun; nobody would dare defy them.

“The purpose of our visit this time around was to recruit talented elites to join our Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. In the future, if their performance is considered outstanding enough, they may even be bestowed with our surname ‘Ouyang’, and become a clan member of our Ouyang Clan.” The Heavenly Dipper Sovereign's gaze roamed around the crowd, glancing at Qin Wentian's group, before landing on the two remaining High Princes. “Settle this matter for me. We will stay at Qiyun for seven days. If there are talented

elites who wish to apply, get them to see me. I will personally inspect their strength.”

The gazes of the two princes flickered; the recruitment for Ouyang Clan this time around seemed to be much earlier compared to the previous years.

However, this wasn't something that they had the qualifications to inquire on.

“Leave it to us, Senior. We will go and prepare now.” The two princes respectfully bowed.

After the arrival of those from the Ouyang Clan, their conflict with Qin Wentian had been totally forgotten and pushed to the side, despite the fact that the area was still lit up by the glow from the Divine Inscriptions.

“King Yi, come back with us to the Royal Capital,” one of the princes coldly stated. They had no way to hold Qin Wentian responsible for the death of the second prince any longer, but King Yi still had to be made accountable for it.

King Yi's countenance turned incredibly unsightly; he had no choice but to nod his head.

Qin Wentian and the other two all had dumbfounded expressions on their faces. Was this matter settled just like that?

Such a happening made them feel it was all rather laughable. Shaking his head, Qin Wentian glanced at Fan Le and Chu Mang, “Shall we leave for the Azure Continent seven days later?”

“Sure.” Fan Le nodded, as long as there were beautiful ladies, he didn’t care where he went.

“Anything,” Chu Mang also replied. Since the second prince had died, King Yi would be in for some tough times as well. They were content to let the Royal Clan of Qiyun handle the matter of his punishment.

The appearance of the Ouyang Clan’s members saved them some hassle. Since the other party wanted them to join the Ouyang Clan, there was no harm in going with them and taking a look.

In any case, it would be good to see how that brazen fellow was doing these days. The Ouyang Aristocrat Clan was his territory.

And as for the proud male and female in front of them, since they were sent out for such a meager task like recruitment, their statuses shouldn’t be very high up in the Ouyang Clan. At most, they would only be able to exhibit their supremacy over the people of Qiyun.

Qin Wentian’s guess was right. As a transcendent power, the number of people in the Ouyang Clan was staggeringly high. The levels of authority were all extremely strict, with those at the highest level of authority being naturally from the direct line of descent—they were the core members. Next in line, were the

various side branches' members, followed by the outsiders who were bestowed upon them the surname 'Ouyang'. The lowest in the hierarchy, would undoubtedly be those newcomers that had been recently recruited.

Without outstanding talent, it was impossible to climb the higher levels of authority.

Evidently, these two young cultivators were people who were bestowed the surname 'Ouyang', hence, they were given such a meager task to fulfill. Back inside the clan, they would undoubtedly have to be at the beck and call of many.

Yet in Qiyun, they were considered existences at the peak.

As for the commotion Qin Wentian caused, that appeared and disappeared in the blink of an eye. No one dared to mention anything more regarding what had happened. For these few days, the young man and lady also sat in front of the mountain rampart, gaining insights and leaving the recruitment to the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign. After seven days, there were quite a few people that passed the selection, including the swordsman named 'Thirteen', who was still gaining insights in front of the mountain rampart.

Qin Wentian and the other two also spent these seven days in quiet cultivation. After they settled the matter of Ye Xi, they couldn't be bothered with matters of Qiyun. Of course, they also didn't take any offense at the arrogant attitude of the young man and lady who were bestowed the Ouyang surname. They were nothing but frogs looking out at the vast skies from inside a well.

“Time to depart.” At this moment, there were nine silhouettes that gathered at the rampart. Other than Qin Wentian’s group, as well as those from the Ouyang Clan, there was the swordsman ‘Thirteen’, the third prince of Qiyun, Ye Mo, and one more unknown youth.

The nine of them soared up into the air, beginning the journey back to the Ouyang Clan amidst the gazes of envy and admiration from the crowd.

The Ouyang Aristocrat Clan—that was a transcendent power!

“Young Master and Miss Ouyang, I seek your forgiveness for not properly receiving you during your trip this time around to Qiyun. I look forward to your guidance when we arrive at the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.” The third prince of Qiyun took out two interspatial rings and passed it over to the two young cultivators from the Ouyang Clan. His movements were extremely slick, as expected of a noble. He knew how to act in certain circumstances.

The two of them casually accepted the ring; the young lady had no expression on her face, but a smile blossomed on the face of that young man. “Ye Mo, not bad. Experts are as common as clouds within our clan, but it isn’t so easy to obtain recognition. When we arrive there, I will introduce you to some seniors. You better pay your respects to them, it would be a smoother path for you if you can get one of them to accept you as a disciple.”

“Many thanks for Brother Ouyang’s guidance.” Ye Mo beamed

with a radiant smile.

The Azure Continent and Moon Continent were both part of the Grand Xia Empire. When they crossed over to the Azure Continent, they couldn't help but be impressed by the spectacular yet imposing landscape. There were many gigantic pathways, which were separated into nine different directions. When viewed from above, they resembled nine sinuous dragons stretching their bodies to nine different regions in the Azure Continent.

The Ouyang Aristocrat Clan was a transcendent power situated within the Azure Continent. To their surprise, the Ouyang Estate was actually built alongside tall mountains. They could see several palaces and grand halls towering over the rest of the estate, as though they wanted to reach the dome of the Heavens. The tallest building was an ancient castle over 1,000 metres tall, designed to resemble a sinuous, coiled dragon that projected an air of majesty.

The instant Qin Wentian and the rest took in the sight of the Ouyang Estate, their hearts couldn't help but be filled with amazement. The impact they had when they gazed upon the lands from the air, couldn't be described with words. The vastness and height of each lofty building were clearly of a different grade altogether. This wasn't something small countries like Qiyun or Chu could match. The entire estate was so vast that it was impossible to see the ends of it with a single glance.

Even the two young cultivators from the Ouyang Clan couldn't help but feel pride in their hearts every time they gazed upon this sight from the air. When would it be their turn to stand upon that ancient castle, disdainfully looking down on everything in the



Azure Continent? Sadly, with their level of talent, this was destined to be nothing more than a beautiful dream.

“Is this the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan?” Qin Wentian murmured as he stared at the sprawling land space that the entire estate took up, as a faint smile appeared on his face. That stubborn fellow Ouyang Kuangsheng, how was he doing now? He insisted on training his sensory abilities to the point where he could condense an Astral Soul from the 4th Heavenly Layer before stepping onto the pathway of cultivation, all while ignoring the looks of contempt from others. Now that such a long time had passed since they last met, Qin Wentian wondered what was that fellow’s level of cultivation now. With the condition of his clan, the countless resources and the guidance of so many masters, then by all accounts, his cultivation progress should have improved by leaps and bounds!

“Let’s go,” the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign faintly spoke, and they all moved as a group towards the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan’s castle.

As they stepped inside, the vastness of the estate captivated their senses. They continued down the winding paths before arriving at a gigantic training ground. In front of them were two people currently in combat, which appeared to be soon coming to an end. A young lady clad in an orange-colored skirt directly sent a young man flying through the air. After crashing to the ground, the young man picked himself up and shook the dust off him before commenting, “Miss Ting is truly powerful indeed.”

The young lady didn’t say anything as she mounted a mighty

steed—whose body was covered with flames—riding over towards Qin Wentian and the rest. As she neared, respectful expressions appeared on the faces of the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign and the two young cultivators as they dipped into a bow and greeted, “Miss Ting.”

These few people seemed so high and mighty in Qiyun, but at this moment, they took on a bearing akin to servants, their actions causing Qin Wentian and the others to feel extremely puzzled.

“These are the new recruits?” The young lady on the ember-steed calmly asked.

“Miss Ting, there are a few among them with extraordinary combat prowess. Coincidentally, two of them have cultivation bases on par with Miss Ting, so they could accompany Miss Ting in sparring, should you wish to test them out.” The young man at the side pointed to Qin Wentian and Fan Le as he spoke, neglecting the third prince of Qiyun. After his earlier words to the prince, they all wondered if he had left him out deliberately!

# AGM 307 - Offended Someone?

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Qin Wentian's eyes flashed with a strange glow when he heard that. Sparring?

Qin Wentian inclined his gaze, contemplating the young lady that stood before them. She exuded an innate arrogance and a sense of nobility, like that of a high-up, unreachable princess. Her snow-white skin and beautiful features further accentuated her unattainable status, alleviating her above the common crowd.

Such an aura did indeed have a resemblance to Ouyang Kuangsheng, and also, Yang Fan.

This young lady was only around eighteen years of age, and had a cultivation base at the fifth level of Yuanfu. She was brimming with a vitality akin to the blazing sun, and the proud look in her eyes immediately caused those around her to feel a sense of distance from her.

Even her fiery ember-steed had a pair of wings adorning its back. Everything about this young lady was beyond ordinary. It was obvious that her status in the Ouyang Clan was far beyond the two young cultivators and even that Heavenly Dipper Sovereign who had been sent out to Qiyun for recruitment earlier.

However, why sparring? Did the young lady want to use them to temper her combat prowess? And that young man who was her opponent earlier, he was still smiling even though he was injured. It seemed like this kind of occurrence was extremely common

within the transcendent powers.

Maybe there would be some who felt that such a defeat was a blemish on their pride and dignity, and they might as well give up the chance to enter the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. Yet, there were also those who wouldn't hesitate to give all they had for a chance to enter a transcendent power. As long as they had talent, they could claw their way up the ranks and soar into the skies, just like the two young cultivators who had been bestowed the name Ouyang—it was already sufficient for them to lord over Qiyun, so much so that even the high princes of Qiyun didn't dare breathe too heavily in front of them.

This made Qin Wentian recall how lofty Luo Qianqiu's status was—all because he was from the Nine Mystical Palace. Demon-level geniuses like Chu Tianjiao and Sikong Mingyue, didn't they all take the eligibility of being able to enter the Nine Mystical Palace as the highest mark of pride? Yet, if they were to be granted admittance, their statuses on the outside would no longer be important. They would be ranked right down at the bottom, at the beck and call of others.

Such was the path of cultivation.

“Hu...” Abruptly, a fiery red-colored long whip snapped out. Qin Wentian's eyes narrowed, only to see that the long whip wasn't targeted at him, but rather at Fan Le who was by his side. Fatty reacted instantly, narrowly dodging that whip attack.

“Crackle...”

The long whip lashed against the ground, causing a loud snapping sound to echo in the air. A cold glint of light flashed past the young lady's eyes as she stared at Fan Le. "If you dare let your gaze roam so rudely one more time, I will gouge them out for you. Mingyue, bring them over there to wait for me."

After speaking, she brandished her whip as her ember-steed soared into the skies, flying to an unknown location ahead. Fan Le grimaced, he had already controlled himself because they were in the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. Although the young lady earlier was a beauty, he merely glanced at her face, and a little at her well-rounded boobs, but who would have thought that this mere action had almost earned him a lashing. If he were anywhere else, he would definitely openly stare at her figure.

"What a hot-tempered babe," Fan Le murmured, his words causing the young cultivators who brought them over to frown. Usually, even they had to avert their gazes and didn't dare look at Ouyang Ting when she was speaking, so who would have thought that Fan Le would be so brazen?

"Shut up," the female cultivator coldly snapped. "You guys were brought here by us, take note not to implicate us with your foolish actions."

"You guys teach these newcomers about the rules," the Heavenly Dipper Sovereign added, before disinterestedly flicking his sleeves and departing the area. The squabbles of the younger generations were beneath him.

“Since you’re already here, you better watch your words and behavior,” the young man coldly added, after which, he started walking away. “Follow me.”

Qin Wentian patted Fan Le on his shoulder, his action hinting that Fan Le shouldn’t be angered. Fan Le merely shrugged and didn’t continue with more cutting remarks.

“Miss Ting is from the direct line of descent, her status is far above all of us. Not only that, Miss Ting is a fanatic when it comes to cultivating and loves to look for opponents to spar against. If you guys are smart, you should all grab this chance to spar with her. Hopefully, if you manage to gain her recognition, you guys would then have a higher chance of being bestowed upon the surname ‘Ouyang’, elevating yourself to the same grade as us.”

The young man calmly continued, “But there’s one point all of you must remember; when sparring against Miss Ting, you must not hold back and use your full strength. If you can force Miss Ting to use her full strength as well, she would of course be extremely happy. However, do not ever hurt a single strand of her head. Understood?”

The implication behind his words was obvious—even if you win, you better lose.

“Such a good opportunity, why not give it to the others?” Fan Le glanced at Thirteen and the rest as he faintly asked.

“I’ve heard that the two of you are quite proficient in combat, far

beyond the norm, hence I chose to give this chance to you. If you can't recognise a good opportunity when it presents itself, then don't regret that you've missed out when it's too late," the young man coldly replied, as he led them to another sprawling location.

Here, the buildings were packed closer to each other with several people already there.

Not only that, almost all were from the younger generation, with many sparring sessions taking place concurrently.

"Over here at this region, strength speaks the loudest. You three can go by yourselves and find a place you want to stay in." The young man spoke to Qin Wentian and his group, before turning to the others, "The rest of you, come with me."

After which, he practically abandoned Qin Wentian, Fan Le and Chu Mang right where they stood.

"Where are we supposed to go?" Fan Le unhappily mumbled.

"Let's go take a look." Qin Wentian carried Little Rascal, and they set off towards the sparring areas. But after a while, Qin Wentian exchanged glances with Fan Le, as they halted their steps and started to retrace it.

There was somebody monitoring their movements from the shadows!

As his heart sense gushed out, Qin Wentian discovered that every building here was already packed to the brim with people staying within. The act of the young man dumping them here indicated that he had other intentions in his mind.

“Newbies?” A round-faced man passed by, he involuntarily stopped his steps when he saw Qin Wentian and the two others.

“Yeah, can we ask you some questions?” Qin Wentian nodded.

“Sure.” The round-faced young man walked towards the nearby grass patch and sat down, smiling at Qin Wentian and rest. “Maybe we’ll be competitors in future.”

“What do you mean?” Fan Le asked.

“Don’t you all know the rules? There are too many cultivators who want to join the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. Coming here does not mean that you’re automatically one of them. They usually group people of the same realm together in one region and then use an elimination match to determine who can advance. The process is tremendously cruel, but only by passing the various tests can one be conferred upon the name ‘Ouyang’,” the round-faced young man explained.

“To be surnamed Ouyang, they abandoned their real surnames?”

“No, it doesn’t mean that you have to give up your surname to have the ‘Ouyang’ clan name bestowed upon you—it’s only a kind



of status. It means that you've officially become part of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, and have gained access to some powerful cultivation arts and innate techniques. There will be masters guiding you on your cultivation progress and you'll get the chance to become a disciple of these experts. If you climb your way up through the hierarchy system, you might truly become a core disciple. By then, your status may even exceed some of those from the direct line of descent."

The round-faced young man continued, "All the cultivators here possess an outstanding talent, and they all have high aspirations. Some of them, despite not being of the Ouyang bloodline, have the potential to be chosen by the Ouyang Clan to integrate themselves within. Of course, if one's talent is not high enough, they can only choose to leave in silence, but that would be extremely embarrassing."

"Does the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan force people to stay? Or can they leave anytime of their own volition?" Qin Wentian inquired.

"Naturally, but those who've come all this way obviously wish to fight for a better future. Who'd easily leave just like that? Why would the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan even need to force people to stay? Before one becomes a core member, there won't be anyone giving a damn about where you want to go," the round-faced young man replied.

"Hmm, do you know Miss Ting?" Qin Wentian asked again, the round-faced young man's eyes lit up when he heard the question. He glanced about carefully before adding in a low voice, "This Ouyang Ting has an extremely high status in the Ouyang Clan, but

she also has an unruly and wilful personality. She likes to find people to spar with her, but if her sparring opponents are too weak, they'll be subjected to humiliation and even serious injury. It eventually leads to them choosing to leave. For those stronger than her, they don't dare to use their full strength and can only 'play' along with her. But even then they have to tread carefully, because if they were to accidentally anger her, or some other Chosen, the consequences would be disastrous."

"Anger?" Qin Wentian continued asking, yet the round-faced young man only waved his hands, not bothering to explain. He then added in a whisper, "Just be more careful and don't spread this information. Lastly, pray more for your own good fortune."

The round-faced young man had traces of sympathy in his eyes when he glanced at Qin Wentian's group, his words caused the eyes of Qin Wentian and Fan Le to flicker with a cold light. It seems like the young man had intentionally brought them to this place, with the intention of wishing harm to befall them.

"Have you met Ouyang Kuangsheng before?"

"I only heard that he is of the direct line of descent and his status among the clan is definitely at the very peak. If all goes well, the leadership position will eventually fall to him. I also heard that his character was extremely brazen and unrestrained, but sadly, despite half a year here, I have yet to meet him."

Qin Wentian had a bitter smile on his face, initially he came to the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan merely because he wanted to meet up with his good brother, yet who would have expected that the

Ouyang Clan was so vast? It would be close to impossible to meet him. But naturally, Qin Wentian was happy for Ouyang Kuangsheng when he heard of the latter's status in the clan.

“Could you help us find a place to stay?” Qin Wentian smiled.

“How did you all manage to offend someone this quickly? I guess you all can temporarily stay in my courtyard first.” The round-faced young man was extremely amicable, seeing how readily he agreed. Qin Wentian and the rest accepted his offer with their thanks.

Afterwards, when Qin Wentian and the two others tried to step out of the Ouyang Clan, they found themselves forcibly prevented from leaving.

“What's going on? We can't even go out?” Fan Le coldly stared at the person blocking their way. “We heard from a reliable source that before becoming core members, there would be no one restricting our movements.”

“For the time-being, the three of you do not have permission to move about freely,” the person blocking them replied. Qin Wentian frowned as he asked, “Why not?”

“I've heard that Miss Ting will look for you guys to spar with her tomorrow,” the man bluntly replied.

“Then when will we be free to leave?” Qin Wentian's voice

dropped several degrees.

“After the sparring match.” The person blocking, just as coldly shot back. Qin Wentian sighed, after which he turned back, as a cold glint of light flashed in his eyes. What the hell was going on, had they offended someone? But who did they offend?

She wanted to make them her sparring dummies? Well then, he was raring to go!

Indeed, on the second morning after their arrival, the young man and lady from before came to lead them towards the training ground. Qin Wentian discovered that other than the three of them, there were other cultivators already there. After several moments, a figure on an ember-steed was seen soaring through the air from the entrance of the Ouyang Castle. Ouyang Ting wasn't alone, several people from the Ouyang Clan accompanied her.

These people all exuded an extraordinary air. Evidently, they were all of the direct line of descent. Ouyang Ting calmly smiled, “These past few days, my sparring partners have been pathetic letdowns. I'm afraid if you've come to witness my defeat, you'll be sorely disappointed.”

“We have no intention of making merry at your expense. Recently, Ouyang Kuangsheng's improvement has been too rapid. If this continues on, we will all be left in his dust.” One of the young ladies by the side frowned.

“Hmph, he's older than us. Believe me, there's nothing

impressive about him.” Ouyang Ting coldly snorted, appearing extremely unhappy. Yet, her eyes belied her trepidation—they were all from the same generation, so that volatile guy wasn’t someone that they could afford to antagonize!

# AGM 308 - Chop Off One Of His Arms For Me

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The ember-steed landed on the ground. Three beautiful young ladies and a young man proudly walked abreast each other, as those at the side all bowed their heads, not daring to look directly at them.

Fan Le's eyes lit up, to think that these ladies from the great clans were all so attractive. Beautiful features, in addition to exuding an air of nobility, they were extremely enchanting to Fan Le.

Ouyang Ting stood in the middle of the training ground as her gaze disinterestedly swept across them, saying in a bored tone of voice, "Let the sparring commence."

"The two of you, go." The young man who brought Qin Wentian's group to the Ouyang Estate urged them onwards. Qin Wentian and Fan Le's countenances remained expressionless as they, together with six other cultivators, walked forwards. Apparently, these people could be considered as the unlucky ones.

"Out of you eight, only two will remain. Start fighting, those that are too weak aren't qualified to spar with me," Ouyang Ting coldly commanded, as the eight of them exchanged glances with each other.

The cultivation bases of these people were around the fifth level of Yuanfu, and they should have all been specifically chosen for this reason, because Ouyang Ting herself had a cultivation at the fifth level of Yuanfu.

“BZZZ...”

The cultivators released their Astral Souls, as though with the intention of wanting to gain the favor of all these young misses. To them, wasn't this an opportunity to prove themselves? They naturally had to grab it when given the chance.

“Not bad, these Astral Souls should all be their third Astral Souls, and there are even two Astral Souls that were condensed from the 4th Heavenly Layer, how rare.” One of the females standing beside Ouyang Ting had a slight smile on her face. For their third Astral Souls to have originated from the 4th Heavenly Layer, it would undoubtedly give them an edge when fighting against those who were at the same realm as them.

“That's the Skyember Demonic Lion Astral Soul, a demonic beast that's strong enough to be ranked inside the Warbeast Index. Although its ranking is near the bottom, it's still extremely powerful.” A young lady clad in green had a startled expression on her face. The other guy whose Astral Soul was condensed from the 4th Heavenly Layer wasn't bad as well, he had an ice-attributed Astral Soul that would imbue his attacks with the concept of frost. It also allowed him to gain insights at a quicker pace when it came to ice-attributed cultivation art and innate techniques.

Because these two had an Astral Soul condensed from the 4th Heavenly Layer, the other four didn't dare target them. Two out of those four started fighting against each other, while the other two exchanged glances, before deciding that neither of them was an easy target. Hence, they shifted their gazes onto Qin Wentian and

Fan Le.

Qin Wentian and Fan Le were even younger than them. Not only that, they were either extremely confident in themselves, or they were fools. They hadn't even released their Astral Souls yet.

“Oi, oi. Don't antagonise me,” Fan Le ‘kindly’ persuaded the two of them when he saw how they switched focus onto him and Qin Wentian. However, such behaviour made him seem even weaker to the two cultivators. One of them immediately dashed towards Fan Le with a burning spear in his hands, pervading the air with the will of his Mandate—Ignition, the first level insight of the Mandate of Flames.

“Rumble!” Fan Le's Astral Soul erupted forth. His third Astral Soul also originated from the 4th Heavenly Layer, and a fearsome heat scorched the air around him, the blazing temperature forcing his opponent eyes's to narrow. In spite of this, his opponent had already stabbed forth his long spear. The spear was as fierce as a dragon, causing a massive wind to kick up as the tip of the spear blazed with the embers of a scorching fire.

Fan Le instantly leapt back, an Astral Bow forming in his hands. The will of his mandate infused his arrows as he instantly fired them.

His opponent reacted swiftly as well, weaving the long spear in an intricate fan; it was capable of performing a hundred percent block against incoming arrows head-on. However, he only saw Fan Le firing two arrows up into the skies, before the arrows abruptly shifted their trajectory, zooming right towards his head.



Alarmed, he swept out his long spear upwards in an attempt to defend against the fired arrows. Yet, already there were two more incoming arrows right in front of him. Disappointment flashed in his eyes, he had completely lost.

The opponent who rushed Qin Wentian, lost even faster. Qin Wentian's only response to his opponent's attack was to send out a palm strike infused with the will of his Mandate of Force, Strength. He used no other techniques, and relied on pure strength to suppress his opponent.

The Astral Energy in Qin Wentian's Yuanfu had all been absorbed from constellations originating from the 5th Heavenly Layer, so how could Astral Energy of that quality lose out to that originating from the 4th? Moreover, his physique had already been enhanced after cultivating the Fiend Transformation Art, and now his strength was as tyrannical as a demonic beast's. Even without the need to call upon the augmentation provided by his Astral Souls, Qin Wentian was already at an absolute advantage in this battle. It was unnecessary to bring out 100% of his power to suppress an opponent at the same level.

There was no suspense, only four cultivators remained at the end. Qin Wentian, Fan Le, as well as the two other cultivators who had an Astral Soul originating from the 4th Heavenly Layer.

“Excellent, the four of them are qualified.” The girl beside Ouyang Ting laughed.

Ouyang Ting walked out, pointing at the youth with the ice-attributed Astral Soul. “You, first.”

“Sure, I hope Miss Ting will go easy on me.” The young man walked out as he clasped his hands together.

“Don’t worry, I won’t injure you too grievously. But of course, if you are too weak, you have no one to blame but yourself if I end up crippling you. Make your move,” Ouyang Ting remarked.

The silhouette of the youth flickered, with hints of savagery in his movements. He lunged towards Ouyang Ting as his fist shadows covered the skies, an immense strength instantly erupting forth.

“Too weak.” Ouyang Ting coldly snorted as the will from her Mandate of Swords pervaded the air. The young man felt as though his movements had been restricted, and he paled. He understood that he was the target of another kind of Mandate, which emanated the will of restriction.

The temperature in the air abruptly dropped by several degrees, the young man also released his Mandate and his fist was coated with the will of ice. Whenever he struck out, Ouyang Ting’s body felt as though it were frozen solid.

“Still not enough.” The lilt in Ouyang Ting’s voice was extremely irritating. With a wave of her hands, countless whip shadows covered the space, as a loud hissing sound enveloped the area.

Swish, swish, swish...

With a snap, the whip lashes instantly transformed into countless incomparably sharp swords, fiercely piercing towards her opponent's fist. The ice-crystal shield her opponent had summoned shattered into fragments.

Qin Wentian's eyes flashed, although this Ouyang Ting was unruly and wilful, she had the power to back up her attitude. She had already comprehended the Mandate of Sword, as well as the Mandate of Restriction, easily suppressing her opponent in style.

"One more." Ouyang Ting completely subdued the young man until he had no way to attack. The next cultivator with that Skyember Demonic Astral Soul rushed out. His aura was filled with hints of ferociousness, and the Mandate he comprehended was the Mandate of Demons, in addition to the Mandates of Flames. In an instant, they joined their attacks, emanating a terrifying pressure—a hell of ice and fire!

Yet every lash of Ouyang Ting's whip was akin to a sharp sword, and even her ordinary attacks seemed to contain the power of an innate technique behind them. Each strike was stronger than the last and in the end, the shadows of her whip engulfed the entire skies, and the sword qi she emanated bore down on the two cultivators.

"Peng, peng..."

Qin Wentian only saw two silhouettes flying through the air,

traces of blood trickling down the corners of their mouths. After they recovered, they quickly stood up but now, hints of true admiration could be seen in their eyes when they looked at Ouyang Ting. This beautiful young lady not only had a high status, her combat prowess was also stronger than both of them combined.

“Barely passable. In the future, the two of them shall stay together. Work hard to become more powerful, and you may even cultivate those combination-type innate techniques. At any time, I may look for the two of you to spar with me again,” Ouyang Ting indifferently stated, her words ringed with the tone of a command.

“Yes.” The two of them bowed as they retreated.

“The two of you can come at me together as well,” Ouyang Ting spoke to Qin Wentian and Fan Le, her words causing the two of them to be stunned. Fan Le shrugged; with his combat prowess, he didn’t fear people at the same level at all. And as for Qin Wentian, he could already insta-kill opponents at the same level. This lass in front of them... was truly a genius at talking big.

“Nah, it wouldn’t be good if we accidentally hurt you with our joint attacks. Let’s just fight one-on-one instead. I wonder who Miss Ting will choose to spar against first?” Fan Le laughed.

“Boasting shamelessly, if the both of you are truly able to injure me, then that means I can only blame myself for my incompetence. But since your words are so brazen, let me teach you a lesson first,” Ouyang Ting coldly remarked to Fan Le, as she readied herself for battle.

Qin Wentian retreated, giving up the stage to both of them. Fan Le's Arrow-type Astral Soul and Blazing Flames Astral Soul were unleashed, as an Astral Bow formed in his hands.

Ouyang Ting's silhouette dashed out, while at the same time, Fan Le's arrows were already whistling in the air. However, with a flick of her hands, a long whip wrapped around her entire body, impenetrable by wind and rain.

The rain of arrows never stopped, yet they had no way to penetrate her defences.

"Hmph." Ouyang Ting entered close combat as she coldly laughed. The long whip in her hands fiercely lashed out, and Fan Le felt a will imposing on him, binding his movements.

However, there was no fear in his eyes. He chose to remain motionless, and merely looked at his opponent.

RUMBLE...

Terrifying flames from his Empyrean Flames Bloodline instantly exploded forth as Fatty's eyes shone with a golden light. His arrows were momentarily imbued with a golden fire as he fired off nine arrows that joined in a straight line, straight towards Ouyang Ting.

Ouyang Ting was taken aback, and when she wanted to use her

whip to block, she only discovered a strong sense of telekinesis-like energy interrupting the angle and speed of her attack, causing her movements to be slower than usual. That moment's delay opened up a small gap in her defense, allowing the arrows to pierce through. Fan Le's arrows were too swift, too ferocious, and too crafty.

“Be careful!” someone from the back shouted. Ouyang Ting's Astral Soul immediately erupted into being, her body covered by a sheen of Astral Light as armor took form around her.

Bzzz...

The arrows instantly thundered towards Ouyang Ting's throat, blasting a terrifying air current on her body. Eventually, the arrows lost their momentum, but not before causing the watching crowd to burst out in cold perspiration.

Fan Le grinned, “Miss Ting, I know when to stop.”

The space seemingly congealed for a moment, and a faint pallor could be seen on Ouyang Ting's complexion. That earlier attack by Fan Le was too powerful. She had never faced such a dangerous situation before when she was sparring. The feeling of being caught off-guard, followed by a sense of impending doom, as though her heart was about to leap out from her chest. Her entire body was cloaked by the sweat of her perspiration, and she felt exceedingly uncomfortable.

“Chi...” Abruptly, Ouyang Ting moved. The long whip in her

hands lashed out—Fan Le’s countenance drastically changed because the distance between them was too close. The will of restriction binded Fan Le’s movements, making it hard for him to dodge the incoming attack.

Peng!

A crisp sound echoed in the air. Even though Fan Le had managed to dodge that strike at the last instant, he was still wounded by the razor-sharp, sword-like whip. His clothes were lacerated away, leaving behind a bloody wound. If it weren’t for his quick reaction, his injuries would have definitely been even more severe.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Fatty was incensed. Although he loved pretty girls, this Ouyang Ting was truly too unruly. Just moments ago she said that she was capable, but now, she had actually resorted to such sneak attacks.

Even in combat, or in sparring, how could it be completely danger-free? The other party wanted them to do their best, he was just following instructions. And aside from giving her a scare, he hadn’t really injured Ouyang Ting.

“You are courting death,” Ouyang Ting’s companions grimly stated, their demeanor was extremely frigid.

“Piece of shit.” Below, the young man and woman that had brought them here from Qiyun were also emitting killing intent.

Qin Wentian's eyes flashed with a cold fire the instant Ouyang Ting unleashed her sneak attack. After witnessing the unfolding events, the coldness of his aura was piercingly sharp. Was this what they meant by 'sparring'?

"Chop off one of his arms for me," Ouyang Ting icily commanded.

Immediately, the murderous intent radiating from Qin Wentian and Fan Le skyrocketed upwards!



# AGM 309 - Two Madmen

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Chu Mang similarly exploded in rage when he heard Ouyang Ting's words. A terrifying aura gushed forth from him, what wrong had Fan Le done? Why did she want to chop off one of his arms?

As a raging wind billowed past, the two external Ouyang cultivators, as well as the third prince of Qiyun, Ye Mo, instantly moved towards Fan Le, surrounding him.

Qin Wentian and Chu Mang, both stood to the left and right side of Fan Le. The atmosphere in the training grounds was pervaded by a sense of heaviness.

But of course, to Ouyang Ting, the thought of a large-scale fight never crossed her mind.

During the times when she sparred with her opponents, she had never received such a fright before. And in her moment of anger, she wanted one of Fan Le's arms as compensation for the terror she felt. She didn't have any particular emotions towards her choice in punishment, and neither would she have a guilty heart. Because to her, this was merely a small matter.

"Are you okay?" Ouyang Ting's companions asked with concern. Ouyang Ting lightly shook her head and following which, her companions all looked towards Fan Le, radiating a cold, murderous intent.

“Miss Ting.” A voice filled with power suddenly broke the heavy atmosphere. Ouyang Ting shifted her glance to Qin Wentian, who continued to speak, “You are the one that wanted your opponent to do their best. Please take back your earlier command, and apologize to my friend.”

“Truly ridiculous, you want to use us as sparring partners, yet we cannot win? We can only lose?? With a mentality like that, you still dare to dream about getting stronger? If we were outside in the real world, you would have already died countless times.” Qin Wentian’s tone of voice was completely glacial. His words caused Ouyang Ting to glower unpleasantly at him. She then stated, “Sever the arms of this guy as well.”

“You b\*tch!” Chu Mang roared. Ouyang Ting’s countenance turned green.

Being humiliated while in her own territory? This was a first.

“Kill him!” Ouyang Ting angrily cried. Qin Wentian’s aura completely erupted forth, making no attempt to hide his power. He came to the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan for the purpose of paying a visit to his brother Ouyang Kuangsheng. Although he knew that it wouldn’t be an easy task to meet him, but in such a huge clan, even their entry and exit was restricted. It was unlikely they would allow a ‘random’ stranger to meet one from the Ouyang direct line of descent.

But, they were good friends after all, and he wasn’t sure of the relationship between Ouyang Kuangsheng and Ouyang Ting. Who knows, they might even be siblings. Hence, he didn’t want to

create unnecessary trouble and end up making things awkward for an old friend. Moreover, they just arrived at the Azure Continent, and he was in no hurry to leave so soon.

“I’m acquainted with Ouyang Kuangsheng. This is my last warning, I hope you take back your command and apologize,” Qin Wentian coldly stated when he saw the crowd moving menacingly towards their direction. When she heard his words, Ouyang Ting’s eyes once again became riveted onto Qin Wentian.

The advancing crowd also hesitated. Qin Wentian was acquainted with Ouyang Kuangsheng?

This fellow was probably making such a claim in hopes of saving his life. How laughable.

Due to Ouyang Kuangsheng’s background and personality, he had few friends in the entire Azure Continent. Qin Wentian was so young, and the aura he exuded was merely at the fifth level of Yuanfu, and yet he said he was acquainted with Ouyang Kuangsheng? What a joke.

“Even if you really know him, the three of you still have to suffer the fires of my rage today. Do it,” Ouyang Ting icily commanded. As the sound of her voice faded, her companions stepped forth, while the other cultivators near her crowded around as well. Upon seeing what was happening, the guards in this area started to move over and surround them too. In this scenario, Qin Wentian and the two others would find it hard to escape, even if they were given wings.

The strongest among the attackers was the young man who was bestowed the name 'Ouyang', he had a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu. The young lady had a cultivation at the sixth level; the third prince of Qiyun, fifth level. All of them had decent levels of strength.

“SCRAM!”

Chu Mang brandished his gigantic axe, and with a howl of rage, he rushed towards the young man who had a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu.

Fan Le clashed against Ye Mo, while the young lady stabbed her short sword towards Qin Wentian.

What made them astonished was that the companions of Ouyang Ting didn't make a move at all. They merely stood there silently, watching the show. This caused the third prince Ye Mo's countenance to sink. Fan Le's combat prowess was exceptional, and as to why he acted, it was because he wanted to put up a good performance for Ouyang Ting. Yet he didn't expect that his supposed 'allies' would merely cross their arms and wait to watch the show.

The instant the young lady stabbed her sword over, an overwhelming demonic qi gushed forth from Qin Wentian's body. His eyes were closed, yet an instant later, the young lady felt a stabbing pain piercing her mind as a terrifying pressure shook from within.

“RUMBLEEE~”

Qin Wentian's will of the Mandate of Force erupted outwards as he sent a palm strike towards the short sword. Cold amusement flashed in the eyes of the female when she saw Qin Wentian's actions. Using his bare hands to block one of her sword attacks?

Even though Qin Wentian exuded a tyrannical aura, wasn't he overestimating himself a little too much?

In an instant, Qin Wentian's palm was coated with a layer of demonic qi, manifesting demonic scales that covered his entire palm.

Peng...

The terrifying strength of the impact immediately flung the female through the air. Qin Wentian's cold gaze then turned upon the third prince Ye Mo, and with a flick of his fingers, a beam of sword light flew straight at him. Startled, Ye Mo was distracted by Qin Wentian's attack and didn't even notice the golden arrow fired by Fan Le. It instantly penetrated through his brain, directly slaying him from where he stood.

Qin Wentian turned around, his gaze now riveted on Ouyang Ting and her companions. As he took a step forwards, even the earth trembled at his might. Towering amounts of demonic qi soared upwards to the skies; his eyes reflected death. When Ouyang Ting felt the weight of his stare, even she involuntarily

trembled as she felt a chill run through her heart.

“Your level of power isn’t bad, indeed.” The young man standing beside Ouyang Ting walked out. His cultivation was also at the seventh level of Yuanfu, and his eyes, when gazing upon Qin Wentian, was filled with contempt, as though he was looking at an ant.

“However, this farce ends now,” the young man quietly remarked, and as the sound of his voice faded, the guards all rushed towards Qin Wentian’s group.

“Bzzz.” A pair of Garuda Wings abruptly formed behind Qin Wentian’s back. His silhouette flickered as he vanished from view, dashing at lightning speed towards Ouyang Ting.

The young man laughed coldly as he maneuvered himself into Qin Wentian’s path, intent on blocking him. His Astral Souls rumbled the void as a black swirling whirlpool of energy could be seen circulating in the palms of his hands.

“Die.”

Seeing how Qin Wentian continued to dash towards him, he snorted disdainfully as he blasted out with a black-colored palm imprint. That brutal, black-colored energy swirling around in his palms instantly exuded a menacing aura of destruction. It lacerated the air, slamming towards Qin Wentian.

The blood in Qin Wentian's body surged up as a crimson glow covered his palms; it seemed as though an ancient demon deep in slumber was in the midst of an awakening. Qin Wentian nonchalantly threw a palm imprint outwards, as a terrible roar echoed from the void—the roar of a dragon.

This dragon palm imprint was an innate technique he had comprehended on the Gazing-Dragon Mountain Rampart. With a single palm, a dragon imprint would manifest, even the demonic scales on his palm turned draconic the moment he unleashed this strike, covering his entire arm. This explosive might was further imbued with the power of Divine Energy that was used to channel this technique.

On the sidelines, the two Ouyang Clan ladies coldly laughed, that black-colored palm strike was known as the Heart Destruction Palm, it was sufficient to claim Qin Wentian's life.

At the point of impact, the dragon imprint withered slightly upon coming in contact with the opponent's destructive energy, yet still remained firm and strong. It overpowered the Heart Destruction Palm imprint and continued onwards, blasting towards the young man. The young man turned ashen as he hastily brought both his palms together in a defensive stance to block the attack. With an explosive boom, the body of the young man was unceremoniously catapulted through the air.

How terrifying was the explosive element in Qin Wentian's strike? Its power had already exceeded the limits of what a human was capable of at the fifth level of Yuanfu—it was on the level of a desolate beast. Even a cultivator at the seventh level of Yuanfu

couldn't withstand a single strike.

“Shit.” The expression on the guards' faces sank, while the two young ladies from the Ouyang Clan wore matching expressions of disbelief.

Ouyang Ting could feel her entire body turning cold. She rapidly retreated backward, yet Qin Wentian's ice-cold eyes bore right through into her mind. A beam of golden light erupted forwards from the center of Qin Wentian's brow, so resplendent that she had no choice but to close her eyes. When she opened them once more, she saw a silhouette enlarging itself by the second as it sped towards her.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian's hands slammed into Ouyang Ting's throat, lifting her up in a choke-hold, slowly squeezing her life away. Ouyang Ting only felt her breath tightening as she paled. She could feel the shadow of death creeping closer to her with every second. “STOP!” The surrounding people were outraged; there were so many experts present yet they allowed a cultivator at the fifth level of Yuanfu to capture Ouyang Ting. This was something unforgivable.

Naturally, no one would have expected that Qin Wentian would dare to behave so brazenly in the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and not only that, this level of explosive strength wasn't something they expected someone at the fifth level of Yuanfu would possess.

Qin Wentian swept his gaze over to the crowd, as he coldly stated, “Get Ouyang Kuangsheng to come over.”



“I’ll go immediately.” A young lady’s silhouette flickered as she dashed away. At this moment, she had a strong feeling that Qin Wentian might really be acquainted with Ouyang Kuangsheng.

“Re...le...ase me first.” Ouyang Ting choked, both her hands clawing helplessly at Qin Wentian’s hands.

Qin Wentian glanced at her coldly before unceremoniously dragging her body with a single hand as he walked towards Fan Le.

“Let me help you if you don’t know how to apologize.” The coldness in Qin Wentian’s voice penetrated the bone.

BOOM!

Ouyang Ting was directly forced to her knees. The sounds of her kneecaps slamming against the ground thundered out, with cracks seen on the surface of the ground as she knelt in front of Fan Le. This scene caused those in the surroundings to stare in incredulous disbelief, were they in a dream? This fellow was mad, he was a mad man.

He actually dared to force Ouyang Ting to kneel.

The two cultivators, who had brought Qin Wentian to the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, turned as gray as ashes. No matter what happened to Qin Wentian, they would definitely not be able to escape responsibility.

“Do you understand what the hell you’re doing?” Ouyang Ting turned her head with difficulty, glaring at Qin Wentian with hatred in her eyes.

“Miss Ouyang, if we weren’t in the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan right now, you would already be dead,” Qin Wentian coldly replied. Qin Wentian wasn’t a barbarian, but he knew that people like Ouyang Ting could never be convinced by logic, ever. Power was the most effective way to talk to these people.

Such a commotion swiftly caused several experts to arrive at the training ground. Initially, there hadn’t been too many experts stationed here, since after all, no one would have expected that such a thing would occur in their own Ouyang territory.

These experts stood in the air, their gazes like the edge of a blade, directly staring at Qin Wentian.

“Release her.” barked an extraordinarily handsome young man clad in white.

“Young man, do you understand what you’re doing?” A voice drifted over from afar as an old man arrived at the training ground. Just a single glance from him was sufficient for Qin Wentian to feel great pressure.

“My friend accompanied Ouyang Ting in her sparring practice. After he was victorious, Ouyang Ting actually wanted to chop off one of his arms. I wanted her to apologize, yet she wanted to sever

my arms as well. How does Ouyang Ting view us? As slaves or playthings for her to break at will? Senior, tell me, what would you do if you were in my shoes?" Qin Wentian gazed at the old man silently, awaiting his response. That old man unhappily cast a glance at Ouyang Ting. Such behavior was indeed too excessive.

A defeat meant a defeat, yet she actually wanted to chop off someone's arms just because she lost?

"Even your lives would have been a small price to pay, let alone an arm." A cold intent radiated from the white-clad young man.

"It seems like this kneel, was too light." Qin Wentian calmly turned his gaze onto the young man in the air, then shoved his palms forward with violent force, slamming Ouyang Ting's forehead onto the ground. An instant later, a terrifying baleful aura gushed out from the white-clad young man, he looked like he wanted nothing more than to tear Qin Wentian apart from where he stood.

"If the arm of my bro really got slashed off, even having ten lives would be insufficient payment," Qin Wentian stated. His features were calm and composed, radiating a feeling of utter confidence.

"Well said." Yet another silhouette whistled through the air, his words causing the hearts of those present to pound madly. Which madman dared to speak out such a statement? Wasn't he courting death?

Yet, when they ascertained the identity of the speaker, they

immediately froze in alarm. What was going on?

They saw a young man clad in blue, with his hair fluttering in the wind. He swept his gaze coldly through the crowd, including that old man from earlier. “I’ve already been informed of this matter. With her temperament and that despicable display of conduct, Ouyang Ting is not fit to belong in my Ouyang Clan. Her behavior today was atrocious and has shamed our illustrious name. I strongly recommend that the clan break off all relations with her and toss out this piece of garbage.”

The arrogant voice fairly reverberated throughout the surrounding space, his words causing the crowd to perspire madly from fear. There wasn’t only one madman present today!

# AGM 310 - Lenient Punishment

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The words of the young man clad in robes of blue instantly caused the entire area to be inundated in silence. When Qin Wentian saw who the speaker was, a radiant smile beamed on his face. When he had mentioned Ouyang Kuangsheng's name to Ouyang Ting, she had actually wanted to kill him—this told him that the relationship between them wasn't civil. If not, Ouyang Ting wouldn't be so decisive.

Now that good ol' Ouyang Kuangsheng had appeared, his personality was the same as Qin Wentian remembered.

Ouyang Ting, who was forced to kowtow, feebly raised her head from the ground. Her countenance was pale, and her forehead had a bloody gash upon it. Looking at the descending silhouette, she coldly remarked, "Ouyang Kuangsheng, I'm the same as you, the blood of the main Ouyang Clan runs through our veins. This outsider treats me like this, yet you're still making such a deranged statement. ARE YOU STILL A MEMBER OF OUR OUYANG ARISTOCRAT CLAN?"

The white-clad figure standing in midair also stared at Ouyang Kuangsheng, as he icily added. "Ouyang Kuangsheng, you have gone too far."

The white-clad figure was an external cultivator that had been bestowed upon the surname 'Ouyang' and eventually had his status elevated to a chosen on account of his talent. He became the personal disciple of an expert and was even ranked on the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

Duan Qingshan was the role-model of many hot-blooded cultivators, and someone that external cultivators in the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan hoped to overtake.

In spite of this, it was still almost impossible for an external cultivator to fight over the rights of inheritance. Hence, Duan Qingshan decided to woo Ouyang Ting, and hopefully with that, he could integrate himself within the Ouyang Clan and even gain the right to fight for the leadership of the clan in the future.

Because within Ouyang Ting's veins, there flowed the purest of Ouyang blood, as she was from the direct line of descent. Many people looked with favor upon their union, especially Ouyang Ting's family, they were all extremely supportive of this matter.

But now, there was actually an external person who dared to treat Ouyang Ting in this manner within the grounds of the Ouyang Clan. And what made everyone speechless was that Ouyang Kuangsheng stood on the side of this external person and even joined him in berating Ouyang Ting.

This made many feel a sense of surrealism, this matter was just too crazed.

“The bloodline of my Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, shouldn't be associated with garbage like her. As a descendant of my Ouyang Clan, in a battle, winning means you are strong, but losing merely means that you need to work harder. Wanting to chop off the victor's arms just for losing? And she was even the one who

requested the sparring? This has totally thrown away the prestige of our great Ouyang Clan and casts a shadow upon its illustrious name. What utter humiliation, what utter shame. Could it be that you, Duan Qingshan, take her actions as a matter of pride?”

Ouyang Kuangsheng stared straight at Duan Qingshan as he coldly continued, “Duan Qingshan, don’t forget how you clawed your way step-by-step to the position you have today. If the people of our Ouyang Clan acted like Ouyang Ting, and everyone that lost to you wanted to break one of your arms, how many arms would you have to chop off? If our Ouyang Clan promotes an attitude like this, how many elites would still dare to join us? How would we even grow stronger then?”

Duan Qingshan scowled, but he had no words left to refute.

This could be a matter of extreme proportions. They didn’t even need to care who was right or wrong, just with Qin Wentian’s attitude and behavior towards Ouyang Ting, it was already sufficient to sentence him to death. There was no need to talk so much about other things, and no one would dare to speak out on Qin Wentian’s behalf as well. Yet, Ouyang Kuangsheng dared, and he even used an extremely logical point to condemn the actions of Ouyang Ting.

With Ouyang Kuangsheng’s status, who dared to say that he was wrong?

Like what Ouyang Kuangsheng had said, Duan Qingshan climbed up to his current level through a series of tough challenges, clawing his way up step-by-step. If the rest of the Ouyang

Aristocrat Clan behaved like Ouyang Ting, how could there still be the Duan Qingshan today?

From afar, the sound of a massive wind gusting drifted over. The commotion grew increasingly louder and in time, several Ouyang Clan elders had arrived on the training field.

“What’s going on?” one of the elders asked, as he coldly surveyed the scene before him.

“Second Grandpa, Ouyang Ting sparred against others, and after losing, she gave the order to chop off one of the arms of the victor, destroying our austere reputation and shaming us all. I recommend to toss her out of the clan,” Ouyang Kuangsheng spoke to the elder calmly, like an equal speaking to another.

“These people are too impudent, elder should have witnessed it as well. They dared to treat Ting`er like this, they should all be slaughtered.” Duan Qingshan icily defended Ouyang Ting.

“How laughable, did you want them to obediently let Ouyang Ting chop their arms off with a smile on their faces? What do you take them for?” The full force of Ouyang Kuangsheng’s stare bore down on Duan Qingshan. “As long as you still dare to say their arms deserve to be chopped off, then I, Ouyang Kuangsheng, promise you this—I will definitely find a reason to chop off one of your arms today.”

“Ouyang Kuangsheng...” Duan Qingshan raged. This Ouyang Kuangsheng wasn’t giving him any face at all.



“You’re comparing me to these people?” Duan Qingshan’s expression was incredibly unsightly.

“Enough.” That elder berated as he stared at those below. He then coldly asked, “What status do they hold? Who brought them here?”

Below, Chu Mang’s opponent, the young man who was bestowed the Ouyang name, totally paled. He was the one that suggested Qin Wentian and Fan Le as sparring partners for Ouyang Ting; not even in his wildest dreams would he have ever imagined such a thing happening. But he knew now that his fate was going to be extremely miserable.

“Tell me everything clearly.” The gaze of the second elder fell upon him and instantly, he felt a terrifying pressure bearing down on him.

“This matter concerns Ouyang Ting. You better speak ‘truthfully’,” Duan Qingshan coldly commanded. But the word ‘truthfully’ was like a huge boulder pressing against him on his back. He was thinking, what should he say?

“Let me tell you, this man Qin Wentian is my brother. I fought with him side-by-side a few years ago. If your words contain the slightest hint of a lie, you’d better be prepared for the consequences.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng pointed to Qin Wentian as he spoke,

referring to him as his brother. That person only felt his mind rumbling, those who Ouyang Kuangsheng deigned to be acquainted with were already monstrous geniuses, let alone a man he termed 'brother'.

The crowd all started from this revelation. No wonder Ouyang Kuangsheng had such a big reaction.

“BOOM!” The terrifying pressure emitted by the elder forced the young man to his knees. All traces of blood had long faded away from his face; regardless of what he said now, he knew he was doomed. His mind was in a state of chaos, he couldn't afford to offend either party.

Duan Qingshan was an external cultivator that became a chosen, while Ouyang Kuangsheng was from the direct line of descent, the main branch with the greatest authority and power.

Putting them aside, he couldn't even afford to offend Qin Wentian now.

“Let me speak instead, you all just need to ask these two to confirm whether my words are true or not.” Chu Mang gazed at the elder in the air, his manner of speaking was calm and forthright.

“Fine, go ahead,” the elder calmly replied.

“The three of us are close friends that are roaming Grand Xia

together. By chance, we arrived at Qiyun's Gazing-Mountain Rampart and were then recruited into the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan by those two and a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign senior." Chu Mang began from the start and related everything that followed after it. When Chu Mang spoke of the fact that their freedom was restricted, that they couldn't leave and was forced to spar against Ouyang Ting, the temperature around Ouyang Kuangsheng dropped by several degrees.

"Is what he said, true?" The elder coldly glanced at the young man and lady that were responsible for the recruitment.

"Junior is aware of my mistakes." The young man didn't dare to raise his head and chose to confess directly.

"I understand now." The elder understood that Chu Mang's words were most probably true. He then continued, "The two of you deliberately made things difficult for newcomers and even confined their movements. Although your actions were for Ouyang Ting, this matter has been happening too frequently to the extent that I can no longer turn a blind eye to it. I have to correct this now before our clan begins to corrode from within. The two of you, just sever an arm and leave the Ouyang Clan, and this matter shall be at an end."

The young man and lady paled at his words, but they still nodded their heads. They initially wanted to get into Ouyang Ting's good books, yet now, with Ouyang Kuangsheng here, even Ouyang Ting would find it tough to extricate herself. How could she have the time to care about small timers like them? With a howl of agony, they tore off their right arms and left the Ouyang Clan

immediately after.

One false step and all their hopes and aspirations came crashing down on them. A catastrophe indeed. “Release her first.” That elder glanced at Qin Wentian, who nodded and released Ouyang Ting.

Ouyang Ting stood up, the frigid look in her eyes was extremely chilling to behold. The elder then stated, “Ouyang Ting, it would’ve been fine if you were just looking for sparring opponents to raise your combat strength. But wanting to chop off an arm just because you suffered defeat?”

“Second Grandpa, he almost killed me,” Ouyang Ting justified.

“But were you even injured?” An unhappy look flashed past the eyes of the elder. “What’s the point of sparring if others aren’t allowed to win against you? What would you even accomplish in the future?”

Ouyang Ting stiffened, as she continued, “Ting`er understands her mistakes, and will agree to any punishment Second Grandpa sees fit to administer. But how will you deal with these people for treating me like this?”

“Ouyang Ting, do you feel that they should allow you to sever their arms with no resistance on their part?” Ouyang Kuangsheng dangerously growled. “Second Grandpa, back then I fought side-by-side with Qin Wentian in the Refinement Grounds of the Celestial Lake Palace. I can guarantee you that his talent is

definitely not below mine. Ouyang Ting's eyes are blinded by the power of our Ouyang name. She's foolish to the extent that she doesn't understand this basic truth; background and status mean nothing in front of absolute power. Second Grandpa better consider my suggestion seriously."

The elder appeared unperturbed, but he was already considering options in his mind.

The temperament of Ouyang Ting was indeed a problem, but Qin Wentian's actions were too brazen. If not for the appearance of Ouyang Kuangsheng, he would have definitely chosen to side with Ouyang Ting. This was something that needed no consideration. But Ouyang Kuangsheng had repeatedly emphasized the relationship between him and Qin Wentian, so the elder had no choice but to seriously ponder his decision—he had to weigh all pros and cons.

He could only deal with this matter lightly, if not, both parties would suffer a blow in their prestige amongst the clan. "Ouyang Ting, your temperament is not good, and you do things too impetuously. From now onwards for an entire year, all privileges granted to one with your standing shall be confiscated from you. You will no longer have any authority," The elder calmly spoke, his words causing Ouyang Kuangsheng to frown. Such a punishment, was equivalent to no punishment at all?

"As for the three of you, you guys were forced by the circumstances; hence, there will be no punishments."

The elder glanced at Qin Wentian and his group as he spoke, he

evidently wanted to quickly resolve this matter.

“No punishment?” Ouyang Ting’s countenance darkened with outrage. Qin Wentian forced her to kneel in front of Fan Le and even made her kowtow to him. This matter was to be brushed off just like that? She truly could not tolerate this mouthful of foul breath.

She, Ouyang Ting, was forced to kneel and kowtow to an outsider. How could she ever raise her head up high in the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan ever again?

“Isn’t Ouyang Ting’s punishment a little too light? Second Grandpa, if she doesn’t change her unruly ways, what then?” Ouyang Ting hadn’t even commented, but Ouyang Kuangsheng was already jumping in and acted directly.

He also knew that wanting to toss Ouyang Ting out wasn’t a realistic thing to do. An Aristocrat Clan was still an Aristocrat Clan, and Ouyang Ting was also of the main bloodline. Although she was in the wrong today, the one that received the greatest amount of humiliation was still her. Qin Wentian, Fan Le and Chu Mang hadn’t suffered any disadvantages at all.

Ouyang Kuangsheng was born like this, overbearing and imperious. He seized the advantage, not allowing Ouyang Ting to have any chance to make a move against Qin Wentian in the future.

“If she still doesn’t change, this matter shall be handed over to

the disciplinary hall,” the elder calmly replied, his words causing Ouyang Ting to feel as though her entire body was doused with ice-cold water.

Ouyang Kuangsheng nodded, “I’ll remember this.”

After speaking, he turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian and the two others as he smiled. “Why didn’t you guys look for me when you were here? Let’s leave this place for now.”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian laughed as he nodded in agreement, leisurely walking out. He also understood that the reason why he was able to get away with what he’d done today was all because of Ouyang Kuangsheng. After all, as an outsider, forcing someone of the direct line of descent to kowtow in apology was a matter of grave humiliation!

# AGM 311 - Unmatched Realm

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Ouyang Kuangsheng, left with Qin Wentian and the two others, leaving the crowd behind.

Because of Ouyang Kuangsheng's forceful interference, Qin Wentian, who forced Ouyang Ting to her knees, didn't receive any punishment. This definitely had to be the greatest humiliation Ouyang Ting had ever faced in her life. Currently, she was biting her lips, her countenance ashen as traces of blood could be seen flowing out from the corners of her mouth.

Duan Qingshan moved like the wind, descending to the spot beside Ouyang Ting. He extended his arms and warmly clasped her palms before stating in a gentle voice, "He will definitely pay for this."

"Mhm." Ouyang Ting heavily nodded as she replied in a heavy voice, "If I don't kill him, I'll be too ashamed to face others ever again."

She, Ouyang Ting, was a member of the direct bloodline of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. If this matter were to be leaked out, how would she have the face to meet others again? There would definitely be countless people mocking her in derision behind her back.

"Ouyang Ting." The old man in the air glanced at her. Ouyang Ting inclined her head, returning his gaze, but a marked coldness could be seen in her eyes, causing the elder to silently shake his



head in disappointment. “Personal strength will always be number one. Qingshan, you too, try to see if you can break through to the Heavenly Dipper Realm by this year. If not, then by the end of this year, at least you still have a chance to seize the top few rankings among the Heavenly Fate Rankings.”

“Yes.” Duan Qingshan maintained his poise, holding Ouyang Ting’s hands as he bowed to the elder. He was different from Ouyang Ting, he was an outsider bestowed upon the surname ‘Ouyang’, and so he was very clear of his own status. If he wanted to achieve an even higher level of recognition, he had to become even stronger, stronger than all others in the same generation as him, particularly those of direct descent in the Ouyang Aristocratic Clan.

“Disperse from here, the matter is concluded.” The elder waved his hands as the crowd gradually departed from the place. News of this matter was circulated extremely quickly. There were those who gasped in astonishment at Qin Wentian’s audacity, and there were also those who rejoiced. This Ouyang Ting had tormented many others before this.

Ouyang Kuangsheng brought Qin Wentian’s group to his residence. Just this single residence spanned as large as any normal estate found in a country like Chu and Qiyun. They sat on a patch of grassy earth situated on the highest vantage point of Ouyang Kuangsheng’s residence—it overlooked the sprawling beauty of the Azure Continent.

“Beautiful, beautiful!” Fatty Fan Le exclaimed in excitement. This was status. Even the serving maids at Ouyang Kuangsheng’s

residence were all high-grade beauties, pretty enough to cause a shameless light to glitter in Fan Le's eyes.

“What's your cultivation level now?” Ouyang Kuangsheng glanced at Qin Wentian, cutting right to the chase. It was as though he had already forgotten about the matter regarding Ouyang Ting.

“Fifth-level of Yuanfu, lower than you by a level.” Qin Wentian was naturally able to perceive Ouyang Kuangsheng's level of cultivation. Sixth-level of Yuanfu, it was an extremely reasonable pace considering Ouyang Kuangsheng's talent. Even himself, if he hadn't devoted time to researching and studying the Dao of Divine Inscriptions, he would also be at the sixth-level of Yuanfu today.

“You can even tell what my cultivation base is?” Ouyang Kuangsheng looked at Qin Wentian like he was looking at a monster. However, a bright light flashed in his eyes as he laughed, “Luckily, my cultivation base is still higher than yours. But considering how easily you subdued Ouyang Ting, your combat prowess should most definitely have already exceeded the fifth-level of Yuanfu.”

“If I gave it my all, I should be able to bypass about two levels and fight against those at the seventh-level of Yuanfu. But of course, I still have to assess who my opponent is. After all, I'm not the only one whose combat prowess could bypass levels,” Qin Wentian mumbled.

He was using his experience in sparring with Chu Mang to make a conservative guess. Fighting against an opponent who was two

levels above him should still be manageable, but if an opponent was three levels above him, the level of difficulty would naturally be heightened. He definitely had to use all the cards up his sleeves if he were to fight against an opponent at the eighth-level of Yuanfu. After all, the difference in amount of Astral Energy was too great, but luckily, he had three Yuanfu receptacles and could somewhat mitigate for this difference.

And also, for opponents at the eighth-level of Yuanfu usually had their will of Mandate at the Transformation Boundary. He didn't have any advantages over that area. "Fierce." Ouyang Kuangsheng rolled his eyes. This fellow could bypass two levels and fight against an expert at the seventh-level of Yuanfu? Didn't that mean that in terms of combat prowess, Qin Wentian was closely comparable to him?

"You should have come to the Azure Continent earlier. Where did you go after you left Chu?" Ouyang Kuangsheng was filled with curiosity regarding Qin Wentian's experiences.

"Hmm, I don't know where I should start." Qin Wentian bitterly smiled as he shook his head, after which he summarised the events he had experienced after leaving Chu, causing Ouyang Kuangsheng to break out in cold sweat and at times, even gasps of surprise. Especially when he learned that Qin Wentian was already a fourth-ranked Grandmaster, the gaze he used to look at Qin Wentian, resembled more and more of how he would look at a monster. A heaviness born from depression weighed in his heart.

Fourth-ranked Grandmaster, this blow was too huge for his heart to handle. Qin Wentian's current status didn't lose out to Heavenly

Dipper Sovereigns. And what's more, he also knew that Qin Wentian was younger compared to him.

“You say you plan to step into the top three rankings of the Heavenly Fate Rankings?” Ouyang Kuangsheng asked. Qin Wentian didn't divulge anything regarding the hidden Azure Faction or his status as the Azure Emperor's successor. Although he trusted Ouyang Kuangsheng, there was indeed no need to divulge this matter.

“Mhm, I definitely have to.” Qin Wentian nodded.

“You'll get a chance to at the end of this year. But, you only have a year's worth of time, it's not going to be easy.” A light flickered in Ouyang Kuangsheng's eyes. “It just so happens that this year marks the end of the three-year period, and everyone in Grand Xia will be focusing their attention on the Ancient Capital of Ginkou Continent. There will be countless chosen of the younger generations heading over there, making this the best chance to seize one of the top three spots in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. If you were to miss out on this opportunity, the only other way to get in the top three would be to find the current rankers and defeating them directly.

“What do you mean?”

“Have you heard of the Ancient Dynasty of Grand Xia?” Ouyang Kuangsheng asked.

“I've heard rumors about it, but only in the sense that the

current dynasty was merely a shadow of what it was in the past.” Qin Wentian nodded.

“That's right, back then the Ancient Emperor united the entire Grand Xia with the power of one man, how awe-inspiring was that? Considering the vastness of the entire empire, everyone living there were his subjects. However, an enormous change occurred that caused the kingdom he built up to fragment apart, in which countless powers were born from the fragmentation. This resulted in the creation of the nine continents that we know today.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng slowly explained, “Despite the passing of that era, people of Grand Xia still pay homage and worship the ancient emperor. Every three years, the Yuanfu Realm experts of Grand Xia gather in that place to fight for the Emperor's luck. The Venerate Heavens Sect would then completely re-organize the Heavenly Fate Rankings and coincidentally this year happens to be the third year.”

“Regretfully, we only have a year's time left. Now with my cultivation at the sixth level and yours at the fifth level, we have to raise our power levels to greater heights before we can even qualify to fight against the other experts going to the ancient kingdom.” “Ancient Kingdom, a year's time!” A sharp glint of light flashed past Qin Wentian's eyes. This was a challenge filled with immense difficulty indeed. Currently, those ranked on the Heavenly Fate Ranking were all eyeing the rankings with the eyes of a tiger looking at its prey. As long as the top few rankers broke through to Heavenly Dipper, their rankings would be up for the grabs.

Qin Wentian was also very clear that it wasn't so simple to breakthrough to Heavenly Dipper. That realm was a major watershed in the path of cultivation.

“Seems like I have a chance to give it a try. I must certainly pay a visit to this ancient kingdom.” An expression of excitement appeared on the face of Chu Mang. His current cultivation was already at the seventh-level of Yuanfu, as long as he put in more effort, he should be able to step into the ninth-level of Yuanfu, and obtain the qualifications to fight against the talented geniuses of Grand Xia.

“Who did you say wanted to contend for the top three positions in the Heavenly Fate Ranking?” A voice echoed in the air. From afar, a beautiful silhouette leisurely walked over, with a face full of cheekiness. Her beautiful eyes regarded Qin Wentian and the two others as she smiled, “Is this the nefarious trio that caused such great humiliation to Ouyang Ting?”

“Xiaolu, come. Let me introduce you to my friends. This is Qin Wentian, Fan Le and Chu Mang.” Ouyang Kuangsheng smiled at the approaching young woman. “This is my younger sister, Ouyang Xiaolu.”

“How beautiful.” Fan Le laughed. Ouyang Xiaolu was tall, with exquisitely shaped curves. Her skin was snow-white and she appeared around sixteen to eighteen years of age. Hints of adorableness and mischievousness could be seen within her beauty.

“Not bad, but the look in your eyes is filled with lust. You must

be a horny fellow.” Ouyang Xiaolu contemplated Fan Le as she giggled. Momentarily, black lines appeared on Fan Le’s face as his chubby frame trembled lightly, “Cough, this fatty me is a pure and innocent gentleman.”

Standing to the side, Qin Wentian was so disgusted that he almost vomited. He rolled his eyes, he was equal parts flabbergasted and admiring of this damnable fatty.

“I will believe it when the sun rises from the west.” Ouyang Xiaolu laughed. After which she glanced at Qin Wentian, “Such audacious fellows, you even dared to treat Ouyang Ting in that manner? She has never once been scolded before during her upbringing, and to think that you actually forced her to kneel. You’d better be more cautious, she’s not likely to spare you guys for this slight.”

“Just stay at my residence, I doubt they’d dare try anything here.” Ouyang Kuangsheng casually brushed her warning aside.

“I know you’re a formidable one.” Ouyang Xiaolu rolled her eyes at Ouyang Kuangsheng.

“Anyway, let’s change the topic. Follow me, I’ll bring you guys to an excellent place.” Ouyang Kuangsheng’s eyes lit up, he seemed to have suddenly remembered something. Upon seeing the expression on his face, Ouyang Xiaolu blinked her beautiful eyes, pointing at Ouyang Kuangsheng suspiciously, “Where are you bringing them to?”

“My sister knows me best after all.” Ouyang Kuangsheng tousled Ouyang Xiaolu’s hair. He signalled to Qin Wentian and the others, and as a group they soared into the air, flying towards the horizon. Qin Wentian and the rest were extremely curious, where was this fellow bringing them to?

After several moments, Qin Wentian finally arrived at a hidden mountain range outside of the Azure Continent.

Qin Wentian stared at the huge entrance before him; there were three ancient words carved with bold strokes ending with a flamboyant cursive on top of it—“Unmatched Realm”.

“Unmatched Realm, Unmatched, what big words, what kind of place is this?”

Qin Wentian curiously asked. Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed and taking big strides forwards, he pushed the door of the entrance open, entering the world beyond. In front of Qin Wentian’s eyes, it was like a whole other world had appeared. Mist and clouds floated ahead, with flowing water in the surroundings. Several cultivators from the younger generation were within, and as they saw Qin Wentian and the two others standing outside, their gazes filled with astonishment, and even anger.

“Ouyang Kuangsheng, how dare you bring outsiders to this place.” The voices of the young cultivators were filled with condemnation for Ouyang Kuangsheng.

“What a strong qi field, these young cultivators undoubtedly all



have extraordinary backgrounds. What sort of place is this Unmatched Realm exactly?” Qin Wentian mused.

“Very quickly, they will no longer be outsiders.” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed.

“What? Do you really think that these three people will be able to enter the Unmatched Realm? What do you treat this sacred land in our Azure Continent as?” One of the young cultivators coldly laughed.

Unmatched Realm—the Sacred land of the Azure Continent. Whether it was the Heavenly Fate Rankings or the Heavenly Dipper Rankings, the majority of rankers who earned a place on those lists would most assuredly have entered the ‘Unmatched Realm’ before!

# AGM 312 - Suppressing All Obstacles

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Just when Qin Wentian was pondering over this, a silhouette abruptly appeared, emanating an overwhelming pressure as it stood arrogantly in the air.

His glance swept across to Qin Wentian and the two others as he asked, “Do the three of you want to try out the test to see if you can successfully barge through the Unmatch Realm’s entrance?”

“Barge.” Ouyang Kuangsheng nodded to Qin Wentian and the rest. “This place is littered with talented geniuses from all of Grand Xia. Only by succeeding in barging through the Unmatched Realm’s entrance would you be able to obtain the right to cultivate in the Unmatched Realm. Over here, there are truly many terrifying figures, if you want to stand toe to toe or exceed them, this is a test you definitely must undergo.”

“Right.” Qin Wentian and the two others nodded their heads, Ouyang Kuangsheng wouldn’t lie to them.

“Yes.” Gazing at the silhouette standing in the air, Qin Wentian replied. Momentarily, the silhouette stomped, and as a thunderous sound echoed, an illusory city rose up in front of them. That silhouette in the air then added, “The test to gain entry into the Unmatched Realm is be undertaken alone. The three of you will be separated. If you wish to enter here, prove your worth with your strength. And if you fail, you are not to come back to the Unmatched Realm ever again.”

Qin Wentian's eyes gleamed with a bright glow, as he stared at the shimmering entrance to the illusory city. "Let's do it."

As the sound of his voice faded, his silhouette flickered while stepping through the entrance. Fan Le and Chu Mang's expressions were filled with excitement as they too, stepped within the illusory city, disappearing from the view of the watching crowd

In the very instance that they entered, the surrounding figures all flew over. These people were definitely extraordinary, emitting an air of unsurpassed excellence, standing above the rest of the world.

If Qin Wentian were there, he would have discovered some familiar faces among this group of people.

Back at the Refinement Grounds of the Celestial Lake Palace, he had once fought side-by-side with Ouyang Kuangsheng, and had faced off against several formidable opponents. Shiki from the Beast King Hall in the Demon Continent, Yao Sheng from the Skydemon Sect, and even Wang Xiao from the War Continent all appeared here today, staring at the test site.

"It's been quite some time since there was someone wanting to take the test. I wonder which great clan or sect they're from?" somebody in the crowd murmured.

"No idea, they were led here by the Ouyang siblings."

“Ouyang Kuangsheng?” Wang Xiao’s eyes glimmered as he shifted his gaze onto Ouyang Kuangsheng. “Ouyang, did you purposely bring people here for them to embarrass themselves?”

Ouyang Kuangsheng inclined his head and stared at Wang Xiao who was in the air, before he laughed heartily. “Wang Xiao, you don’t even recognise him? The one that beat you to a pulp back when we were in the Refinement Grounds of the Celestial Lake Palace.”

“What?” Wang Xiao frowned, “It’s him? How is his cultivation level now? I hope it won’t be too disappointing.”

“Fifth level of Yuanfu,” Ouyang Kuangsheng casually replied, he didn’t rise to the rudeness of Wang Xiao’s tone. Wang Xiao continued in an icy voice, “Fifth level of Yuanfu can be considered as not too bad, let’s hope he can pass the test. Only then would he be qualified for me to play with.” “Haha, don’t worry, you won’t be disappointed.” Ouyang Kuangsheng didn’t give a damn about Wang Xiao from the War Continent. The Wang Clan were adept at forging Divine Weapons and Armors, and within the Wang Aristocrat Clan, there were many powerhouses as well. They could be considered a large-scale transcendent power.

Wang Xiao’s cultivation was the same as him, at the sixth level of Yuanfu. His eyes gleamed with a hidden light, the aura he emanated felt as sharp as a blade’s edge, as though his entire body were a set of Divine Weapons.

“Ouyang Kuangsheng, since you know it’s him, why did you still dare to bring him to the Unmatched Realm? Although inside this

realm we can't kill or maim people, I will abuse him to the point that he wishes for death." The half-beast, beastman Shiki grinned, showing his teeth, and pure savagery could be seen flickering in his eyes. The feral brutality within him fairly overflowed.

"Wang Xiao, who was that person?" A beautiful lady walked to Wang Xiao's side as she inquired.

"Qiao Xuan, he's nothing but a pest I once met years ago." Wang Xiao replied.

Qiao Xuan was an expert from a transcendent power in the Azure Continent—the Mystical Maiden Palace. She had an outstanding talent and was being groomed by her sect into a chosen. After making her acquaintance, Wang Xiao immediately started to pursue her, and now, he had already won her heart.

The Unmatched Realm—a place for cultivators wishing to be unmatched by all in the Azure Continent. And not just those from the Azure Continent, experts from the younger generation belonging to the transcendent powers of the other continents would make their way here as well. All of them had a single objective—to be accepted as a disciple under the elders existing in the Unmatched Realm.

In the Unmatched Realm, there were several cave dwellings, each occupied with the old eccentrics and elders that chose to reside there. At this moment, their eyes slowly opened as they stared at the image-screen formed on the wall of the cave. They were spectating Qin Wentian, Fan Le and Chu Mang, who were currently taking the test.

“There are actually people wanting to take the entrance test into the Unmatched Realm? And three at that. I wonder if any of them can awe us with their strength,” murmured an old figure in one of the cave dwellings.

After entering the illusory city created by the Unmatched Realm, Qin Wentian appeared in another dimension. Over here, there were only a series of caves, with no way for him to observe what was happening on the outside. A third-ranked Puppet suddenly appeared before him and stated, “Hey small brat, I’m the guardian of the first checkpoint. My strength is equivalent to yours and if you want to pass me, you are not allowed to use other methods nor innate techniques, you have to overpower me with pure strength.”

“Sure,” Qin Wentian replied.

“You can incorporate the will of your Mandate within your attacks, young brat. Don’t be too confident, okay? Cuz’ my strength will shock you. Definitely. Yup.” The Puppet’s tone of voice and way of speaking reminded Qin Wentian of an old man lecturing a junior.

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded and walked towards it. As Qin Wentian neared the Puppet, it punched out abruptly, causing shockwaves that split the surrounding air.

At the same instant, Qin Wentian also punched out. A simple punch with no profound mystery behind it. It was only filled with pure power.

“Mandate!” Qin Wentian released his Mandate of Force, Strength. Currently, he had already reached the Transformation Boundary, which gave him an increment in strength by a factor of eight.

Peng...

A terrifying sound echoed out from their impact of collision. Qin Wentian didn't move back an inch, and as for that Puppet, it was shattered into pieces. However, before it was completely destroyed, it howled, “Little brat, I will definitely not let you off!”

Qin Wentian's lips twitched, he wanted to laugh. To think that the Puppet would have such a line at the moment of its destruction, most likely this Puppet had been created by an old man. After which, Qin Wentian stepped over the remains of the Puppet as he walked over.

“Hey damn it, stop stepping on me.”

“Brat, you are so dead.”

The howling sounds of that Puppet rang out from behind. Qin Wentian ignored it and continued advancing ahead.

As he entered another region, Qin Wentian could only see a sinister pair of eyes glinting at him from the darkness. After his vision focused, Qin Wentian realised that it wasn't just a single

pair, but rather, the darkness of the cave was filled with the red-glowing eyes of black-colored demonic wolves. Their pelts were so black that they blended perfectly with the darkness.

They were all demonic beasts at the eighth-grade, which meant that their combat prowess was equivalent to a human Yuanfu Cultivator at the fourth to sixth level.

“The intensity of this aura, these wolves are all at the peak of fifth level.” Qin Wentian could clearly perceive the strength of the demonic wolves. One of the larger, sleek black wolves lunged at him, the action causing the entire pack to mirror it, as they howled and rushed Qin Wentian.

“BOOM!”

Qin Wentian stepped forward with overwhelming force. The aura he released rose to its limits, as a heavy sense of demonic qi tinged the air. As the will of his Mandate of Force gushed out, the entire space was filled with an overbearing pressure.

Bzzz...

As the raging wind gusted past, Qin Wentian’s silhouette dashed straight to the front, only to see a demonic wolf spitting out a black-colored lance, which flew with explosive speed towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian punched out, shattering the lance while the sharp



claws of the demonic wolf slashed down, wanting to lacerate Qin Wentian's arms.

“Peng!” Upon impact, overwhelming energy immediately vibrated the claws of the wolf, so much that they shattered. The attack had no effect on Qin Wentian's momentum as he continued rushing forwards. “RUMBLE!” The wolves blocking his path ahead were all annihilated, and in a short span of time, Qin Wentian had already reached the other end of the cave. He didn't turn back, and continued advancing forwards.

“This strength, I like it, but the current level he's at is still far from meeting my criteria, it's still insufficient.” A burly, herculean man whose body seemed to be filled with an overwhelming explosive strength was observing Qin Wentian with more than a passing interest. After Qin Wentian stepped into the third checkpoint, a Back-Connecting Ape could be seen blocking the path he had to move in.

Qin Wentian directly rushed over with no hesitation. Striking out with a single fist, he slammed it into the Back-Connecting Ape. “So strong?” That burly fellow's eyes widened in surprise. Without lending the aid of innate techniques to amplify his strength, Qin Wentian could repel an opponent an entire level higher than him using only brute strength?

The strength of this Back-Connecting Ape was at the peak of the sixth level of Yuanfu, even experts whose will of Mandates has already reached the Transformation Boundary might not be even to receive a full-strength attack from it.

However, his eyes brightened the next instant when he saw the Back-Connecting Ape ruthlessly slammed into a wall. In that moment, the irascible temper of that ape seemed to vanish completely as it quietly lay by the side, obediently allowing the young man to pass by it.

“This little fellow, i’m gonna accept him as my disciple!” the burly man roared, his excitement shaking the entire cave dwelling, causing the others within to open their eyes in displeasure. “Has this bastard taken a liking to that young fellow who was adept in the Mandate of Force? But what’s the use of only having strength?”

Yet very quickly, their thoughts and opinions all changed. Because, they saw that Qin Wentian had already broken through six checkpoints and he had no intention of stopping there. Not only that, all the checkpoints were broken through by him using only brute force. This was something that was rarely seen.

After passing the fifth checkpoint, Qin Wentian already had the qualifications to enter the Unmatched Realm.

When he broke through the sixth checkpoint, people were starting to take notice.

At the seventh checkpoint, many of the old fellows started to get serious, it was very rare for someone to pass the seventh checkpoint.

And at the moment Qin Wentian broke through the eighth

checkpoint, the eyes of the watchers all glinted with disbelief. Bypassing two levels and still total suppression? Which transcendent power was this crazy little guy from?”

“The final two checkpoints?”

At this moment, the old fellows from several cave dwellings started to open their eyes. The ninth checkpoint, which was also one of the final two, the challenge which Qin Wentian faced, was that he had to gain victory when facing against three peak-tier seventh level Yuanfu cultivators.

Several silhouettes belonging to the younger generations were all waiting for the results. They wondered if the three cultivators from earlier would be able to pass the test.

Now, the time was still short, the longer they stayed within the illusory city, the more checkpoints they would be able to break through. The number of checkpoints broken through was an indicator of how outstanding that cultivator was.

“Ouyang Kuangsheng, I hope your friends will be able to stay in there longer and not be forced to exit too fast. It would truly be too embarrassing later when not even one of the Unmatched Realm elders showed up.” Wang Xiao coldly laughed. After breaking through the checkpoints, if the old eccentrics showed up, this meant that they were interested in taking that particular testee as a disciple.

Very often, the old eccentrics of the Unmatched Realm wouldn't

appear. At most, they would only get the cultivators to go pay them a visit. The only exception to this rule: when the testee proved to be beyond talented, so much so that all the old eccentrics were forced to sit up and give recognition on their arrival!

## AGM 313 - No One?

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Ouyang Kuangsheng inclined his head, an expression of arrogant disdain could be seen in his eyes when he looked at Wang Xiao, who was standing in the air.

“Wang Xiao, how many elders of the Unmatched Realm came out when you took the entrance test?” Ouyang Kuangsheng coldly asked. He naturally already knew the answer. He purposely asked, despite already knowing Wang Xiao’s response.

“Three,” Wang Xiao replied, his voice filled with pride. The old eccentrics of the Unmatched Realm were all extremely lazy people. Some of them couldn't even be bothered to accept any disciples. To them, allowing the cultivators of the younger generation to cultivate with them was already an act of kindness. There were many who had the qualifications to enter the Unmatched Realm, yet their level of talent was insufficient for them to be taken as disciples by the old eccentrics here.

The old eccentrics of the Unmatched Realm were all undoubtedly formidable powerhouses. This was also the reason why so many talented geniuses tended to gather here in the Azure Continent. Back then when Wang Xiao took the test, three elders of the Unmatched Realm appeared, wanting to accept him as their disciple.

Yet Wang Xiao rejected them all. In the end, he chose to study with another extremely famous elder of the Unmatched Realm, hoping to enter the sect as a disciple of that elder.

“At the very least, the number won't be lesser than yours.” Ouyang Kuangsheng coldly laughed. Wang Xiao stiffened as he stared at Ouyang Kuangsheng, “Oh? I’m breathless with anticipation.”

In the ancient mountains far away, celestial qi permeated the cave dwellings where the elders of the Unmatched Realm resided. This place was somewhere so well hidden that it was tough to discover, even by the experienced cultivators who had already entered the Unmatched Realm previously. At this moment, several old-looking figures inside the dwellings opened their eyes, turning their attention to the young man who was causing such a huge commotion.

“He passed it, the ninth checkpoint.” These people were all thunderstruck, they personally witnessed Qin Wentian barging into the tenth checkpoint. The other two were slower in comparison, they were respectively at the fifth and sixth checkpoint.

“This...” A sharp glint of light flashed past the eyes of the crowd. The tenth checkpoint consisted of eighteen demonic beasts, and all of the beasts had a cultivation base at the peak of the seventh level of Yuanfu. Not only that, each and everyone of them, were Astral Warbeasts! In spite of this, their ferocious attacks couldn’t even land a scratch on that young man’s body. Bursts of Astral Light would explode occasionally as the young man channeled his Astral Energy and unleashed his innate techniques.

What made the crowd even more thunderstruck was that this young man, the movements of his feet... he was inscribing Divine

Inscriptions in the midst of combat. All of the Inscriptions were peak-tier, third-ranked defensive-type Inscriptions—he wanted to stabilise the situation by defending first.

“Damn his granny, he actually managed to defend against them all!” the burly man roared, his bellows echoed throughout the entire cave dwelling. “This young man should be mine, mine, MINE!!! But now, damn it, damn it, DAMN IT, there’s definitely no chance now.”

He could naturally see the level of Qin Wentian’s strength, but now, what Qin Wentian was exhibiting wasn’t merely just strength. The speed in which he inscribed third-ranked Inscriptions was unbelievable, that damnable old man would most definitely assert his claim on Qin Wentian now. There was no way for him to contest.

In another cave dwelling, a lazy-looking old man suddenly trembled when he witnessed Qin Wentian’s prowess. His eyes then narrowed as a bright light flashed past them.

“A single step capable of inscribing basic third-ranked Inscriptions. And that speed... he’s even stronger compared to me back then when I was his age,” that old man murmured. An instant later, the runic outlines of the basic third-ranked defensive Inscriptions shifted and re-merged, forming into a peak-tier, third-ranked attack-type Inscription. The level of Qin Wentian’s expertise, left the old man speechless.

“This brat belongs to me for sure, ALL OF YOU ARE NOT TO CONTEST FOR HIM!” the old man howled, his voice resounded

throughout the ancient mountain. Someone cursed, “That shameless undying shit, using such a forceful method. Shameless, he’s too shameless...”

“Who are you referring to?” A voice suddenly boomed in the cave dwelling of the man who cursed earlier. That person trembled as he stuttered, “Br..brother, I was just joking. He’s yours, all yours.”

“He passed it, he actually passed the tenth checkpoint!” The eyes of the crowd widened in surprise when they noticed the peak-tier, third-ranked Inscriptions abruptly shift once again and was now emanating the might of a fourth-ranked Inscription. “Why isn’t he out yet? What’s that guardian doing?”

However, their gazes all froze when they noticed another silhouette appearing beside Qin Wentian.

“She actually went into the illusory city as well?” After they recovered, the gazes of the crowd all turned to a far-off misty peak. Even the lord of that place was paying close attention to this young man?

Qin Wentian was also dumbfounded. He stared blankly at the silhouette standing in front of him, clad in snow-white robes. The robes covering her body complemented the fairness of her skin. Her pearly-white complexion appeared temptingly soft, as if a slight touch could melt it away like snow.

She was emanating traces of coldness, and her demeanor resembled Qing`er somewhat, yet different at the same time.



Qing`er had the aloofness of a quiet and innocent heart, but this maiden in front of Qin Wentian, had the aloofness of a snow lotus blooming on a harsh, icy mountain.

Yet, the level of her beauty was beyond description, although Qin Wentian still felt that Qing`er was slightly more appealing in looks, the difference was truly slight. After all, a female that he could unconsciously compare to Qing`er, that already showed how outstanding her looks were.

From all the females Qin Wentian had met before, only the beauty of Qingcheng could be compared to that of Qing`er, albeit they were both at extreme ends of the spectrum. The beauty in front of his eyes, could at most be considered a higher level when compared to Ouyang Ting, unable to exceed Mo Qingcheng nor Qing`er.

And as for her cultivation base, it was actually at the eighth level of Yuanfu.

“Don’t depend on the strength of your Inscriptions, fight me just as you are.” The maiden’s voice was as cold as her demeanor.

Qin Wentian lightly nodded. The pressure this maiden gave him, was many times stronger than Yang Fan’s fiancée, Shu Ruanyu.

“RUMBLE!” Qin Wentian’s aura erupted skyward; his demonic qi, bloodline, will of Mandates, they all erupted forth at the same time. At this moment, he was like an unstoppable force, akin to a fearsome primordial beast.

As boundless amounts of demonic qi filled the air, Qin Wentian approached his opponent. Two terrifying dragon imprints exploded forth from his palms and as his gaze met the maiden's, the will of his Mandate was unleashed from his eyes. Yet, Qin Wentian realized the more he stared into the depths of her eyes, the more his entire body was gradually turning numb.

Just a single glance from that maiden caused him to feel that his spine was embedded in ice.

“How powerful, her Mandate should already be at the Perfection Boundary.”

Qin Wentian felt a bone-chilling sensation gnawing at his entire body. Having a Mandate at the Perfection Boundary was the prerequisite for prepping one's foundation to break through to Heavenly Dipper. However, the cultivation base of that maiden was only at the peak of the eighth-level.

Regardless of how strong the opponent he faced was, Qin Wentian's battle intent didn't weaken in the slightest. Stepping forth, he unleashed another dragon imprint towards his opponent, powered with torrents of Astral Energy exploding forth from within him.

Peng...

A deafening sound echoed as their attacks collided with each other. An incomparable feeling of coldness travelled from his arms

right into his bones, as a layer of frost and ice condensed around him. Despite her cultivation base only at the peak of the eighth level, just unleashing the will of a single Mandate that had reached the Perfection Boundary would already be sufficient for her to slay peak-level Yuanfu experts whose Mandates were only at the Transformation Boundary.

Not only that, seeing how young she was proved that her level of comprehension was frightening, maybe even reaching the level of monstrous. Who knew what boundaries her other Mandates had reached.

Although Qin Wentian wasn't her match, the power behind his attack was sufficient to cause the maiden to look slight apprehensive. This pressure, not even an expert at the seventh level of Yuanfu would be able to make her feel this way.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian blasted out with his left palm, imbuing it with all the strength he could muster.

The countenance of the maiden sank further. She rotated her palms, bringing an arctic chill to the already cool air, causing Qin Wentian to feel as though he had frozen solid. After which, her palms wavered and materialized a shield of ice in front of her. Qin Wentian's attack blasted forcefully through her shield but the maiden reacted by stabbing her finger forwards, and a terrifying snow storm howled ferociously towards him.

Cold, freezing cold. Qin Wentian's entire body was shivering, it felt as though the frigidness in the air was capable of freezing even his Yuanfu.

Qin Wentian knew that he couldn't defeat his opponent, yet he still stabbed forth with his finger in response to her attack. Terrifying amounts of demonic qi interweaved with the frost in the air, breaking apart the dome of Heavens with a single stab.

The overwhelming forces crackled in the air, Qin Wentian was forced backwards several steps, while the maiden also stopped her attacks. An expression of surprise could be seen in her eyes as she stared at Qin Wentian. "Your combat prowess far exceeds my expectations."

After speaking, she turned and left, quickly vanishing before Qin Wentian.

The old eccentrics were all stunned into silence in their cave dwellings, this fellow could actually defend against an attack of that scale, and was somehow still standing. This no doubt indicated that his overall combat prowess was beyond extraordinary, it was astounding.

"Crackle" With a brilliant flash of light, Qin Wentian appeared outside the illusory city. He floated alone in the air, Fan Le and Chu Mang weren't out yet.

"Hu... the coldness truly pervades the bone," Qin Wentian murmured. Even now, the frost on his body had not melted yet. Inclining his head, he discovered several cultivators eyeing him in the air space above, and he couldn't help but feel somewhat surprised at their attention.

“So fast?” Wang Xiao laughed mockingly. The period of time whereby Qin Wentian had entered and exited the illusory city was truly too brief. Not only that, his body was covered with frost and snow as well, so cold that he was trembling. Had something interesting happened? Wang Xiao’s gaze was staring at the ancient mountain far off in the distance. Not even a single silhouette had appeared.

Not even one.

Such a happening caused Ouyang Kuangsheng to furrow his brows, something must be wrong. How was this possible?

As for Wang Xiao, his face was plastered with a smile filled with contempt.

“Forget getting three, not even one elder turned up. After our last encounter, your strength sure has degenerated to such a sad state. And to think that Ouyang Kuangsheng was naive enough to boast on your behalf.” Wang Xiao sneered. Qin Wentian tilted his head to stare at Wang Xiao, evidently he’d already recognized who he was. But what was he even talking about, why would any elders show their faces here?

# AGM 314 - Thirty-Six Mountains

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Ouyang Kuangsheng was also puzzled. Were there really no elders of the Unmatched Realm coming out?

Shifting his gaze away from those silhouettes standing in the air, Ouyang Kuangsheng felt extremely depressed after seeing the faint traces of laughter reflected in the eyes of the other cultivators.

Their laughter had a hint of mockery to it.

Evidently, they were treating both Qin Wentian and Ouyang Kuangsheng as a huge joke.

In the air, that figure who activated the formation for the entrance test, stared at Qin Wentian as he commented. "Congratulations, you passed the entry test. From now onwards, you can enter and exit the Unmatched Realm at will but please note, for the Dao-Cultivation Halls located within the thirty-six mountains, you are not to enter before given approval."

The eyes of this man were filled with puzzlement. This shouldn't be the case, especially with Qin Wentian's performance, the majority of the old eccentrics should be rushing out by the dozen and yet, no movements could be seen from the ancient mountains.

"Many thanks for Senior's guidance." Qin Wentian nodded.

"Haha, I'm afraid you'll never gain approval." Maniacal laughter

resounded in the air. Following which, a silhouette leisurely walked out of the crowd. This man, was none other than the beastman, Shiki. His figure had grown even sturdier compared to back then in the past. He stood at a height of two metres tall, and exuded an aura of violence.

With the blood of the Beast King in his veins, his physique would naturally contain the unique characteristics of demonic beasts, bestowing upon him unimaginable strength.

“Seems like this Unmatched Realm truly is an extraordinary place. Even cultivators from the Demon Continent situated so far away, have come here to cultivate as well.” Qin Wentian mused. His countenance was unperturbed as he stared at Shiki.

“Today, let me represent all of you in teaching newbies on following the rules. Ouyang Kuangsheng, you’d better not interfere in this matter.” Shiki laughed as a malicious glint of light flickered in his eyes. Ouyang Kuangsheng turned his gaze onto Qin Wentian only to see Qin Wentian was currently looking at him, asking, “In the Unmatched Realm, how far are we allowed to go, in terms of combat?”

“You can’t kill or maim your opponents, that’s basically it.” Ouyang Kuangsheng was stunned by how calm Qin Wentian seemed. Momentarily, a smile appeared in his eyes, Qin Wentian’s serenity was like the calm before the storm.

“Oh.” Qin Wentian nodded. “Yup, no death, no maiming. In future, you’d better not let me see you in the Unmatched Realm. Or else you’ll be in for a beating every time I do.” Shiki laughed

malevolently. After which, he stepped out and soared into the skies, emitting a terrifying aura that gushed forth towards Qin Wentian.

“Bzzz!”

A formless energy spiralled around his palms, the crowd standing in the air crossed their arms around their chest, silently spectating the incoming show.

There was no doubt that Shiki's strength was sufficient enough for him to 'abuse' cultivators at the fifth level of Yuanfu. And also, since he had disagreements with Ouyang Kuangsheng, how could he miss this wonderful opportunity to give him a few tight slaps? Qin Wentian was Ouyang Kuangsheng's close friend, so abusing him would be the equivalent of slapping Ouyang Kuangsheng's face.

Very quickly, Shiki appeared in front of Qin Wentian. His gigantic beast arms lunged towards Qin Wentian with the speed of a meteor blast. He punched through the air, the friction from the forceful movement induced reverberations and created a thunderous shock wave, which blasted right at Qin Wentian. The power of Shiki's strike was enough to level mountains, let alone a puny Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian clenched his fist, as demonic qi surged and bubbled around his arms and scales began forming at visible speed. His will of Mandates exploded forth as he channelled Divine Energy into his arm, before punching out with it.



“BOOOM!”

Two powerful forces collided together, and just when the crowd thought Qin Wentian would be flung away from the impact, they saw that he wasn't even affected from the blow. An intense light gleamed in his eyes as they locked on to Shiki.

Shiki stiffened, he actually felt...drowsy? He felt like he was in terrible need of sleep, his defences slackened as his consciousness blurred.

Peng!

Qin Wentian ruthlessly punched out once again. Shiki gave a miserable groan as the force of Qin Wentian's blow threw him all the way back. Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as he instantly chased after Shiki.

“Peng, peng, peng...”

Punches after punches violently landed. Under the thunderstruck gazes of the crowd, Shiki, with his monstrous physique of a half-beast, was beaten up so badly that various parts of his body appeared dented in. Moaning in gut-wrenching pain, relentlessly bleeding from numerous wounds, Shiki was no longer the king of the beasts. Now, he appeared to be no more than a weak little kitten, compared to a ferocious half-lion.

“In the future, you’d better not show your face when I’m around.”

Qin Wentian’s voice quietly rang out, as he continued his beat down unabated. With a final boom, Shiki’s body was blasted all the way into the earth, the impact of the crash had even fissured the ground, creating a crater of immense size. The powerfully built half-beast man became a blood-man instead.

“This...”

The gazes of the crowd all stiffened when they stared at Qin Wentian. How was this possible? Shiki was a beastman, he was a half-beast with the bloodline of the beast king flowing inside his veins. His physique should have been the strongest amongst all of them here, yet Qin Wentian hadn’t even used any innate techniques? He kept punching with nothing but pure strength, and it was powerful enough to ‘abuse’ Shiki to such a state.

Qin Wentian behaved like nothing major happened. He inclined his head and stared at Wang Xiao who was in the distance and spoke indifferently, “As for you, I don’t quite understand your earlier words. But if you wish to ‘abuse’ me as well, you’re welcome to try, right here, right now.”

After speaking, Qin Wentian shrugged, it was as though having a cultivation base at the sixth level of Yuanfu wasn’t a sufficient enough reason for Wang Xiao to be worthy of his notice. His actions caused Wang Xiao to freeze in anger, and regarded Qin Wentian with eyes that were filled with a strange light.

But soon after, he coldly laughed. “So what? You only have brute strength. No wonder none of the elders appeared.”

“If you don’t want to fight, stop spouting crap,” Qin Wentian remarked, he still hadn’t looked at Wang Xiao. Instead, he shifted his gaze onto Ouyang Kuangsheng, as an expression of puzzlement shone on his face. He still didn’t fully understand what Wang Xiao meant by those words.

“In the Unmatched Realm, there are thirty-six Dao-Cultivation Halls found in the mountains. If the elders within grant their approval, we have the opportunity to enter their respective Halls, and cultivate alongside them. There’s even a chance they’ll take you in as their disciple,” Ouyang Kuangsheng explained. “During the entry test, our performance will be observed by the old eccentrics of the Unmatched Realm. If they’re impressed by your talent, they’ll grant you an invitation to one of the Dao-Cultivation Halls situated within the mountains. Back when Wang Xiao took the test, three elders appeared, desiring to accept him as a disciple.”

“Eh...” Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered, he understood now. “In that case, not one elder appeared after my test, which is quite embarrassing?”

“A bit.” Ouyang Kuangsheng nodded, causing Qin Wentian to feel slightly awkward. No wonder these people were looking at him that way. The smiles on their faces were ones filled with sarcasm.

Yet, why was this the case, hadn't he passed all the tests? Except for the final fight, the maiden that appeared was truly too strong. Despite him using all his strength, he couldn't prevail. Could it be that all these cultivators here were strong enough to pass all ten checkpoints? That was a little too unrealistic.

"DAMN!" A curse drifted over. As Qin Wentian shifted his gaze, he saw Fan Le appearing with a gloomy expression painted on his face. His robes were torn and tattered, apparently, the difficulty of the tests were too high.

"Hu..." Chu Mang appeared as well, only to see him drawing in a huge breath as he turned to Qin Wentian and Fan Le and stated, "You guys are out as well."

"Mhm, Big Bro Chu Mang, which checkpoint did you reach?" Fan Le inquired.

"The sixth checkpoint." Chu Mang replied, "How about you?"

"Hehe, seems like I, Fatty's genius exceeded Big Bro Chu Mang a little. I made it to the seventh checkpoint." Fan Le smiled smugly.

"With the power of your bloodline enhancing your strength, it's nothing special for you to have reached the seventh checkpoint," Chu Mang replied. Their conversation drifted into the ears of the crowd, causing many to feel dumbstruck. The sixth and seventh checkpoints? That wasn't easy at all, these two newcomers could already be considered above average. Whenever a cultivator passed the fifth checkpoint, they automatically gained the qualifications

necessary to enter the Unmatched Realm.

As the wind whistled, a silhouette appeared from afar. This man exuded an extremely sharp aura, and even his gaze alone felt capable of piercing someone to death. At this moment, he was looking at Fan Le. “Arrow Emperor, damn it, even the Arrow Emperor appeared.” The countenances of many in the crowd faltered as they stared at Fan Le. This fatty couldn’t be so lucky, right?

“You are adept at using the bow, and you even have control of the Mandate of Psyche-force. It’s apparent you are well-suited to cultivate with me, I can teach you much in the ways of archery. Are you willing to take me as your master?” This person stared at Fan Le as he quietly spoke, his words causing Fan Le’s gaze to widen. He then asked weakly, “Erm, what’s the level of your strength?”

Many in the crowd started perspiring, this damnable fatty was truly shameless.

Even Ouyang Kuangsheng and his sister Xiaolu were totally speechless. What a shameless fatty, indeed.

“A ranker in the Heavenly Dipper Ranking.” Arrow Emperor laughed, after which Fatty’s eyes lit up and he immediately sank into a deep bow. “This awesome disciple greets esteemed Master.”

“F\*\*k, this fatty acts too fast, he just acknowledged Arrow Emperor as his master just like that...?” First, that shameless fatty

inquired about Arrow Emperor's strength, and the next second, he's taking Arrow Emperor as his master.

Was this a joke? A ranker on the Heavenly Dipper Ranking was someone notable in the entire Grand Xia. Fan Le regretted his earlier question and hence, he immediately acted with haste to accept the Arrow Emperor as his master.

"I need to make this clear first, the Unmatched Realm is separated from the outside world. What happens here, stays here. If you stir up trouble or meet with any difficulties in the outside world, I'm not going to care. Are you still willing to accept me as your master?" The Arrow Emperor stated. Fan Le nodded as he smiled, "Disciple will take up Master's offer, not because I want to show off to those outside, but rather, I want my archery to improve, perfecting it closer to my limits. Would the Arrow Emperor please accept this disciple?"

"You little brat, you've already called him Master, how could he still reject?" Another silhouette descended. This man had an extremely wide girth and was half-naked. He stared at Chu Mang, before glancing back at the Arrow Emperor. "This fellow here excels in archery as well, why don't you accept him together?"

"I know you already have your eyes on him but in any case, my Dao-Cultivation Hall will also grant him the approval to enter, I will guide him on archery as well," Arrow Emperor replied, his words causing that burly man to grin with satisfaction. "My good brother, indeed. Fine, I will allow that fatty to enter my hall for cultivation as well."

After speaking, he turned his gaze onto Chu Mang. “Although you only reached the sixth checkpoint, it’s because the level of your trials were much more difficult compared to your friend. After all, you have a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu. If you wish it, I’m willing to accept you as my disciple.”

“Chu Mang agrees, however, people say I’m too simple-minded. I hope Senior won’t mind,” Chu Mang straightforwardly replied, causing the Arrow Emperor and the others to burst out into laughter. The half-naked man also laughed. “No matter, I like simple-minded people more.”

The Arrow Emperor and the half-naked man then turned their gazes onto Qin Wentian as they sighed, “What a pity.”

“Brat, you can come to my Dao-Cultivation Hall to cultivate in the future,” the half-naked man spoke to Qin Wentian.

“You will be granted access to mine as well,” the Arrow Emperor also added, their words left Qin Wentian looking puzzled.

At this moment, the crowd started thinking maybe Qin Wentian’s performance wasn’t too bad, but it wasn’t good enough for him to become a disciple under the old eccentrics.

From afar, a celestial-like silhouette floated over, exuding an aura comparable to a snow lotus atop an icy mountain. Her appearance immediately drew the attention of everyone in the crowd, as their hearts pounded with bewilderment, “Why was she here?”

The young maiden landed and leisurely walked towards Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian had also noticed her approach and watched her silently.

“I’m here to inform you that you’ve been granted access to all thirty-six Cultivation-Halls in the ancient mountains. You can visit them anytime you like.” The maiden’s words were like a bolt of lightning from the skies, echoing in the ear drums of the crowd.

All thirty-six Dao-Cultivation Halls, granted access to Qin Wentian?!



# AGM 315 - The Name That Shook The Unmatched Realm

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The maiden was clad in robes the color of snow, and after issuing the statement, she disappeared as quickly as she had arrived. Her shocking words brought on a silence that seemed to fill the entire space.

Thirty-six mountains. This meant that the thirty-six powerhouses that were the masters of the Dao-Cultivation Halls in the ancient mountains all granted Qin Wentian access to enter their domains? Many of the cultivators here were highly regarded but at most, would only be able to have access to a few halls for their cultivation.

Only a monstrous heaven-defying genius would be able to receive such treatment, all of the thirty-six eccentrics of the Unmatched Realm were willing to provide guidance regarding cultivation.

At the very least, for those that were present currently, Qin Wentian was the only one that received such preferential treatment.

And in the entire Unmatched Realm, there were only a total of three cultivators that had access to all thirty-six halls. And now, Qin Wentian was the fourth.

There wasn't a single elder that appeared earlier after Qin Wentian concluded his test, yet the appearance of the young maiden brought such a huge contrast that the crowd couldn't help

but feel a sense of surrealism.

Especially Wang Xiao who had made such snide remarks earlier. He now felt like someone just shoved something down his throat, his countenance was alternating between shades of green and white. This was truly such a face-smacking experience.

He, Wang Xiao, once had a total of three elders wanting to take him as their disciples, granting him access to their Halls. And later on, his performance earned him the approval of another two elders making it a total of five. In the Unmatched Realm, such an achievement could already be considered good, yet Qin Wentian had gained the approval of all thirty-six elders.

“HAHAHA!” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed uproariously after being stunned for a second. He glanced at Qin Wentian with some puzzlement on his face as he stated, “No wonder not even one elder appeared, it wasn’t as if they didn’t want to appear but rather, they wanted to give you a better opportunity. So as long as you’re interested, all thirty-six eccentrics are willing to guide you in your cultivation.”

A faint trace of a smile blossomed on Qin Wentian’s face as he asked Ouyang in a low voice, “In that case, this shouldn’t be too embarrassing, right?” Ouyang Kuangsheng’s only response was to glare fiercely at him. This fellow was too good at acting stupid.

“Of course, it’s embarrassing. How can you be compared to our strongest genius, Wang Xiao? Wang Xiao’s performance back then made three elders appear! Listen carefully, three!” Ouyang Kuangsheng grinned. Wang Xiao’s gaze turned sinister, but

Ouyang Kuangsheng interjected before he could say anything, “Wang Xiao, can you hear the slaps on your face? It’s so loud even I’m trembling. HAHAHA”

“Hmph, I truly want to see how far he’ll go in the Unmatched Realm.” Wang Xiao coldly snorted. Holding Qiao Yuan’s hands, they departed from the area. He no longer had any face remaining to stay.

The silhouettes standing in the air all had expressions of fascination on their faces as they glanced at Qin Wentian. It appeared that another monster had arrived at the Unmatched Realm, but he was still quite young in years and hadn’t reached his full potential yet. In the Unmatched Realm, there were many whose current level of power far exceeded that of Qin Wentian.

“Okay, come with me.” Arrow Emperor brought Fan Le away, while that half-naked man also brought Chu Mang to his Dao-Cultivation Hall.

After the crowd dispersed, Ouyang Kuangsheng walked towards Qin Wentian as he smiled, “Seems like Fan Le and Chu Mang performed outstandingly. The Arrow Emperor is known as a supreme expert in the Dao of Archery while Senior Qiao Long is also a powerhouse of the same level. Senior Qiao Long also has an extremely high level of attainment in axe techniques, so it looks like Chu Mang made an excellent choice as well.”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head, as a smile appeared on his face.

“Qin Wentian, you are in for it now.” Ouyang Xiaolu giggled as she looked at Qin Wentian. Her words caused Qin Wentian to be slightly bewildered—‘in for it’?

“Nothing, she’s talking nonsense, I hope you enjoy it though.” Ouyang Kuangsheng patted Qin Wentian’s shoulders, the grin on his face seemed even more crafty compared to Murin of past memories.

“The experts in the Unmatched Realm are as innumerable as the clouds. Your current level of power isn’t that strong, you’re only at the fifth level of Yuanfu and yet you obtained the approval of all thirty-six halls. Wouldn’t you say that your name will shake the entire Unmatched Realm? Who here among us aren’t proud of our own strengths? So tell me, do you think you’re in for it?” Ouyang Xiaolu wrapped her arms around her stomach as she continued giggling.

The smile on Qin Wentian instantly faded, replaced by an expression of gloom.

Within the Unmatched Realm, in the various Dao-Cultivation Halls, a silhouette’s eyes suddenly snapped open as he stared at the man in front of him. “What did you say? There’s someone that gained the approval of all thirty-six mountains?”

“Yes.”

“How strong is this guy?”

“Fifth-level of Yuanfu.”

“Go, let’s take a look.” This silhouette soared upwards, flying rapidly away. Simultaneously, on a sword-shaped mountain, a young man frowned upon receiving the news as well.

“Lin Haotian, this news was personally announced by her, all thirty-six Dao-Cultivation Halls have granted him free access,” someone at the side added, and their words caused Lin Haotian’s eyes to flash with a sharp glint of light.

He, Lin Haotian, was a demon-level talent in the Sword Extinction Sect and was destined to be a chosen in the future, contending for the top few ranks in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. And currently, he had only gained access to a total of thirteen halls out of the thirty-six in the Unmatched Realm.

At the exact same moment, several female cultivators gathered atop a pavilion. These young women all projected an extraordinary demeanor and equally as beautiful.

In the Azure Continent, some of the disciples of the transcendent powers would come as a group to take the entry test to gain admittance to the Unmatched Realm. These young women were all talented disciples of the Mystic Maiden Palace.

“All thirty-six halls granted him access?” A young woman stood in the middle of the group, her eyes flashing with a strange glow. She continued, “I want to see how capable he is, and why he was

qualified to enjoy such treatment.”

After speaking, the young woman stood up. Out of all the disciples in the Mystic Maiden Palace, her talent was considered one of the more prominent ones. Similarly, she too had obtained the approval of quite a few Dao-Cultivation Halls in the Unmatched Realm.

In any case, the news of Qin Wentian obtaining access to all thirty-six Dao-Cultivation Halls was fervently circulated around.

There were so many geniuses in Grand Xia that had come to the Unmatched Realm. Before this, only three others had obtained this very same glory, and all three were heaven-defying characters. Now that there was a fourth, how could this news not shake the entire Unmatched Realm?

At this moment, Ouyang Kuangsheng was bringing Qin Wentian around to familiarise him with the environments in the Unmatched Realm.

The Unmatched Realm were exceedingly vast, and the ancient mountains situated there seemed to be perpetually cloaked in celestial qi. Several buildings of different colors could be seen spread across the mountains, with some built directly on top of the mountain peaks and extended right below.

“In the Unmatched Realm, no one will arrange your lodgings for you. You can stay anywhere you want and cultivate anywhere you want as well.” The three of them soared through the air as Ouyang

Kuangsheng summarized the layout, “There are many mysterious grand formations, and also many innate techniques and cultivation arts left inscribed in various places and landmarks within the Unmatched Realm. Of course, the most mysterious place, would undoubtedly be the Heavenly Moat Precipice. Several powerhouses from previous generations concealed records of their wisdom and expertise there.”

“Other than that, the Sword-Scar Mountain bears several marks from sword slashes that still exude terrifying sword intent. They are an immense help to sword-cultivators and it’s the place where those from the Sword Extinction Sect frequent the most. Some of the sword marks were inscribed by past generations, while others were marks left behind when two experts fought each other in combat. Both can be used to gain comprehension.”

“Oh yeah, as for that axe technique which Chu Mang cultivated, if you meet him in the future you can tell him to go to the Skysea Stone Rampart. There was once a powerhouse that specialized in using axes, and he left behind a set of axe techniques containing boundless power within. Yuanfu cultivators need only comprehend a small part before they’re able to enjoy a massive increase in their attack power. In fact, should one fully comprehend that axe technique, they could even make a breakthrough to the second-level insight of the Mandate of Axes, thus using it as their foundation for stepping into the Heavenly Dipper Realm.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng and Ouyang Xiaolu continued introducing the background of the Unmatched Realm and brought him all around to explore the area to its fullest. Aside from the guidance provided by the thirty-six eccentrics, the hidden techniques and

cultivation arts, Qin Wentian exclaimed in wonder over several priceless treasures also hidden throughout the mountains. No wonder countless geniuses didn't mind traversing such long distances in order to come to this place to cultivate.

The Unmatched Realm was a sacred land for geniuses. Those transcendent powers would naturally send their talented candidates over here to cultivate.

After all, the Unmatched Realm was different from the outside world. There were no other distractions, this place was a true cultivation-land, where everything was aimed at increasing one's level of power. The three of them flew about with Ouyang Kuangsheng in the lead. Qin Wentian saw some traces of the aforementioned hidden arts and techniques and also met some talented geniuses of his generation. Truth be told, a cultivation base at the fifth level of Yuanfu could be considered extremely weak in here. The majority of the people here were either at the seventh or eighth level of Yuanfu. They came here in hopes of making a breakthrough in their wills of Mandate, hoping to step into the Perfection Boundary and therefore gain second-level insights of their respective Mandates. This would all aid them in their efforts to break through to the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

Naturally, Qin Wentian also came across some people which he was unable to perceive the cultivation levels of. These people were undoubtedly Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, and not only that, all of them looked extremely young, below the age of thirty. These people were definitely extremely talented geniuses.

And just as Qin Wentian wanted to return back to the place



where the other cultivators had gathered before, several silhouettes appeared in front of Qin Wentian, their presences causing Ouyang Kuangsheng to furrow his brows.

“They’re from the Multidirectional Thunderwind Sect.” Ouyang Kuangsheng whispered. The person in the lead moved like the wind, and when he appeared, a faint sense of wind and thunder elements fairly radiated from his person. At this moment, that young man was staring at Qin Wentian.

“Let me remind you, in the Unmatched Realm, other than some famous landmarks and the guidance of the elders, there’s another option for increasing your strength; fighting against fellow cultivators from the younger generations. And seeing how famous you are now, you’re going to have a lot of opportunities to grow stronger. You are, you would definitely run into this situation a lot in the future.” Ouyang Kuangsheng explained in a low voice while glancing at the silhouette ahead.

“Hey newcomer, come spar with me.” The young man from the Multidirectional Thunderwind Sect emanated an intense desire to do battle. His eyes seemed to be crackling with electricity, while his aura contained hints of a berserker to it.

“Multidirectional Thunderwind Sect is a transcendent power of the Azure Continent. That’s Lei Yan, he has a cultivation base at the sixth level of Yuanfu. He also possesses a bloodline limit and has a close affinity with lighting-attributed techniques, which means that his strikes are further reinforced with highly explosive power. Not even cultivators at the seventh level of Yuanfu are close to being on par with his strength,” Ouyang Kuangsheng

calmly added, analysing Lei Yan's strength for Qin Wentian.

A grin appeared on Lei Yan's face after he heard Ouyang Kuangsheng's explanation. After hearing that Qin Wentian obtained unanimous approval from all thirty-six elders, he wanted to see for himself how special this young man was.

"As long as I don't kill or maim him, I can beat him up as much as I want to?" Qin Wentian glanced at Ouyang Kuangsheng as he asked. His words instantly caused Ouyang Kuangsheng to roll his eyes. This brother of his was even more arrogant compared to him.

"Mhm." Ouyang Kuangsheng nodded his head.

"He won't use the power of his sect for revenge?" Qin Wentian continued to ask.

"What sort of person do you take me for?" Lei Yan icily snorted. "Newcomer, don't be too brazen."

"I'd like to avoid ending up in situations where I get more than I bargained for. It wouldn't do to hand out a little force in exchange for a mountain of trouble hanging on my back." Qin Wentian mused, yet he was still smiling as he looked at Lei Yan.

# AGM 316 - Equality Smackdown

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Lei Yan was a cultivator at the sixth level of Yuanfu and had a lightning-type attributed bloodline, together with lightning-type Astral Souls and had comprehended the Mandate of Lightning.

Attacks with the lightning attribute naturally contained within them an explosiveness that made them extremely tyrannical. Hence Lei Yan's attacks would most definitely suppress cultivators of the same level. Not to mention Qin Wentian's actual cultivation was a full level lower compared to him, yet he still dared to be this arrogant.

If it weren't for the fact that Qin Wentian acquired the approval of all thirty-six elders, Lei Yan wouldn't even have bothered to look for Qin Wentian.

Waving his hands, Lei Yan's fellow cultivators from the Multidirectional Thunderwind Sect momentarily stepped back, giving him space. Ouyang Kuangsheng and Ouyang Xiaolu also retreated, leaving Qin Wentian and Lei Yan remaining in the center.

A raging wind bellowed past as a fearsome tornado enveloped Lei Yan within. The Multidirectional Thunderwind Sect was not only adept at lightning-attributed attacks, they were experts when using wind-attributed techniques as well.

Two wills of different Mandates respectively erupted forth, alongside with his Astral Souls to augment his strength. Lei Yan

took Qin Wentian extremely seriously—he wanted to overpower him in style, it was the only way to let Qin Wentian know the price to pay for his arrogance.

A pair of Garuda Wings formed on Qin Wentian's back. He rose into the air, and even when the terrifying wind force from his opponent blasted against him, he gave off a feeling that he was as stable and solid as a mountain. Similarly, towering amounts of demonic qi gushed forth from him.

“Bzzz!”

A massive wind kicked up, Lei Yan's body was immersed in purple-colored lightning. A terrifying violet thunder sword appeared in his hands as he instantly appeared before Qin Wentian. The thunder sword lacerated the air, resounding thunderous booms echoed out, covering the entire space with the sounds of explosions.

The attribute of lightning embodied explosiveness. Even before the sword blow landed, Qin Wentian could already feel the terrifying pressure from the powerful Mandate of Lightning which Lei Yan comprehended.

Luckily, Qin Wentian's physique was inhumanly powerful. With a slight intention of his will, his entire arm was coated with demonic qi, as the horrifying sound of a dragon roaring echoed out in the void.

The thunder sword slashed down, while Qin Wentian also

slammed forth with his dragon imprint.

As a deafening sound rang out, the thunder sword and the dragon imprint shattered simultaneously. Lei Yan gave a roar of rage as lightning zoomed forth from both his eyes, straight into that of Qin Wentian's.

A similarly terrifying light flickered in Qin Wentian's eyes, akin to tunnels of endless depths—so deep that it caused Lei Yan to feel a sense of surrealism, as though he were in a dream. At the instant when his consciousness blurred, an illusion appeared in his mind, Qin Wentian had three eyes? Qin Wentian's third eye was situated in the centre of his brows and the moment the gaze of his third eyes swept towards him, Lei Yan could feel his entire mind rumbling violently, as though there was an ancient primordial beast was howling within his sea of consciousness.

“Puchi!”

Qin Wentian stabbed forth with his finger as towering amounts of demonic qi filled the skies. The countenances of the other cultivators from the Multidirectional Thunderwind Sect drastically changed as they howled in warning, “BE CAREFUL!”

The bursts of stabbing pains in his mind slowed Lei Yan's reactions. With a howl of madness, his lightning-attributed bloodline exploded forth as well, causing his entire body to glow with a terrifying violet light. But despite this overwhelming amount of energy gushing forth from him, when Qin Wentian's finger landed right on Lei Yan's chest, Lei Yan only felt as though his body was going to shatter from the impact. The level of that

hellish pain was unimaginable.

Boom...

A fist violently slammed into Lei Yan's face, his nose began bleeding and his mind shook violently from that impact.

Boom, boom, BOOM!

Fists after fists madly slammed forth, Qin Wentian's Garuda wings flickered as the power of his punches kept Lei Yan from landing on the ground. Every boom caused by the sound of a fist connecting caused the hearts of people spectating to pound madly.

"Too fierce." Ouyang Kuangsheng's eyelids were twitching. This fellow was too violent.

Ouyang Xiaolu rolled her eyes. It looked like Ouyang Ting's ending back then could still be considered extremely fortunate!!

"Stay your hand." Those from the Thunderwind Sect madly chased after Qin Wentian and Lei Yan. As an explosive sound resounded, Lei Yan's was blasted directly onto those cultivators from the Thunderwind Sect. Their countenance all changed when they noticed how serious Lei Yan's injuries were. The Lei Yan at this moment, had been completely wasted to the point where even his facial-structure was rearranged. His fellow cultivators all gritted their teeth and stared at Qin Wentian, their eyes like daggers wanting to lacerate him right where he stood.

Qin Wentian retracted his aura, an innocent expression appeared on his face as he shrugged, “What? He was the who wanted to spar with me? And I believed with the Multidirectional Thunderwind Sect’s glorious reputation, they wouldn’t stoop to acts of revenge for a spar between the younger generation that occurred in the Unmatched Realm right?”

The ferocious expressions on the Thunderwind Sect’s cultivators all faltered, looking as though they had choked on something. Back then when Lei Yan replied, “What sort of person do you take me for?”, it had been an indication that they wouldn’t do such a thing. But right now, if Lei Yan wanted to take revenge, but he was punched so badly and injured to such a miserable state that it was even difficult for him to speak, even if he wanted to.

Qin Wentian wanted to tell everyone, “Want to provoke me? Sure, do so at your own risk.”

“Lei Yan has a cultivation base at the sixth level of Yuanfu, in addition to having a bloodline limit. Despite going all out, he was still bashed into such a sorry state. Qin Wentian must have been practicing some obscure techniques or is skilled in special methods that Lei Yan is unable to defend.” They were several people in the crowd that didn’t catch the battle clearly, they could only speculate in their hearts.

The fight ended too fast, even those from the Thunderwind Sect didn’t understand how this could happen. When Qin Wentian and Lei Yan fought, the purplish thunder-light from Lei Yan engulfed everything, how could the spectators have time to note that Qin

Wentian unleashed his Mandate of Dreams? Even the golden beam of light that shot forth from his third eye, even the combatant himself, Lei Yan, thought that it was merely an illusion.

“I guess we can only say Lei Yan is nothing but trash.” A cold voice with a lilt in it sounded out. The members from the Thunderwind Sect angrily turned around, only to see that the voice originated from an extremely beautiful woman. They then icily stated, “Liu Xi, are you saying that you are very powerful?”

“At the very least, I wouldn’t be abused to such a state by someone at the fifth level of Yuanfu.” Liu Xi was a chosen from the Mystic Maiden Palace. Being a chosen indicated that they would be groomed and nurtured by their sect in preparation to contend for the top few ranks in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. Currently, she had a cultivation base at the peak of the sixth level of Yuanfu, and could step into the seventh level at any moment. Her beauty was also on par with her talent, and there were many male cultivators who wanted to woo her.

Beside Liu Xi, there were several female cultivators from the Mystic Maiden Palace as well. However, despite so many gorgeous ladies, Liu Xi’s beauty brought to mind the intense light from the sun compared to the pale glow of the fireflies. She came here because she wanted to see for herself how strong this newcomer was, never would she have expected witnessing Lei Yan getting trashed instead.

Liu Xi’s beautiful eyelashes fluttered, she gazed at Qin Wentian as she asked, “Come let’s spar, I want to see the depth of your strength, and whether you have the qualifications to gain the



approval of all thirty-six Dao Cultivation Halls.”

“I have zero interest in sparring.” Qin Wentian shrugged, feeling slightly depressed. He had already used Lei Yan as an example, yet these fellows still hadn’t learned anything from it?

It was going to get even more troublesome in the future.

“Even if you have no interest, you still have to fight me,” Liu Xi forcefully said. As a chosen, she was long used to speaking with such an attitude. She had already come all the way here, so how could she still allow Qin Wentian to have a choice in this matter.

“I won’t be soft-handed even when dealing with a woman, you’d best think about this carefully.” Qin Wentian was still somewhat depressed. He had already perceived his opponent’s strength. Just a mere sixth level Yuanfu cultivator, there shouldn’t be any problems for him.

All the geniuses in the Unmatched Realm were superbly confident in themselves. But Qin Wentian, wasn’t he the same as well? Such self-confidence would undoubtedly come across as arrogance to others.

Liu Xi glared at him as she coldly laughed, “Such audacity.”

After speaking, she stepped forth and unleashed her Astral Soul. At the same time, a boiling energy within her bloodline seemed to rocket upwards alongside her aura.

“Liu Xi can use dual-attributes of ice and fire. She can even incorporate the will of her Mandates directly into her attacks, making it beyond powerful. In addition to her Mystic Maiden Sword, her strength should not be belittled.” Someone mused. Liu Xi instantly slashed out her sword towards Qin Wentian as an intense ice-fire aura wrapped around Qin Wentian’s body, causing him extreme discomfort.

As for Liu Xi, her entire person transformed into shadows that covered up the entire skies. With a long sword in her hand, her appearance was like a fairy from the nine heavens coming down to exterminate evil.

Yet Qin Wentian’s eyes were actually closed. There was no need for him to use his sight; the candle flame within him blazed with intensity and the happenings of the outside world were as clear as day to him. Qin Wentian’s heart sense perfectly perceived Liu Xi’s movement technique, which he could clearly see was incredibly profound. He saw a sword slashing towards him, like autumn’s rain, bemoaning the decay of dead leaves as winter neared. “Bzz!”

Qin Wentian’s silhouette flickered, moving in tandem with Liu Xi. Demonic scales coated his arms once again as the Divine Energy in his body rumbled, collectively being channelled into his finger.

From an outsider’s perspective, Qin Wentian was currently restricted by the binding forces of ice and fire, he was already trapped and doomed to suffer from Liu Xi’s attack. Yet in the next instant, everyone was left frozen in shock. With a single finger stab, Qin Wentian broke through Liu Xi’s sword attack, and landed

right in front of her chest. This scenario caused the eyes of everyone to pop out as they stared in dumbfounded amazement. This position...

And what made people even more speechless was that, after that, Qin Wentian still unceremoniously punched out time after time, driving his fist right into Liu Xi's chest, sticking close to her as he unleashed a barrage of continuous attacks.

“Boom, boom boom....”

The hearts of the crowd thumped in tandem with Qin Wentian's attacks. Everyone was thunderstruck, and when he finally stopped, Ouyang Kuangsheng called out, “Dauntless!”

Qin Wentian, was way too dauntless.

This fellow, he was dead for sure, to be treating Liu Xi like this...

Liu Xi was a chosen from the Mystic Maiden Palace, being blessed with both beauty and talent. Yet, Qin Wentian didn't show the slightest bit of mercy. He was too ruthless.

“Go.” Ouyang Kuangsheng flew towards Qin Wentian and pulled him away. Qin Wentian puzzledly glanced at him, “What's the matter?”

“You're way more ruthless than me. In any case, let's take cover first,” Ouyang Kuangsheng speechlessly replied.

“Eh... they would take revenge?” Qin Wentian gloomily asked.

“You want to ask Liu Xi’s suitors and see if they mind what you just did?” Ouyang Kuangsheng rolled his eyes, “You basically assaulted her purity.”

“Fine, let’s go find some peaceful place to cultivate then,” Qin Wentian mumbled.

And after a while, they arrived at a place where the mountains and oceans shared a common boundary. Qin Wentian stood in front of a rampart while the ocean waves below slapped against the mountains, invoking a feeling of extreme peace. In front of Qin Wentian, there were many engravings left behind from experts of the senior generations.

“What is this?” Qin Wentian pointed ahead as he asked.

“Engravings left behind by a supreme powerhouse from the Demonic Realms,” Ouyang Kuangsheng replied.

Qin Wentian nodded as he started to inscribe Divine Inscriptions beneath his feet. His actions caused Ouyang Kuangsheng to be stunned as he asked, “Inscription? What for?”

“Yeah, if anyone comes here for revenge, they’ll find themselves tossed right into the ocean.” Qin Wentian grinned, his words causing Ouyang Kuangsheng to smack his forehead. This fellow’s

talent for stirring up trouble far surpassed his!

# AGM 317 - Price Of Arrogance

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Very quickly, Qin Wentian's fame resounded throughout the unmatched realm. Gaining approval of all thirty-six halls, destroying Lei Yan, and then following up by violently assaulting Liu Xi of the Mystic Maiden Palace.

Several people in the Unmatched Realm started to ask about Qin Wentian, and even approached Chu Mang and Fan Le for more information.

After which, the news of Qin Wentian's past actions soon circulated around. Before he left the Moon Continent, in a fit of rage, he slayed Hua Xiaoyun, younger brother of the number one ranker in the Heavenly Fate Ranking, Hua Taixu. Not only that, the other top rankers of the Heavenly Fate Ranking, Zhan Chen and Yang Fan surrounded him with a group of assassins, but eventually still failed to kill him because Qin Wentian abducted Yang Fan's fiancée, threatening to end her life should he dare to make a move against him.

After Shu Ruanyu returned to the Moon Continent, the relationship between the Star-Seizing Manor and the Shu Clan underwent a change. Those from the Star-Seizing Manor evidently believed that it wasn't possible that Qin Wentian didn't do anything to her despite being held captive by him for so many days. This act of abduction completely changed their views of Shu Ruanyu's suitability as his fiancée, in consideration of Yang Fan's extraordinary status in the Star-Seizing Manor.

As to the veracity of this news, there was no doubt about it.

There were also several geniuses from the Moon Continent who came to the Unmatched Realm.

And in just a short time after Qin Wentian arrived in the Unmatched Realm, several cultivators wanted to test their strength against him. After all, being able to defeat him was something that would grant them a huge amount of prestige, and there were also people like Liu Xi who wanted revenge.

But there were still many who felt great curiosity towards Qin Wentian. From the rumors, he didn't seem to have a powerful background supporting him, yet he dared to do things to such a crazy degree; slaying Hua Xiaoyun, abducting Shu Ruanyu, punching Lei Yan till his face structure changed, 'abusing' Liu Xi. It was hard to imagine that this fellow could be such a mad man just by looking at his outer appearance alone.

And today, more cultivators from the Ouyang Clan arrived in the Unmatched Realm. They were none other than Duan Qingshan, and Ouyang Ting.

Ever since that bout of humiliation, Ouyang Ting was seized by a burning passion to surpass Ouyang Kuangsheng. Today, she wanted to take the entry test of the Unmatched Realm so as to gain the qualifications to cultivate there. As a chosen of the Ouyang Clan, Duan Qingshan was naturally already qualified.

At this moment, there were several people at the entrance of the Unmatched Realm. "Brother Duan, when can we attend your wedding?"

“It’s still too early for that.” Duan Qingshan casually laughed. After a few moments, Ouyang Ting exited the illusory city as the person controlling the formation for the entry test nodded his head, “Congratulations, you’ve passed. From now on, you are qualified to cultivate within the Unmatched Realm.”

“Thank you, Senior.” Ouyang Ting bowed slightly, as an expression of joy appeared on her face. Her fists were tightly clenched, she appeared incomparably excited. That person nodded as he left. Ouyang Ting had just barely passed—none of the thirty-six elders appeared. She would still need to depend on her own efforts if she wanted to gain approval from any one of the thirty-six elders.

“Ting`er, congratulations. From now on, we can cultivate here together.” Duan Qingshan smiled. Ouyang Ting nodded, “I must definitely surpass that Ouyang Kuangsheng. And as for Qin Wentian and Fan Le, I will have my revenge sooner or later.”

“I believe in you.” Duan Qingshan laughed, however the crowd standing in the air were all stunned by their exchange of words.

Qin Wentian? Wasn’t that the madman from before?

“Ouyang Ting, you have a grudge with Qin Wentian?” someone asked.

“Mhm?” Ouyang Ting frowned as she glanced at that person. “Yes, I do. You are acquainted with him?”



“No.” That person shook his head and laughed, the countenance of the crowd flickered and as Duan Qingshan saw this scene, he involuntarily inquired, “Do you all know Qin Wentian?”

“Brother Duan, more accurately, in the Unmatched Realm, who doesn’t know of Qin Wentian?” Someone laughed. His words caused Duan Qingshan to shift his gaze over to him.

“Ouyang Kuangsheng brought Qin Wentian and two other friends to take the entry test in the Unmatched Realm. All three of them qualified, and two of his friends, the Fatty and the Muscle-head, were accepted as disciples of the Arrow Emperor and Qiao Long respectively,” that man explained.

“What? Then, what about Qin Wentian?” Ouyang Ting stiffened, she understood the meaning of being accepted as disciples, she had often heard Duan Qingshan talking about matters of the Unmatched Realm.

“Qin Wentian wasn’t accepted by any of the thirty-six elders but rather, they unanimously approved Qin Wentian’s access to all thirty-six Dao Cultivation Halls.” The countenance of Ouyang Ting and Duan Qingshan instantly froze.

“Not only that, Qin Wentian ‘reconstructed’ Lei Yan’s face and even ‘abused’ Liu Xi,” the cultivator who spoke earlier, added.

“How is this possible?” Ouyang Ting couldn’t believe this at all, her face twisted with rage. She hated that fellow so badly, yet, he

was so many times more outstanding compared to her. She couldn't tolerate such a disparity between them. The joy she felt at being qualified, totally faded away when she learned of his accomplishments.

“Ting`er, since he dared to come to the Unmatched Realm, it only makes things more interesting.” Duan Qingshan held onto Ouyang Ting's hands, as though to console her. Ouyang Ting nodded, yet she still felt a little panicked in her heart.

In the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, she placed herself high above in the skies, looking disdainfully down on others. But over here in the Unmatched Realm, there were several cultivators whose background didn't lose out to her in the slightest. Not only that, they were even more talented than her. She couldn't even feel any pride from it, and now when she heard that Qin Wentian, some country bumpkin with no background, had climbed over her head, how could she not feel bad?

After inscribing some Divine Inscriptions on the floor, Qin Wentian quietly contemplated the engravings around him. Each and every picture of a demonic beast engraved on the rampart contained within them the hint of a Mandate.

“Back then, that supreme powerhouse was born a demonic beast before taking the form of a human. The innate techniques he mastered were all extremely strong in power, yet because his base was that of demons, I don't think your body is suitable to cultivate his skills.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng pointed to the pictures as he explained. “For

example, that picture over there. Fist of a primordial ape, shattering mountains with a single punch. With our physique, it's impossible for us to meet the minimum criteria for cultivating his skill."

"To me, it's possible." Qin Wentian smiled. After which, he stretched out his arms as demonic qi enveloped it. His arm began to shift in shape and composition, becoming increasingly muscular as it grew enlarged, before being coated in demonic scales.

"The strength of my physique won't lose out to demons." Qin Wentian punched out, and an instant later, a gigantic rock at the edge of the precipice shattered into fragments.

"This..." Ouyang Kuangsheng was somewhat speechless. "Your Mandate of Demon has reached such a level. I wonder how you did it, because now with just the strength of your physique alone, I believe you can insta-kill opponents at the fifth-level of Yuanfu. No wonder your combat prowess is so terrifying."

"The engravings here depicted a total of eighty-one sets of demon-attributed innate techniques. They're all well-suited for me." Qin Wentian smiled. "I'll have to study them carefully."

Qin Wentian had already cultivated to the second stage of the Fiend Transformation Art, which granted him the ability to 'demonise' any of his body parts, even transforming totally into a demon.

The bloodline in his body had most likely originated from that of

a supreme demon. And in addition to his Demon Sovereign Astral Soul, which allowed him to absorb demon-attributed Astral Energy from the Fifth Heavenly Layers, it could be said that Qin Wentian was in his element when it came to cultivating the demonic arts.

“Mhm, there’s only one more year left. We have to work hard and raise our strength.” Ouyang Kuangsheng nodded as he continued, “The top three ranks of the Heavenly Fate Ranking isn’t easily achievable. The opponents you will face in your quest will definitely be incomparable to any you have dealt with before.”

“I understand, I still have to thank you for bringing me to such a miraculous cultivation-oriented place.” Qin Wentian smiled.

“Why are you being so polite to me?” Ouyang Kuangsheng glared at Qin Wentian, before they both broke out into laughter.

And right at this moment, several silhouettes flew over, floating above the oceans. One of them stared at Qin Wentian who was on the precipice as he sneered, “So this is where you’re hiding.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng furrowed his brows when he noticed the new arrivals. “Two of you are at the seventh level of Yuanfu, the other one at the eighth level. Despite having a higher cultivation base, you guys still want to spar against him?”

“Hehe, sparring? Aren't you overestimating him? We are here for revenge.” The new comers emanated a menacing aura, laughing as they stepped on the boundaries of where the mountain and ocean crossed.

“How troublesome. Hurry up and get a move on.” Qin Wentian sighed.

The three cultivators froze for a moment. The one in the middle then coldly laughed, disdainfully glancing at Qin Wentian as an intense glow of light enveloped him within. “I’m bringing you to Liu Xi’s place. I want you to kneel in front of her, and kowtow ten times. If you do that, I will forget about that matter.”

This man was an expert at the eighth level of Yuanfu. And as the spectators far away noticed his silhouette, they couldn’t help but silently lament, “Qin Wentian is in deep trouble this time around, Zai Mu’s combat prowess is extraordinary, he can even fight evenly against people at the ninth level of Yuanfu. Qin Wentian has given him an excellent opportunity for him to woo Liu Xi.”

“The three of you, come at me together.” Qin Wentian indifferently shrugged, his words causing Zai Mu to bristle with fury. He knew that this lad was unbridled, but he didn’t expect Qin Wentian to be arrogant to such an extent.

“You’re asking for it!” The three of them instantly sped towards Qin Wentian. Zai Mu flicked a finger outwards as a beam of resplendent light transformed into a column of swords of tremendous might, aiming to lacerate Qin Wentian from where he stood.

However at this moment, Qin Wentian merely lifted his foot and stomped on the ground. A towering sword qi billowed,

transforming into a tempest, swallowing that column of swords, devouring it completely. It was Qin Wentian's turn to attack. With a flick of his finger, his sword beam was augmented by 'borrowing' the strength of Zai Mu's earlier attack, frenziedly gushing outwards. Zai Mu's countenance drastically changed but it was too late, the three of them were instantly enveloped in a sphere of sword light. With a gesture, slicing sounds rang out as the two cultivators at the seventh level of Yuanfu let out miserable screams.

“Are you tired of living?” Qin Wentian stared at Zai Mu. Terrifying sword might gushed out from him. Feeling the power of his sword might, Zai Mu paled, he didn't understand why there'd be such a terrifying Divine Inscription here.

“Puchi...” Several sharp swords pierced through his arms, causing his blood to splatter all over the ground. Zai Mu let out several blood-curdling screeches yet Qin Wentian had no intentions of stopping. Only after both his arms and his chest were pierced through, did Qin Wentian fly forward, slamming fists imbued with the Mandate of Force into all three of them. The spectators only saw Qin Wentian blasting the three of them unceremoniously down into the ocean.

“The next one who tests my patience, will receive an ending even worse than them.” Qin Wentian gazed at the horizon as he coldly spoke in a tone of ice. Not long later, Zai Mu and the two other cultivators were washed away by the waves. Both their arms slugged uselessly by their sides, appearing completely drained of vitality. They came here behaving so arrogantly, totally convinced in their victory, yet now, they were left barely hanging on to a breath of life. The spectators from afar all felt their hearts tremble

at Qin Wentian's words. Qin Wentian then turned and smiled at the thunderstruck Ouyang Kuangsheng and Ouyang Xiaolu, "He wanted me to kowtow ten times. If I hadn't been a little ruthless in my reply, there'd be no end to the number of people expecting me to kowtow."

And acting as if that settled the matter, Qin Wentian sat down cross-legged, eagerly preparing to start his cultivation!

# AGM 318 - Situ Po

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After Zai Mu, no one else dared to bother Qin Wentian anymore.

On the edge of the precipice, the boundary where the mountain and ocean meet, the figure sitting cross-legged would stand up from time to time, soaring above the oceans while testing out various techniques. The other spectators from afar couldn't help but feel a chill in their hearts when they saw how intensely Qin Wentian was cultivating.

Very swiftly, rumors of Qin Wentian being a beastman, the same as Shiki, circulated about. He had the blood of demonic beasts flowing in his veins as well, which made him extremely compatible to cultivate the techniques which the demon powerhouse left behind. His comprehension speed was akin to traveling a thousand miles in a single day, he made rapid improvements at unbelievable speeds.

The rumors grew more and more embellished, and the majority of those in the Unmatched Realm soon believed that Qin Wentian was a half-beast.

In any case, there were too many unverified rumors regarding Qin Wentian circulating throughout the Unmatched Realm. There were some who said he was a fourth-ranked Grandmaster, while others said he was a beastman. There were even people who said that he was a hidden chosen from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, an illegitimate son born out of wedlock. The ludicrousness of these rumors tickled Ouyang Kuangsheng so hard that he didn't know whether he should laugh or cry.



Within the Unmatched Realm, in an ancient pavilion, a male and a female sat down facing each other.

The male had a kingly demeanor, yet no aura could be felt exuding out from him. Each and every one of his movements contained a strangeness to it, thrumming with a rhythm from the harmonization between Heaven and Earth.

The female was exceptionally beautiful, her looks even exceeded Liu Xi, whom Qin Wentian defeated in the past. Liu Xi had many pursuers, but in comparison this female had none. She had already chosen a companion. Not only that, even among the countless geniuses in the Unmatched Realm, her companion was someone who was exceedingly famous.

Situ Po, a chosen from the Sword Extinction Sect.

Similarly, he was also striving to become a Heaven's Chosen in the Azure Continent—for those that ranked in the top thirty-six rankings of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, they were all known as Heaven's Chosen to everyone in the entire Grand Xia. This, he knew, was his destiny.

There were also rumors saying that he would head towards the ruins of the Ancient Kingdom in a year's time. By that time, he would definitely be capable of stepping into the top thirty-six rankings of Heavenly Fate Rankings, without a doubt.

He was Situ Po. Before Qin Wentian, there were three others who

gained the approval of all thirty-six Dao-Cultivation Halls. Situ Po was one of the three.

As of now, Situ Po had a cultivation base at the peak of the eighth level of Yuanfu. With his current combat prowess, he could already insta-kill ordinary opponents at the ninth level of Yuanfu. After a year's worth of time, how strong would he become? Nobody knew. But one thing was for sure, there was no need to doubt the level of his power.

Once, he was the same as Qin Wentian, creating commotions of such waves that it rocked the entire Unmatched Realm, and similarly, he had also defeated countless challengers. Up till now, people no longer dared to issue a challenge to him.

As for that beauty, her name was Yue Bingying, someone from the direct line of descent of the Azure Emperor Palace. Not long ago, she had broken through to the seventh level of Yuanfu—her talent could be considered pretty outstanding as well.

“I heard that this guy named Qin Wentian, he's even more famous compared to you,” Yue Bingying exclaimed to Situ Po, her smile as beautiful as a flower's bloom.

Situ Po only had a slight smile on his face, his aura didn't waver in the slightest, neither with anger nor pride. Upon hearing this familiar name that had been circulating throughout the Unmatched Realm, there were no fluctuations in his countenance.

To others, they might wish to challenge Qin Wentian to

personally witness his strength. But Situ Po didn't have such thoughts because after all, he was also one of the four that gained the approval of all thirty-six halls. Such a person was the same as Qin Wentian, the pride and confidence they had in themselves were carved into their bones, yet they appeared extremely ordinary with no hints of haughtiness nor arrogance on the surface.

He knew that Qin Wentian's talent didn't lose out to him. After all, since Qin Wentian had also gained the approval of all thirty-six halls, it must have meant that he too, passed the final checkpoint.

But so what of it? Qin Wentian only had a cultivation base at the fifth level of Yuanfu and wasn't in the same league as him. Towards Qin Wentian, Situ Po only felt a hint of curiosity, and nothing more.

"This fellow is ruthless enough. Liu Xi, a character of such beauty was actually beaten up by him so badly that she couldn't crawl out of bed for several days. I wonder how many of her suitor's hearts broke when they found out? Don't you have any feelings regarding this?" Yue Bingying teased.

"As long as he doesn't antagonize you, he can do whatever he wants." Situ Po quietly replied, his response causing a sweet smile to appear on Yue Bingying's face.

"Oh yeah, I heard there are some disturbances in matters regarding the Azure Emperor Palace. Are those of the Azure Emperor's bloodline starting something again?" Situ Po curiously questioned.

“Yeah, there were traces of the Di Clan behind them. Those foolish people, it has already been so many years. It’s totally impossible for them to rise again and return to their former glory.” Yue Bingying’s eyes flashed with a murderous glint of coldness. “All these years, our Yue bloodline has been investigating the truth behind the inheritance of the Azure Emperor, we suspect that the Azure Emperor might have hidden it among one of his descendants. We sent people and had searched many places, even to those small remote countries far away, yet discovered nothing at all. In any case, even if they want to try something funny, it might not be a bad thing for us.”

“Take care of yourself,” Situ Po stated with concern. “Although this matter won’t implicate you for the time being, it’s always better to be more cautious.”

“What do I have to fear, don’t I have you to protect me? I can’t wait for the day when you finish maturing. By then, my Azure Emperor Palace will aid you in controlling the Sword Extinction Sect, and after you become the leader, we can use the Sword Extinction Sect to check and balance the other factions of powers in my Azure Emperor Palace. If the two powers can combine into one, wouldn’t that be perfect?” Yue Bingying laughed out loud, it didn’t matter if the other cultivators from the Sword Extinction Sect heard her.

The Sword Extinction Sect was still a sect, it didn’t care about blood purity. Talented geniuses were eliminated at every step, and only with sufficient ambition would one survive the journey all the way to the top.

“This day will definitely come.” Situ Po smiled. At this moment, a voice drifted over from afar. The owner of this voice was none other than Lin Haotian, he was another disciple of the Sword Extinction Sect that would be groomed into a chosen. A complicated light could be seen in his eyes as he stared at Situ Po.

He was already very outstanding, but because there was Situ Po who was in the same generation with him, he was destined never to reach the peak.

“Lin Haotian, I heard you went to ascertain Qin Wentian’s strength. How was it?” Yue Bingying smiled as she looked towards Lin Haotian.

“He’s currently cultivating,” Lin Haotian replied.

“After what happened with Zai Mu, did no one else dare to get close to him?” Yue Bingying shook her head in disappointment as she continued, “Lin Haotian, do something for me. Help me to arrange a meeting with Qin Wentian and Situ Po, I’m really curious as to the difference between the two of them.”

Situ Po shook his head in amusement. This girl must have been seized by curiosity. Seeing Qin Wentian also obtaining the approval of all thirty-six halls like him, she wanted to compare the distance between them with her own eyes.

Lin Haotian was dumbfounded a moment as he glanced to Situ Po for confirmation. Situ Po gave a light nod of his head as Lin

Haotian replied, “Fine.”

After which, he turned and departed from this area.

And the news that Yue Bingying, who wanted to meet with Qin Wentian to ‘try out’ his strength, soon caused the entire Unmatched Realm to be in an uproar.

Yue Bingying had already broken through to the seventh level of Yuanfu, Qin Wentian should have no way to defeat her. As for the man standing behind Yue Bingying, everyone was extremely clear of his identity.

Regarding the news and rumors circulating about in the Unmatched Realm, Qin Wentian was completely ignorant of the content. In the blink of an eye, he had already cultivated for over a month’s time in front of this rampart. At this moment, the amount of demonic qi he was unconsciously exuding grew stronger and stronger.

Right now, Qin Wentian was sitting cross-legged while immersed in his dream. All of the eighty-one stances of demonic arts were extremely profound and tyrannical. Due to prolonged usage, whenever the Astral Energy within his demon-attributed Yuanfu dried up, he would use the Astral Energy of his two other Yuanfu. This, caused all his three Yuanfu to individually grow as they expanded in size.

“Qin Wentian.” From afar, standing atop a gigantic rock, Lin Haotian and a few others stood there calling out to him. However,

at this moment, right when Qin Wentian was about to breakthrough, he naturally wouldn't be bothered about them.

“Hmph, this fellow. If it weren't for the fact that he inscribed Divine Inscriptions there, we would have already dashed over and put him down.” A member of the Sword Extinction Sect mumbled in unhappiness. Lin Haotian nodded in agreement only to see a snowy puppy standing at the side of Qin Wentian barking while glaring at them. Its actions caused a cold smile to curl Lin Haotian's lips. Even a lowly beast also dared to glare at him?

“QIN WENTIAN, WAKE THE F\*\*\* UP!” Lin Haotian roared as a terrifying sword intent penetrated through space and slashed out at Qin Wentian. That sword intent pierced right into Qin Wentian's sea of consciousness, catching him unawares by this unexpected attack, forcibly waking him up from a state of deep comprehension.

Qin Wentian swallowed the mouthful of blood he spat out in his mouth. His eyes opened, and a terrifying light could be seen flickering in them. As he turned his gaze onto Lin Haotian, the sharpness of his stare was akin to an unsheathed sword, piercing towards Lin Haotian.

Lin Haotian laughed in disdain, although Qin Wentian's talent was exceptional, he wanted to compete with him using sword attacks?

“Qin Wentian, there's someone that wants to meet with you,” Lin Haotian indifferently spoke.

Qin Wentian stayed silent for a moment before his lips moved as he coldly spat out, “Scram.”

Lin Haotian stiffened, the sword intent emanating from him got even colder as he laughed, “You can’t afford to hide away from this. You’d best come with me.”

“So arrogant despite acting as a lackey? I thought I told you to scram?” Qin Wentian’s tone was ice-cold. Getting interrupted at the most crucial moment of his breakthrough? Right now, Qin Wentian only wanted to quickly find back the state he was in earlier, and break through to the sixth level of Yuanfu as soon as possible. All other matters could wait.

“After winning a few battles, did you really think yourself as invincible? In the Unmatched Realm, you still don’t have the qualifications to be so impudent,” Lin Haotian growled, as killing intent gushed forth from him. Qin Wentian turned around, and sat cross-legged, completely disregarding Lin Haotian. It was too troublesome now to deal with these people, he will endure this until he made a breakthrough.

“You’d best stay in there forever then.” Eventually, when he realized that Qin Wentian would continue to ignore him, he was left with no other choice but to walk away, all the while yelling out threats.



# AGM 319 - Guidance By The Barbarian King

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After he was interrupted, Qin Wentian tried to revisit that special state of epiphany, but it proved impossible to do so. He could only revise the eighty-one demonic arts again and again until his Astral Energy within his Yuanfu receptacles started to stir up once more, bringing him closer to that feeling again.

Currently, it was as though his body was totally that of a demon. Demonic qi swirled about as the Astral Energy within his Yuanfu seethed and surged.

Gradually, that feeling came back. Rumbling sounds echoed from his Yuanfu, as the aura he was emitting gradually climbed upwards, becoming even stronger.

On the precipice, a man and a dog quietly sat there. The only sounds were the unending waves crashing against the mountain. The faraway cultivators had stopped paying attention to Qin Wentian; after all, they had to cultivate as well.

Who was Yue Bingying? First off, leaving her status and talent aside, her companion was one of the most famous cultivators within the Unmatched Realm. Situ Po, had already cultivated for over a year here and was at the peak of the eighth level of Yuanfu. He wasn't someone Qin Wentian could be compared to. The distance between them was too wide, they were on different levels.

A few days later, when Qin Wentian opened his eyes, a faint trace of a smile could be seen etched on his face.

At this moment, the demonic qi permeating the air gradually abated, as the aura he had been exuding, calmed down.

“Xiu!”

Little Rascal immediately flew towards Qin Wentian as it snuggled its head against his chest. Qin Wentian smiled and patted its head before adding, “Let’s go and take a bath.”

After that, Qin Wentian leisurely walked out towards the ocean while holding Little Rascal in his arms.

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The Unmatched Realm was extremely vast. There were a total of thirty-six mountains with cave dwellings within them known as the Dao-Cultivation Halls, each with an eccentric presiding over. These eccentrics were known as the Elders of the Unmatched Realm.

Presently, on the waist of a certain mountain, a young man was walking up with a snowy puppy running behind him.

There were several cave dwellings in this mountain, some were carved out by cultivators while others were man-made. At the start of every month, elders of the Unmatched Realm would expound on their specialized Dao at the Dao-Cultivation Hall situated at the peak of the mountain. Those that gained access could participate

and interact, and the elders may even personally coach those talented attendees who have caught their eye, maybe even going as far as accepting them as disciples.

“Qin Wentian.” A voice suddenly drifted over. As Qin Wentian turned his gaze over, he saw a beautiful young lady standing at the entrance of one of the numerous cave dwellings. Her eyes flashed with a strange glow, and when she noticed Qin Wentian shifted his gaze onto her, an expression of shyness couldn’t help but appear on her face. Earlier, she had unconsciously called out his name.

Qin Wentian lightly nodded to her, as a gentle smile appeared on his face. Momentarily, the young lady’s expression faltered, and she stood there in a stunned state.

This fellow was quite good-looking when he smiled, it was hard to believe he could be so violent, to men and women alike.

“The cave dwelling beside me is empty, do you want it?” The lady upon seeing Qin Wentian’s gaze shifting away, involuntarily called out once again.

Qin Wentian dumbfoundedly stared at the lady, causing her to feel somewhat embarrassed. However, she saw Qin Wentian nodding in agreement and so they both headed to the cave dwelling she mentioned. Indeed, that place wasn’t bad at all, there was even a floating platform outside where one could meditate in cultivation.

Ancient peaks and a natural waterfall right alongside the cave, it

was a pretty pleasing environment.

“How did you know of me?” Qin Wentian smiled at the lady.

“Back then when you fought against Liu Xi, I was spectating from the crowd,” the girl replied with a bashful smile. “My name is Cang Lan, I didn’t expect you would still be so relaxed with so many people out looking for you.”

“Hmm, who’s looking for me?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Lin Haotian and his fellow disciples.”

“Lin Haotian?” Qin Wentian didn’t know of this person.

“Lin Haotian is a chosen from the Sword Extinction Sect, his cultivation base is at the seventh level of Yuanfu and is extremely formidable. I heard he met you before and you asked him to scram? But actually, he’s not the one looking to meet with you, but rather, it was Yue Bingying. I guess she wanted to see how you’d match up to Situ Po.”

Cang Lan laughed as she continued, “But I’m sure you wouldn’t know their names. Yue Bingying is someone from the Azure Emperor Palace with a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu. She’s one of the most beautiful women currently in the Unmatched Realm and also, the companion of Situ Po. Situ Po shares your accomplishment. He too, gained the approval of the thirty-six eccentrics. Although his cultivation is currently at the

eight level of Yuanfu, he can easily defeat opponents at the ninth level. Whether you like it or not, I'm afraid it's better for you to meet with Yue Bingying this time around."

"Not interested." Qin Wentian smiled.

Yue Bingying, a person from the Azure Emperor Palace. Did he finally have the chance to come into contact with someone from the Azure Emperor Palace? Not only that, her surname wasn't Di, but Yue!

Apparently, the current greatest faction of power in the Azure Emperor Palace no longer belonged to the Di Clan.

"How about me? Are you interested?" Another silhouette descended from the skies, instantly landing behind Qin Wentian. As Qin Wentian stared at that silhouette, he felt shock rocking his heart. He couldn't even sense his presence until the moment he appeared. What a terrifying speed.

This person had a herculean frame, and his looks appeared middle-aged.

"Qin Wentian offers his greetings to Senior." Qin Wentian bowed, his actions causing the middle-aged man to break out in a laugh. "Hehe, I've always taken an interest in you. Been wanting to meet you ages ago. Come with me?"

Qin Wentian rolled his eyes, this guy was so direct.

“What? Are you not willing to?” That person glared at Qin Wentian.

“Junior wouldn’t dare, Junior will most certainly follow Senior’s instruction.” Qin Wentian shook his head and replied.

“That’s what I wanted to hear.” That person soared up through the skies as Qin Wentian followed behind, the swiftness of their departure causing Cang Lan to be stunned. Cang Lan could only gaze at their departing back views and bitterly smile while shaking her head.

The Barbarian King had personally appeared!

The middle-aged man then brought Qin Wentian to a cultivation ground atop a mountain peak. The mountain breeze here felt extremely cooling, and before Qin Wentian could say anything, the middle-aged man laughed out, “Hey brat, when I saw your test, I could feel the vast strength within you. How did you achieve that?”

“Junior comprehended the Mandate of Force, and has already reached the Transformation Boundary of the first level insight, enhancing my strength by a factor of eight,” Qin Wentian replied.

“Don’t lie to me, even with an enhancement at a factor of eight, your cultivation base is merely at the fifth level of Yuanfu, there’s no way you could have reached such a level of strength.” The Barbarian King stared at Qin Wentian with a smile that was not

quite a smile.

“I’ve also comprehended the Mandate of Demons and cultivated some demonic cultivation arts, which has granted me a tyrannical physique. Hence, with the enhancement of a factor of eight, in addition to the power of my physique, I really could reach that level of strength.” Qin Wentian stretched out his arms as demonic qi coated it. The Barbarian King nodded, “That would explain it. But I’m still curious, you’re obviously a human yet you have the physique of a demon? Exactly what kind of demonic art did you cultivate?”

“I’m just casually asking, there’s no need to give me an answer.” The Barbarian King waved his hands when he saw Qin Wentian was in a difficult position. He understood that everyone had secrets, and it wasn’t polite to pry too deeply.

“Now, use your entire strength and attack me. I want to feel it for myself.” The Barbarian King stood in front of Qin Wentian.

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded. He gathered his strength and stepped forth, unleashing the will of both his Mandates. The blood in his body surged as his bloodline limit activated, delivering a punch of immense might right into the chest of the Barbarian King. As a thunderous sound of impact echoed, the Barbarian King stood there unfazed. The force of Qin Wentian’s full-powered punch only disintegrated his clothes, it didn’t injure him in the slightest.

“Hu...” The Barbarian King spat out a breath of turbid air. “Good one, young man. You’ve already reached the sixth level of Yuanfu.

With the augmentation from both your Mandates, the explosiveness of your attacks would even enable you to slay cultivators at the seventh level of Yuanfu with ease.”

Qin Wentian stared at the now half-naked body of the Barbarian King as he let out an awkward laugh, feeling a little embarrassed.

“Sigh, why are you not destined to be my disciple? This is too depressing, you are such a good seedling.” The Barbarian King lamented. His character was direct and he always said what he thought, he didn’t put on any airs even when it came to interacting with those from the junior generations.

“Even though you might not be my master, I can still call you my Teacher.” Qin Wentian smiled. His words caused the Barbarian King to be stunned before he roared in laughter,

“Hey brat, I haven’t promised to teach you anything yet.”

“Hehe.” Qin Wentian could only laugh somewhat embarrassedly.

“Fine, I’ll give you some pointers and teach you some techniques that can further increase your might when you are attacking.” The Barbarian King shrugged when he saw how bright Qin Wentian’s eyes were when he looked at him.

“Many thanks to Senior.” Qin Wentian bowed. Such a good opportunity, how could he not grab it?



“Have you met powerful Sword Cultivators before?” the Barbarian King asked. “I’m not sure, but those sword-users I’ve faced before couldn’t be considered powerful I guess.” Qin Wentian replied.

“The attacks of Sword Cultivators are like that of moving clouds and flowing water. Powerful sword arts all contain their own ‘Rhythm’. When the Rhythm is potent enough, the instant the sword slashes out, the sword becomes the only thing in the entire world. The stronger the Rhythm is, the more terrifying that sword’s might will be,” the Barbarian King explained. A look of contemplation dawned on Qin Wentian’s face. A complete set of sword techniques needed to flow smoothly. If one wanted that set of sword techniques to be perfect, not a single stance could be missed out. The rhythm of the sword, would naturally be powerful.

“This isn’t merely applicable for just sword techniques, it’s the same for sabre and spear techniques as well. In fact, it’s a universal concept for all kinds of power attacks.” The Barbarian King continued explaining. “Try thinking about it, there are those with attacks at a certain level of power, and then there are those at the same level of strength but their attacks are many times stronger. With the use of appropriate innate techniques, they can explode with boundless strength, like a tiger lunging at its opponents.”

“Other than using innate techniques to amplify one’s strength, one could use ‘Rhythm’ as well.” Barbarian King laughed as he punched out, a single punch, causing an explosive sound to reverberate in the air.

The Barbarian King then stepped about in a unique manner and punched out another time. The force of the second punch was clearly stronger compared to the first, it was infused by a barbaric, violent rhythm, causing the entire space in front of him to tremble.

“Two attacks of differing might, yet the strength used to unleash them were both the same. I will show you a few more times.” The Barbarian King’s demeanour turned serious, he stood in a stance, appearing as immovable as the mountains. His body then trembled slightly, as the muscles of his entire body were suddenly mobilised. He stepped in spirals, while a fearsome aura exploded out of him, originating from a single punch. “BOOM!” The moment the punch with towering might lashed out, the Heavens and Earth were struck by a sudden clap of thunder.

“The same strike, with you integrating the entire strength of your body with the Heavens and Earth, something similar to the concept of being One with Heaven. You, are the only thing existing in this world, you are the Heavens, you are the Earth, harmonizing together so perfectly that there will no longer be any sense of ‘you’ remaining. Only in this state will you be able to use ‘Rhythm’, with your attacks explosively increased in power.”

The Barbarian King laughed as he looked at Qin Wentian, “Brat, this can be quite difficult to learn. Have you comprehended it yet?”

“Yeah.” Qin Wentian nodded. Stilling his heart, free of all distractions, integrating the strength of him alone (man), together with that of the Heavens and Earth, achieving the state of One with Heaven. The words of the Barbarian King weren’t difficult to

understand.

“Are you sure?” Stop boasting, practice this for two months and learn to use it as you will. You have to be able to use this freely in any state. From now on, just practice here, I want to see how long it’ll take you.” The Barbarian King laughed. Although it could be simple, it wasn’t so easy to completely control. Once Qin Wentian’s comprehensions on this were completed, even when using the same amount of strength, each and every one of his attacks would be at a different level of power!

# AGM 320 - Concentrating On Cultivation

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Qin Wentian stood atop the ground, drawing in a deep breath. At this moment, his heart was like still water as he entered into a state of complete self-immersion.

Abruptly, his body trembled. The next instant, his body's entire strength harmonized together as Astral Energy was channeled fiercely into his arms. The demonic qi he exuded covered the skies as the minute movements of Qin Wentian brought about a unique sense of 'Rhythm'.

His entire person seemed to transform into a wrathful demonic beast who wanted to tear this entire space asunder.

Peng...

His punch blasted out as the void trembled.

The Barbarian King was completely stunned, the comprehension of this little guy...

"Not enough, your harmonization was off. You must reach the state where your strength doesn't leak out," the Barbarian King instructed. "Also, your stance is too weak, not imposing at all. At most, you can only unleash up to the limits of what your physique is capable of, but you would be unable to tap on external forces of Heavens and Earth to augment your 'Rhythm'. Are you really called a genius? You are just a weak-ass punk."

“Ow.” Qin Wentian grinned as he tried punching out again and again. Gradually, he sank into a unique mental state as the candle flame in his heart silently blazed. It was as though he was the only one remaining in this world.

When he moved, the entire world moved with him.

Seeing the marked improvement in Qin Wentian’s punches, the Barbarian King’s eyes widened so much that they almost popped out of their sockets. Damn, is he really at the sixth level of Yuanfu, the talent of this brat was too monstrous.

A day later, Qin Wentian had already mastered harmonization. Each of his strikes caused the forces of Heavens and Earth to rumble with him, the might of his attacks were boundless, like the roar of an angered Azure Dragon shattering the entire void. This state, this feeling, Qin Wentian was mesmerized by it. This harmonization made it so that the entirety of the cells in his body worked together in conjunction with the external forces of Heavens and Earth. A perfect synchronization.

“Enough.” The Barbarian King barked. Qin Wentian stopped his moments and turned to the Barbarian King as he smiled, “How’s my improvement?”

“Ehh, average I guess.” The Barbarian King frowned. His silhouette abruptly flickered as he vanished completely, before instantly appearing in front of Qin Wentian to fiercely rap his head. Qin Wentian perspired rapidly as he stared at the Barbarian

King with a gloomy look on his face, which seemed to be saying—No matter what, you're still an expert from the older generation, how could you bully your junior like this?

“What? What are you looking at? Fight me if you are unhappy.” The Barbarian King stuck his hands on his hips and glared at Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian didn't know whether to laugh or cry, he could only respond with a passive smile on his face.

“So self-satisfied just because you comprehended such a small thing. Weak. Do you even understand the truth of your Mandate?” The Barbarian King's voice took on a lecturing tone as he spoke to Qin Wentian.

“Your Mandate of Force is only at the first level of insight, and only at the Transformation Boundary. After that there's still the Perfection Boundary, you should strive even harder and quickly break through to it. And if you can comprehend your second level of insight in the Mandate of Force at the eighth or ninth level of Yuanfu, you will be a god among gods in the entire Yuanfu Realm.”

“Is the second level so powerful?” Qin Wentian curiously asked.

“You don't say? For Mandates, the first level of insights are the basic foundations, the second level of insights are built upon that, of course they are powerful,” the Barbarian King explained. “Don't look down on the Mandate of Force because it's one of the most commonly seen Mandates out there. Many think that the Mandate of Force is useless, but I can tell you for sure that they are wrong. The more ordinary a thing appears to be, the more profound it is if you want to master it. In my opinion, the Mandate of Force is the

strongest. Think about it, if you reached the Perfection Boundary of the first level, it would grant you enhancement in strength by a factor of sixteen. What concept is this? Who can fight against you in the same Realm? You can just simply destroy your opponents with a single punch.”

“But you might not be able to hit them?” Qin Wentian weakly argued. What Barbarian King said made sense, but the Mandate of Force wasn’t like the Mandate of Arrows. When the Mandate of Arrows reached the Perfection Boundary, the first level of insight, Insta-shot, granted the cultivator a speed boost in their arrows by a factor of sixteen. It was basically undodgeable, unlike the Mandate of Force, Strength, where you still have to make sure your attacks ‘hit’ your opponent before it can be effective.

“Hmph, that’s because you suck. Even if I moved slower, I would still be able to ensure that my attacks land on you.” The Barbarian King walked step by step towards Qin Wentian, with exaggerated slowness. Qin Wentian stiffened, as he rapidly retreated backward. Yet, he discovered that there was a boundless force restricting his movements, a kind of imposed force ‘locking down’ the space around him. The strength of the Barbarian King was too terrifying, he was many times stronger compared to the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns Qin Wentian had seen before.

“What is this...” Qin Wentian’s forehead was covered in a sheen of perspiration. “This is my second level of insight of the Mandate of Force, Impose. You said it yourself, if I wanted to kill you, wouldn’t that be as simple as squashing an ant to death?” The Barbarian King continued bashing Qin Wentian with his words as he stood in front of him.

Qin Wentian's heart trembled when he thought back to his past experiences. Luckily the Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns he faced before hadn't been so overpowered. If the comprehensions of their Mandates were stronger, Qin Wentian would have definitely died. Using my second level of insight in the Mandate of Force to suppress you, before leisurely closing the distance between us. I could kill you with a single punch.

“For Stellar Martial Cultivators, other than our cultivation, the comprehension of our Mandates are also of paramount importance. Innate techniques that amplify your strength are secondary, you would do well to remember this. Try to work harder and quickly achieve the second level of your Mandates. Who then, could be your opponent in the Yuanfu Realm?”

The Barbarian King spoke, and when he saw a look of contemplation appearing on Qin Wentian's face, he added, “Forget it, your brains are too mush-like. Your talent is too low, I don't want to guide you anymore, go think about it on your own.”

After speaking, the Barbarian King took a huge stride forwards and vanished into the horizon.

Qin Wentian stared dumbfoundedly towards the direction where the Barbarian King vanished. He dipped into a respectful bow, with the guidance of a master, one could truly travel a thousand miles in a single day. If he were to cultivate alone, he didn't know how long it would have taken him. No wonder the Unmatched Realm was so popular, the eccentrics of the thirty-six mountains were all adept in various Mandates, their presences attracting countless geniuses of Grand Xia.



After consolidating his insights for a day longer, Qin Wentian left for the other Dao-Cultivation Halls.

Because the Mandates that every expert comprehends can be different, Qin Wentian could only use their guidance as a reference. When the eccentrics lectured, Qin Wentian quietly listened.

Most of the time, he would follow two eccentrics who were skilled in the Mandate of Dreams and the Dao of Divine Inscriptions respectively. These two eccentrics guided him alone, causing Qin Wentian's experiences and comprehension of both fields to grow exponentially. Such speed in his improvement left Qin Wentian feeling extremely satisfied in his heart. He wasn't willing to enter into closed-door seclusion for too long. After all, the insights gained by secluding oneself was limited. What he wanted more was to broaden his horizons, either through observation or by sparring with others. Only in this way would his strength continue to grow.

If one were to cultivate alone, maybe ten or twenty years later, they still might not have any breakthroughs.

Otherwise, for those with talent, they could just hole themselves up in some mountains and come out after several decades. Such behavior was an act of foolishness.

But in the Unmatched Realm, Qin Wentian had a feeling that regardless of how long he cultivated here, he wouldn't be

restricted. In the blink of an eye, two more months passed. Qin Wentian had been cultivating in this realm for several months.

Today, the Dao-Cultivation Hall was presided over by the Arrow Emperor—Fan Le and Chu Mang were both in attendance.

Although the Arrow Emperor only accepted Fan Le as his disciple, he had also granted access to Chu Mang, because Chu Mang was proficient in archery.

“Enough, go take a break.” At this moment, after a harsh round of training, the Arrow Emperor waved his hands, permitting them some time to rest. Fan Le and Chu Mang then walked towards Qin Wentian, with smiles on their faces.

“How are you feeling? It’s already been a few months since we came here,” Fan Le asked Qin Wentian.

“Not too bad.” Qin Wentian laughed as he nodded.

“Of course, it’s not too bad. You have already broken through, seems like there’s hope for you to be among the Heavenly Fate Rankings.” Fan Le smiled. Although Qin Wentian was at the sixth level of Yuanfu, if he went all out, he could rival those at the eighth or ninth level of Yuanfu. If he spent the rest of his time raising his cultivation base, he would definitely become a ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

“You’re not doing too badly yourself.” Naturally, Qin Wentian

had already perceived Fan Le's strength. This fatty had also reached the sixth level of Yuanfu. With the Arrow Emperor as his master, Fan Le basically had no time to skive off.

"Big Bro Chu Mang, you've got to work hard too." Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Chu Mang, as he smiled.

"Hehe, I'm slightly slower compared to you guys in cultivation." Chu Mang grinned.

"No, Big Bro Chu Mang's speed is actually already very fast, it's just that it's harder to breakthrough at the later levels of Yuanfu," Fan Le added. Qin Wentian nodded in agreement, that was only to be expected. Breaking through from Yuanfu to Heavenly Dipper, that was more than difficult, it was incredibly arduous. One had to have a stable foundation, in addition to comprehending second level insights of their respective Mandates.

"Do you want to learn archery? I can guide you too." The Arrow Emperor quietly smiled at Qin Wentian.

"Senior, I shouldn't be too greedy. I only want to focus on my Mandate of Force for now. Maybe in the future when I condense my fourth Astral Soul, I can then decide if I want to comprehend another Mandate," Qin Wentian politely declined.

"You are right, the Mandates of Stellar Martial Cultivators are usually decided by their choice of Astral Souls. You have to choose your fourth Astral Soul with care, it's best to choose one that can complement your current strengths. At the end of the path, Astral

Souls are extremely crucial. Pick well,” the Arrow Emperor advised.

“Junior understands.” Qin Wentian nodded his head. All the elders in the Unmatched Realm were extremely amicable. If this were the outside world, it would be tough to even meet someone at their level. But of course, this was also a special characteristic of the Unmatched Realm—those who came here for cultivation were originally geniuses of great talent...

And during these months where Qin Wentian was putting so much effort in cultivating, Lin Haotian had come to seek out Qin Wentian several times. But when he discovered Qin Wentian was in the Dao-Cultivation Halls, he didn’t dare cause a disturbance, let alone enter.

Lin Haotian then spread a rumor—the other cultivators of the Unmatched Realm all assumed that Qin Wentian was intentionally avoiding the challenge, that he was afraid of Lin Haotian and Yue Bingying.

His actions were understandable. After all, Qin Wentian’s current level of cultivation was indeed a little too weak, it would be tough indeed to deal with both Lin Haotian and Yue Bingying, let alone the man behind their backs—Situ Po. Situ Po wasn’t someone Qin Wentian could afford to antagonise. At the very least as of now, Qin Wentian couldn’t afford to!

# AGM 321 - Spar

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Drifting to each Dao-Cultivation Hall, consolidating his insights in random cave dwellings, occasionally seeking guidance from the elders, Qin Wentian enjoyed this process immensely. He could feel himself growing stronger day by day, and although there weren't any major improvements in terms of cultivation level, he considered each bit of effort to be like water droplets, able to penetrate rocks if they persisted long enough. Day after day of immersing himself in cultivation, Qin Wentian was now several times stronger compared to when he had just entered the Unmatched Realm.

But as time passed, the rate of his improvement gradually slowed as well.

Today, Qin Wentian was leisurely walking on an ancient mountain pass, and as he gazed ahead, he saw a female figure clad in white walking towards him. This female had a cool and elegant demeanor, like that of a snow lotus atop an icy mountain. This was none other than the maiden whom Qin Wentian had fought against during the entrance test.

This maiden's combat prowess was extremely powerful, and it appeared that her position in the Unmatched Realm was unique. She was the one who announced that the entirety of the thirty-six halls was open to him. If that was the case, who was the one that gave the order?

The one with sufficient authority to make that decision, would definitely be one that stood at the peak of the Unmatched Realm.

The white-robed maiden halted her steps and smiled, “Has your strength improved after our exchange?”

“A little. Might I have the chance to spar with you once more?” Qin Wentian asked. It wasn’t that he took victory as everything, but rather because the maiden’s combat prowess was astonishingly high, a mere eighth level Yuanfu cultivator yet with a Mandate at the Perfection Boundary. Qin Wentian wanted to know what the distance was between him and this maiden.

He suddenly thought back to the words Cang Lan had spoken, the man behind Yue Bingying. He estimated that Situ Po’s power should be similar to this maiden.

“Okay.” The maiden clad in white gazed at Qin Wentian as she lightly nodded her head. “Do your best.”

The Astral Energy within Qin Wentian’s body bubbled and gushed forth as his bloodline limit circulated his entire body. The battle intent he was radiating shot up towards the skies, as a terrifying demonic qi exuded from him. Even before attacking, Qin Wentian’s aura was already transforming into that of a desolate primordial beast.

He showed no traces of courtesy and immediately attacked. He knew that this maiden had a cultivation at the eighth level, which was two levels higher compared to him. Not only that, her Mandate was at the Perfection Boundary. Even regarding Mandates, she sorely suppressed him.

A terrifying stream of light covered Qin Wentian, the demonic qi his arm was exuding towered to the heavens. The energy from Heavens and Earth flowed into him, creating a special Rhythm, as he blasted his attack at that white-robed maiden. Such an overbearing might caused spatial cracks to appear in the space around him. If this maiden was struck by his attack, there was no doubt about it—even she would die instantly.

The maiden pushed out with her palms as a unique Rhythm vibrated around her, and the surrounding space instantly became a domain filled with ice and frost. As her palms met with Qin Wentian's fist, Qin Wentian felt an intense bone-chilling sensation encroaching upon him, yet his fist still punched out with irresistible force.

“HOWL~” A monstrous roar gushed out, the white maiden was as serene as before. Her palms blocked the space in front of her, the freezing intent emanating forth was seemingly capable of freezing everything it touched.

Peng!

Their attacks met in midair, the frost qi she generated was transformed into countless sharp icicles, shooting towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian quickly dodged to the side and pushed forth with his left palms. The icicles shattered but the maiden continued rushing forth. The terrifying glacial intent she emitted caused Qin

Wentian's body to involuntarily shudder.

“She even countered an attack with such might?” Qin Wentian was shocked. The speed of the maiden was terrifyingly quick, Qin Wentian slammed his fist into the earth, causing a mini quake to disorient the maiden, before Garuda Wings appeared on his back as he soared into the skies.

The maiden spun in an intricate dance as a massive flow of air enveloped her, further enhancing her speed.

Her hands slowly extended outwards as her Mandate of Ice and Snow covered the entire region, freezing everything in place. A leaf drifting in the air instantly turned to frost, while Qin Wentian also felt his body gradually becoming frozen, being buried in ice and snow.

“The will of my Mandate can't be compared to hers. Hence I'm the one being suppressed now. If my Mandate of Dreams is at the Perfection Boundary, I would be able to immerse her in sleep instead of being frozen by her.” Qin Wentian mused. A monstrous sword intent gushed forth from him and lacerated the blanket of frost, but the maiden had already arrived right in front of him after that moment's delay,

With a flip of his palms, demonic qi surged forth as his eyes turned fiend-like. Stabbing out with a finger, the entire space erupted with a volcanic-like explosion towards the maiden.

The maiden's countenance drastically changed and she hurriedly



clasped her hands together. Her entire being seemed to be frozen solid as a suit of armor made entirely of ice formed about her. Using the Heaven Breaking Finger to stab at that ice armor, shattering sounds echoed as the suit of ice totally broke apart. However, the strength of her defense was sufficient to exhaust the might behind Qin Wentian's Heaven Breaking Finger. Evidently, the life-saving method of this maiden was too powerful.

Qin Wentian didn't halt his momentum. His Yuanfu seethed as the Astral Energy within surged. Contained within this fist was an incorporation of everything Qin Wentian had learned.

As the maiden stared at Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian locked eyes with hers. A glint of steely determination could be seen as his Mandate of Dreams gushed out. He had no intentions of giving her any leeway—he wanted to see exactly how powerful this maiden was.

“Bzzz!” A massive wind kicked up.

Peng...

A terrifying wind force rumbled through the mountain pass, altering the angle of Qin Wentian's punch. He was left thunderstuck—his strongest strike had instead landed on air. He couldn't help but wish that his opponent had used some amazingly powerful method to negate the force of his attack, rather than cause him to miss her entirely. That would have made him feel a little better, at least.

Retracting his aura, Qin Wentian ceased his movements, wearing a bitter smile on his face. This feeling of his plans being thwarted, caused all his earlier excitement about his own improvement to vanish into thin air. If the maiden made use of the opportunity earlier to attack, he would have been defeated. It was obvious that when sparring with him, the white-robed maiden was still holding herself in check.

Qin Wentian slightly inclined his head, this was the suppression of Mandates. A Mandate at the Perfection Boundary naturally enjoyed absolute advantage. Even if the power of his strikes didn't lose out to his opponent or was stronger than theirs, it was useless if his attacks couldn't hit.

When Barbarian King said that the Mandate of Force was the strongest, it was merely from his perspective. In truth, all Mandates were powerful, it only depended on the user.

“Mandate of Ice and Snow to use frost to slow their opponent's movements and using the Mandate of Wind to enhance one's speed. Such a combination is truly terrifying,” Qin Wentian murmured. The white-robed Maiden replied, “Once they reach the Perfection Boundary, all kinds of Mandates are fearsome to fight against in any form of combination. Taking you as an example, your Mandate of Dreams could make your opponents drowsy as you follow up with an attack powered by the Mandate of Force. Who could block you then?” “You're right. Anyway, thanks for accompanying me in sparring.” Qin Wentian wasn't bothered too much about victory or defeat, he smiled at the maiden clad in white, “My name is Qin Wentian, can I have the honor of knowing yours?”

The white-robed maiden glanced at the smile on Qin Wentian's face as she lightly replied, "Yun Mengyi."

"Hey brat, are you trying to woo the pretty girls?" At this moment, a voice suddenly drifted into Qin Wentian's eardrums, causing him to be startled. Shifting his gaze over, a bright light suddenly flashed in his eyes.

Behind him, there was a casually-dressed, messy-haired old man sitting atop a rock. He was currently staring at him with a smile that was not a smile.

Although Qin Wentian's current perception was overwhelmingly strong, he hadn't been aware of the old man's presence until he spoke.

"I'll leave first." Yun Mengyi had glared at that old man before she flew away, her actions caused Qin Wentian to be somewhat dumbfounded. He then turned his gaze onto that old man again and asked, "Is Senior the master of Yun Mengyi?"

"Why? Are you asking me to be your master too?" The eyes of the old man narrowed to slits, giving people a feeling of craftiness.

Qin Wentian was speechless, to be so indifferent towards his own image, this old man was one of the strangest eccentrics he'd ever met. Somehow, this guy felt like an even bigger fraud compared to the Barbarian King.

“You dare to chase girls with that small amount of strength of yours? How could you ever succeed?” The old man words caused Qin Wentian to be completely speechless, he couldn’t be bothered to refute that old man as well.

“If Senior has nothing else, Junior shall take my leave now.” Qin Wentian bowed to that old man as he turned and prepared to depart, causing the old man to start.

“Brat, if you leave, don’t regret it.” The old man ‘threatened’.

“Goodbye.” Qin Wentian turned his back towards him and waved his hands, he even increased his speed, instantly dashing down the mountains. That old man’s countenance twitched. This brat had even more of a personality compared to him...

“What are you all looking at? Get out of here. Your father, I have spoken.” The old man suddenly cursed, as several silhouettes instantly appeared. Their eyes were all filled with hints of suppressed laughter when they stared at him.

“Whoever dares to laugh, go ahead and try it.” The old man raged as he stepped out. Abruptly, the entire space was filled with an overwhelming pressure as the smiles in their eyes quickly disappeared. Their hearts were all filled with disdain for this old guy—taking out his anger on them after he was snubbed by a brat. This old man was too low class.

“Hey little barby, tell me what you think of that brat.” That old man pointed to a herculean figure as he inquired. The Barbarian

King wanted nothing more than to tear the old man apart when he heard how he'd been addressed.

He, the awe-inspiring Barbarian King, was termed as little barby?

Luckily there were no juniors here, if not he would have no more face to remain in the Unmatched Realm any longer.

“That little brat’s talent barely meets the mark, he depended on luck to barge through the tests and is definitely unqualified to become your disciple. Even if you wanted to give him to me, I would reject it because he’s too stupid,” the Barbarian King said with a straight face, his words causing the old man to roll his eyes. “F\*ck off! Scram right now, not a single truthful word came out of your mouth. Leave me now. You guys are not to leak what happened here today around.”

“Orh.” The Barbarian King and the rest nodded as they flew away at their fastest speed, before that crazy old man changed his mind again. That old man sat atop a rock, his small eyes gleaming with a strange light, nobody knew what he was thinking about!

# AGM 322 - Crafty Old Man

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Qin Wentian returned to the mountain where the Arrow Emperor presided, only to see Chu Mang hard at work practicing his archery, while Fan Le provided guidance to a young-looking lady.

This beautiful young lady wore a dress of green and exuded an aura brimming with naiveté and vitality.

“Brother Fan Le, can you execute the Setting Sun Arrow Technique once more for me to see?” The young lady sweetly smiled.

“Of course.” Without hesitation, Fan Le drew back his bow and fired, his arrows seemingly having the power to shoot down the sun. Ten arrows were linked in a continuous chain from tip to tail feathers, with the might of each arrow stacked over each other, reinforcing the power of each strike.

“Senior Brother, you are so awesome!” The young lady smiled. After which, she turned and looked to Qin Wentian as an expression of curiosity appeared on her face. Qin Wentian contemplated her as well and couldn’t help but to muse in his heart, what a beautiful girl, this young lady gave him a sense of surrealism, like those beauties you’d normally meet in a dream.

“Boss, this is Xuan Xin, my junior sister. She’s also skilled in archery.” Fan Le performed the introduction with a smile, having just noticed Qin Wentian as well.

“You are Qin Wentian? I just arrived at the Unmatched Realm but I hear your name everywhere.” Xuan Xin blinked. Just by interacting with her, people found themselves relaxing in the presence of her innocent beauty.

“Xuan Xin.” Qin Wentian smiled as he nodded, after which he swept a glance at Fatty. The Arrow Emperor took in such a beautiful young woman as his disciple, it seemed like the spring days of Fatty were coming soon once more.

“Oh yeah boss, didn’t you have something to do with Big Bro Chu Mang? He’s right there, don’t let us disturb you guys. I will continue coaching Xuan Xin,” Fan Le continued, his shamelessness causing Qin Wentian to blink. This damnable fatty was afraid that their presence would spoil his plans.

“Big Bro Chu Mang, let’s go.” Qin Wentian glared at Fatty before leaving with Chu Mang. Fan Le stared at Xuan Xin as he laughed, “Big Bro Chu Mang and my boss Qin Wentian all have very terrifying talents, they could be considered the number two and number three in the entire Unmatched Realm, just slightly losing out to me.”

When Chu Mang and Qin Wentian, who weren’t that far away, heard these words, black lines filled their faces. This damnable fatty, even if he wanted to impress the girls, there was no need to use them as sacrificial victims right?

“Didn’t you say Qin Wentian obtained access to all thirty-six Dao-

Cultivation Halls?” Xuan Xin voice drifted over from afar.

“Yeah, my genius rubbed off on him. He’s more proficient in an overall aspect, so I guess you can call him a jack of all trades. As for me, I focus only on archery because when I do something, I make sure to do it well. It's just like if I love a girl, she'd be the only one in my heart,” Fan Le said with a straight face, his answer causing Chu Mang and Qin Wentian to completely throw in the towel.

Chu Mang returned to the Dao-Cultivation Hall his master Qiao Long presided over, while Qin Wentian found a nearby cave dwelling and started to cultivate within. However, the moment he closed his eyes, an exceedingly ear-piercing whistling sound could be heard gushing over.

The air turned frosty as the coldness of the wind pervaded the bone. The biting chill of this wind was as sharp as the edge of a blade, causing Qin Wentian to break out in a cold sweat. A terrifying light flashed in his eyes, he noticed a fearsome hurricane gusting through the entrance of his cave.

“What’s going on?” Qin Wentian countenance stiffened as he stood up, trying to rush outside. However, the wind force of the hurricane buffeted him, making it tough for him to keep a firm hold on his footing.

“Buzz...”

Qin Wentian’s body was carried by the wind force into the air. A deafening sound thundered out as he was smashed into the ceiling



without mercy. Groaning miserably, he felt as though his skull was about to split apart.

“Where did this strange wind come from?” Qin Wentian’s gaze froze as he stared outside. This strange bout of wind seemed to blow the strongest within the tunnel leading out of the cave. Although the hurricane was spread throughout the cave, its wind-force wasn’t nearly as powerful as the gales in the tunnel.

Standing up once more, Qin Wentian steadied himself and slowly advanced step by step. However, the moment he stepped into the tunnel, the ferocious wind slammed against his body, the wind-force so intense that he couldn’t even keep his eyes open.

“BOOM!” He lost his footing and once again, the wind currents carried him up, blasting him headfirst into a section of the wall in the interior of the cave.

“WHO?!” Qin Wentian roared. It was impossible for this strange wind to suddenly manifest. There must be someone controlling it from behind the scenes. He soared into the air and swung a fist imbued with the Mandate of Force against the ceiling, causing the entire cave to rumble, and yet, the ceiling remained unaffected. It appeared as though the stone walls of the caves had suddenly been reinforced by something, there was no way for him to break through it.

Qin Wentian didn’t give up, he tested various sections of the caves but to no avail. He was trapped here, someone wanted to keep him here on purpose.

Clenching his fist, Qin Wentian stared at the demonic burst of wind in the tunnel that was separating him from the outside world.

“I don’t believe you can keep me trapped here.” Qin Wentian’s blood seethed and surged as the Astral Energy within his body erupted together with the will of his Mandate. A towering demonic qi permeated the air as his body seemingly transformed into a Garuda, flying towards the cave entrance with explosive speed. “Bzzz!” He felt as though a bolt of lightning dashed through the hurricane and entered his body. He only managed to close a third of the distance and had no way to proceed any further. And in proportion to the amount of strength used, the rebound effect would be even greater. This time around, when Qin Wentian was slammed into the wall, he involuntarily coughed out a mouthful of blood as his inner organs shook violently.

He stood up and tried again and again, but each attempt ended in failure. Qin Wentian gradually lost hope, he had no way to exit the cave and was trapped within its walls. Not only that, the hurricane in the tunnel was gradually gusting towards the interior of the cave albeit at an extremely slow speed...

“I can’t let this continue. If the hurricane enters the cave and I still have no way to counter it, I’ll be smashed to death.”

Qin Wentian’s countenance turned ashen. He needed strength, even more strength. He still wasn’t strong enough.

Falling down repeatedly, slamming into the walls again and again, Qin Wentian spat out countless mouthfuls of fresh blood. If his physique and bloodline weren't as strong, he would already be half dead.

“Who's the one behind this?”

Qin Wentian was speechless. Within the interior of the cave, booming sounds relentlessly rang out and in the blink of an eye, half a month had already passed. Under the intense pressure of the hurricane, Qin Wentian's strength improved by leaps and bounds, and as of that moment, his will of the Mandate of Demons could already cover his entire body, allowing him to resist the wind for short moments of time in his strongest state. However, he was still unable to exit the cave.

And now, that hurricane had already reached the interior cave. At this moment, his body was pressed against the wall in the cave. It wasn't something he wanted, but the intensity of the wind made him even unable to advance a single step forward. His countenance was as white as paper, and he looked a lot more haggard compared to the time when he first entered.

For what felt like more than a thousand times, Qin Wentian coughed up blood. In his heart, he repeatedly cursed the person behind this attack, and if curses could work, that person would have met his death a million times over.

Outside the cave, on top of an ancient tree, an old man yawned while lying on a branch, appearing to be enjoying a good sleep. Out of nowhere, a ferocious silhouette transformed into a stream of

light that zoomed towards him, but the old man merely blew a breath of air at it. The power of one breath caused the poor silhouette to be forcefully somersaulted many times.

“AWOOOO~” The transformed Little Rascal’s eyes glimmered with a golden light as it glared at that old man. However, its presence was totally ignored, the old man continued sleeping. “Ai, where can you find such a nice old man like me patiently and painstakingly guiding the junior generation? Kind people are always misunderstood,” that old man murmured to himself. Little Rascal bared its fangs when it heard those words as its countenance turned even more ferocious compared to before. If Qin Wentian were to hear this, he would definitely be so angered that he’d end up coughing out a few more mouthfuls of blood.

A month passed, and Qin Wentian was tormented for every second of it. He didn’t know how many bones he broke and couldn’t remember how many mouthfuls of blood he coughed up. Yet, he was still stuck in the cave.

Many in the Unmatched Realm all said that Qin Wentian was too afraid hence, he hid himself. No one had seen him for a long, long while.

Two months later, a silhouette finally stumbled out of the cave. The moment he was out, he collapsed on the floor, breathless, totally devoid of strength. His clothes were tattered, his hair all messed up, he didn’t have the energy to care about his appearance. Yet, he was wide-eyed as he stared at the old man sleeping on the tree. If looks could kill, that old man would already be dead.

Revenge, this was a clear-cut obvious attempt at revenge. That crafty old man actually had such a small heart.

“Hmm, who’s cursing me?” The old man fidgeted about as he opened his eyes. When he saw Qin Wentian glaring at him, his eyes narrowed as he laughed. “No need to thank me. For people like me who are the living embodiment of kindness, we do great deeds without seeking for repayment.”

“Junior will definitely find an opportunity to ‘repay’ senior,” Qin Wentian said with gritted teeth.

“No need, no need.” The old man sat up and slowly floated away. He didn’t forget to wave his hands as he added, “Your strength is circulating evenly around your entire body, good to see that your Mandate of Force has already reached the Perfection Boundary. And like the noblest of men, I remain unnamed as I walk away with a flick of my sleeves, taking comfort in knowing that I’ve accomplished something marvelous, even as I hide the part I played from the world.”

Qin Wentian wanted nothing more than to fiercely beat up this old guy in front of him. However, it was obvious that he wasn’t a match for him. Most probably, that old man would only need a single finger to toss him off the mountain.

“Wait, my Mandate of Force reached the Perfection Boundary?” Qin Wentian froze.

It was true, he hadn't realized it back then, but he'd done so unconsciously after countless tries. Only by infusing and circulating his entire body with the will of his Mandate of Force would he be able to overcome the intense gales and walk out of the hurricane. His first level of insight into the Mandate of Force had already reached the Perfection Boundary.

"Damn that old man into the deepest depths of hell, he better not fall into my hands." Qin Wentian bitterly smiled. Such a breakthrough was only obtained by undergoing hellish tortures. Only someone as crazy as that fraudster old man would have thought of something like this. If he didn't manage to breakthrough to the Perfection Boundary, he really would have died in there.

Qin Wentian closed his eyes, he could finally sleep in peace. And in the end, he slept for a total of seven days, it was too comfortable. Qin Wentian wasn't willing to wake up.

As of now, Qin Wentian had already been in the Azure Continent for half a year.

And throughout these six months, he had continuously grown in strength. He wasn't the only one—both Ouyang Kuangsheng and Wang Xiao had already stepped into the seventh level of Yuanfu. In fact, everyone training in the Unmatched Realm would eventually improve, regardless of where they were, or what methods they used.

For geniuses like them, no one was willing to waste time. Sometimes, if they were late by a single step, it might mean that

they'd be unable to catch up for their entire lives.

And currently, the geniuses of the Grand Xia Empire had already started to make their way towards the Ancient Kingdom of the Ginkou Continent. Some remained behind, choosing to continue improving their strength as much as possible until the very last second. Only by expending all their efforts would they have a chance to contend with the strongest geniuses throughout Grand Xia!

# AGM 323 - Finding Trouble

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While Qin Wentian was trapped in the cave, a major event happened in the Unmatched Realm—Fatty had fallen in love!

But if it were merely a case of Fatty being in love, this wouldn't be considered such a big matter. The problem was the target of his love, Xuan Xin, was the little princess of the Mystic Maiden Palace.

Consequently, this became more than a big issue.

Fatty was about to get married!

The Mystic Maiden Palace was different from the many other powers out there, they only accepted female disciples and each female must have an extremely high degree of talent before becoming core members. The little princess of the Mystic Maiden Palace, Xuan Xin, was one such disciple.

At this moment in the Unmatched Realm, a group of figures all clustered together. Among them was Wang Xiao's girl friend Qiao Xuan and also Liu Xi who was once bashed up by Qin Wentian. Normally, they would be jealous of Xuan Xin, but right now, their faces only reflected ice-cold rage when they saw the shameless figure of Fatty in the distance.

Fatty Fan Le, was one of Qin Wentian's buddies.

“Xuan Xin, come here.” Li Shiyu, one of the Mystic Maiden



Palace's disciples called out. She had a cultivation base at the eighth level of Yuanfu and was a chosen of her sect. Yet despite how outstanding she was, she didn't get the title of 'Princess'.

"Sister Shiyu, we are truly in love with each other." Xuan Xin stared at the crowd from the Mystic Maiden Palace, feeling a little scared.

"Xuan Xin, don't be fooled by the flowery words of this fatty." Li Shiyu's tone was ice cold and brooked no arguments. "Come here first."

"Forget it, Sister Shiyu." Xuan Xin pulled on Fan Le's hand, feeling more than a little terrified. Fan Le squeezed her hands tightly, and in front of many murderous stares, he puffed his chests outwards, exuding a manly aura. Initially, this was a move that could touch the hearts of girls, but when Fan Le did it, it made those watching from the side feel like laughing instead. They were all thinking a beautiful flower like Xuan Xin was going to be wasted on Fan Le—for the handsome young lads in the Unmatched Realm, this was completely unacceptable.

"I will take Xuan Xin as my wife," Fan Le seriously stated. This time, his heart had been truly moved by this naive and radiant young girl. Xuan Xin was extremely intelligent, and in fact knew that Fan Le was bragging to her many times, but she had never exposed his lies. She simply enjoyed being in Fan Le's company and loved the fact that he could always make her laugh.

"You want to take Xuan Xin as your wife? What qualifications do you have? Stop dreaming," Li Shiyu icily shot back. "Do you know

of Xuan Xin's identity?"

"Someone who doesn't know how tall the Heavens are and how wide the Earth is, an ugly toad lusting after a beautiful swan." Lin Haotian had his arms crossed in front of his chest as he spat out. The girls of the Mystic Maiden Sect had always been the target of many talented geniuses from the Azure Continent. Who would have thought this fatty would manage to win the heart of the little princess? "Li Shiyu, in the Unmatched Realm, even you wouldn't be able to do anything to him. If he really loves the little princess, why don't you give him a chance and ask if he's willing to follow you girls back to the Mystic Maiden Palace." Yue Bingying had a slight smile on her face, she had been seeking Qin Wentian's whereabouts for many months but to no avail.

All this time, it seemed that Qin Wentian had been intentionally avoiding her, and now an opportunity had fallen into her lap. She'd heard that Fan Le was a close friend of Qin Wentian, so if something were to happen to Fan Le, Qin Wentian would surely appear right?

"Yeah, Xuan Xin, since he says he loves you, why don't you ask him if he dares to follow us back to the Mystic Maiden Palace?" Li Shiyu spoke to Xuan Xin while staring at Fan Le.

Xuan Xin shook her head, "No, I won't let him go there."

"You..." Li Shiyu's expression faltered and abruptly turned menacing.

“Oi, Li Shiyu, I think my friend is quite compatible with Xuan Xin. Why are you making such a commotion, don’t tell me nobody wants you?” A straightforward voice filled with unabashed laughter drifted over. Li Shiyu shifted her gaze in that direction and soon noticed Ouyang Kuangsheng and a few other figures walking towards them. The one who spoke was naturally Ouyang Kuangsheng.

“Ouyang Kuangsheng, don’t think I won’t dare to make a move against you just because you’re from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. You better watch your words,” Li Shiyu coldly replied.

“Wait, have I hit the nail right on the head? You are afraid of being left on the shelves. Don’t worry about it, have you met my good friend Chu Mang? His talent is outstanding and should be pretty compatible with you. Why don’t you consider him?” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed and pointed to Chu Mang, his actions causing Chu Mang to glance at Li Shiyu before he dumbly replied in a low voice, “I don’t want her...”

As the sound of his voice faded, the expression on everyone’s faces froze. Even Ouyang Kuangsheng was stunned by Chu Mang’s directness. Chu Mang really was too adorable. Li Shiyu’s face immediately darkened with violence. The surrounding crowd all perspired, Chu Mang’s words implied that even if Li Shiyu were to be wrapped up and presented to him as a gift, he still wouldn’t want her. Not only that, his tone had been serious when he had spoken earlier.

“All of you, good. Very good.” A coldness radiated from Li Shiyu while momentarily, an overwhelming pressure also erupted forth

from the other maidens. The crowd instantly took several steps back, giving the two parties some space. Ouyang Kuangsheng frowned, if they fought now, his side would definitely end up in dire straits.

There were a total of five people from the Mystic Maiden Palace. One was at the eighth level of Yuanfu, while two others at the seventh level and the remaining two at the sixth level.

And on the side of Fatty, other than Xuan Xin, there was only Chu Mang and Ouyang Kuangsheng. Evidently, their combat prowess level was lower in comparison as they only had two at the seventh level and one at the sixth level. They would undoubtedly suffer if they were to battle.

There were others from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, like Ouyang Ting, who were present as well. Duan Qingshan had already gone to make his preparations for breaking through to Heavenly Dipper while Ouyang Ting chose to remain behind in the Unmatched Realm to cultivate. Currently, she was already at the sixth level of Yuanfu but of course, she wouldn't act to help them. This whole matter was just Ouyang Kuangsheng wanting to help his friends from the outside and had nothing to do with their Ouyang Clan. If Ouyang Kuangsheng wanted to help, let him settle this on his own then.

From afar, a human and a demonic beast were flying through the air. They couldn't help but be startled when they saw the gathering crowd below.

This person was none other than Qin Wentian. He saw that Fan

Le and the rest of his friends were in the middle of a confrontation with another group of people.

“What’s going on?” Increasing his speed, Qin Wentian moved like the wind as he zoomed towards the crowd. Upon hearing the whistling in the air, the crowd turned their heads as they momentarily stiffened.

Qin Wentian had finally appeared.

Several people in the crowd turned their gazes towards Yue Bingying; they knew that she had been looking for Qin Wentian for quite some time, but hadn’t been successful. Before this, Qin Wentian had seemingly disappeared without a trace, as though he’d been purposefully avoiding her.

“You finally showed your face.” Ouyang Kuangsheng hadn’t seen Qin Wentian for a very long time, and he couldn’t help but smile when he saw his brother had finally appeared.

Qin Wentian stood in mid-air, yet there were a group of people blocking his path. These people were none other than a small group of members from the Sword Extinction Sect. Lin Haotian slowly walked out, coming face to face with Qin Wentian.

“You finally got tired of hiding?” Lin Haotian’s gaze was as sharp as a sword, piercing straight through Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian swept his gaze over to him, this was the same guy

who broke his concentration during that critical moment back then. From what Cang Lan said, this person was a lackey chosen by Situ Po's companion to arrange a meeting with him.

“Fatty, did you stir up trouble again?”

Qin Wentian only cast a single glance at Lin Haotian before shifting his gaze over to Fan Le. Seeing how Xuan Xin was totally in love with Fan Le, Qin Wentian couldn't help cursing Fatty in his heart. This fatty was truly a genius, he had even managed to woo Xuan Xin.

Qin Wentian was already praying for Xuan Xin in his heart. How would this adorable young lady stand the shamelessness of Fan Le in the future?

“I'm mutually in love with Xuan Xin, how is this called stirring up trouble?” Fatty unabashedly replied, “However I didn't know until recently that Xuan Xin was the little princess of the Mystic Maiden Palace.”

Fatty grinned, the corners of his lips contained an apparent sense of pride. His girlfriend was a princess of the Mystic Maiden Palace!

“I see.” Qin Wentian instantly understood the situation, his admiration for Fatty reached a new level.

“However, it doesn't look like I'm the only one that wants to ‘stir up trouble’.” Fan Le glanced at Lin Haotian who was blocking Qin

Wentian's path. This person was rumored to be an extremely powerful opponent, someone that was selected to be groomed as a chosen for the Sword Extinction Sect. His radiance was only overshadowed by Situ Po—if not for that, he would be the number one among the younger generation in his sect.

“You better worry about yourself first before acting the hero. How should we deal with this unresolved issue between us?” Lin Haotian's voice was like a sharp sword as he stared hard at Qin Wentian, “You told me to scram the last time we met, but now you don't have your Divine Inscriptions to protect you. I'd like to see how you plan to clear things up.”

“Indeed, it's about time to settle the matter between us.” Qin Wentian nodded seriously. Interrupting his breakthrough at the most critical moment and now Lin Haotian even dared to look for him on his own accord to ‘settle’ the matter? In any case, in the world of cultivation, power determined whether one was right or wrong.

“Tell me, how do you think we should settle it?” Qin Wentian stared at Lin Haotian as he asked.

Lin Haotian glanced at Yue Bingying who was standing nearby. Qin Wentian followed his gaze as he recalled her identity. She was a woman from the Azure Emperor Palace that he might have to meet again in the future. After all when he grew stronger, he still had to restructure the Azure Emperor Palace and take back the authority which rightfully belonged to him.

“You guys try him out to see if he's qualified for me to spar

against. If he isn't capable enough, do whatever you see fit," Yue Bingying casually stated. The truth was that she was exceedingly curious and merely wanted to see Qin Wentian's capabilities with her own eyes. As someone who obtained the approval of all thirty-six halls, she wanted to compare Qin Wentian's strength to that of her companion, Situ Po.

However, Qin Wentian actually rejected her.

Sparring?

Qin Wentian coldly laughed. Yue Bingying truly overestimated herself. She wanted to fight against him and so he must appear?

Bzz....

Sword light flashed as the two experts from the Sword Extinction Sect made their move. At the same time, Lin Haotian's sword left its sheath as well. Overflowing sword intent gushed forth from him—he knew that even with the assistance of his two fellow disciples, it was still impossible to defeat Qin Wentian. After all, Qin Wentian once dominated Liu Xi who was at the peak of the sixth level.

The swordsmen transformed into two streams of light as they instantly shot towards Qin Wentian. Yet, the expected sounds of slashing didn't ring out. The crowd turned their heads and froze, their expressions stunned when they saw the swordsmen had been stopped in mid-air. Despite their momentum and the driving force of their sword slashes, they were unable to maneuver their swords



a single inch forward.

The very edges of their swords were firmly gripped by his bare hands!

# AGM 324 - Force

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Those from the Sword Extinction Sect were all experts in sword techniques, possessing Sword-type Astral Souls as well as a comprehension of the Mandate of Swords.

Swords, because of their sharpness, were a huge boost to one's attack power. A cultivator at the sixth level of Yuanfu from the Sword Extinction Sect using sword-type innate techniques would have sufficient combat prowess to fight even against those from the seventh, eighth or even ninth level of Yuanfu. This was also the reason why Sword Cultivators are often said to have the highest attack power.

Yet, Qin Wentian actually used his bare hands to catch hold of the incomparably sharp swords.

Demonic qi coated Qin Wentian's palms, and the two swordsmen froze for a moment before they recovered and reacted instantly. They channeled their sword qi into their swords causing a multifold rise in their sharpness. The swords vibrated violently, and both swordsmen took this moment of respite to pull the swords out of his grasp, interchanging their position and criss-crossing their swords, aiming for Qin Wentian's neck.

However Qin Wentian merely stood there, calmly looking at the two of them. At this moment, the swordsmen all paled.

Their attack was completely ignored.

Not only did Qin Wentian use his bare palms to catch their swords, right now, he was allowing them to freely attack.

Even Lin Haotian was dumbfounded as he stared at the scene happening in front of him. How was this possible? His two fellow disciples were extremely powerful but despite given reins to freely attack, they were still unable to break Qin Wentian's defense.

“Sword Extinction Sect? With your little bit of strength you still want to request for a meeting with me?” Qin Wentian calmly stated. Thanks to the Fiend Transformation Art, his physique had originally been akin to that of demons, but now it was many times stronger compared to ordinary humans.

Comparing humanity and demonic beasts, an ordinary human sixth level Yuanfu cultivator couldn't be compared to a demonic beast of the same grade. Only sword cultivators of the same level would be able to break their defenses. However, Qin Wentian was different, not only did he have a physique comparable to a demon, his will of the Mandate of Demons further reinforced it. And adding to that, his Mandate of Force had already reached the Perfection Boundary and was continuously circulating throughout his entire body. How could his defense not be monstrous?

For that reason, Qin Wentian could afford to totally disregard his opponents' attacks. The two of them chose to retreat. Although they were extraordinary geniuses that gained the qualifications to cultivate in the Unmatched Realm, if they couldn't even break Qin Wentian's defenses, this battle was meaningless.

At the instant of their retreat, Qin Wentian's palms both

demonified as he blasted out two palm imprints that instantly landed on the bodies of the two swordsmen. “BOOM!” A thunderous sound echoed, not only were they unable to break Qin Wentian’s defenses, they couldn’t even handle a single casual attack of his.

“That strength...” Ouyang Kuangsheng’s eyes flashed with a sharp light. Even he himself was unsure if he could defend against that attack, the power behind it was too terrifying.

Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Lin Haotian, who stared at him, but had yet to make a move.

“Why are you not attacking?” Qin Wentian grinned fiendishly. A hint of terror flashed through Lin Haotian’s eyes. Just from witnessing the power Qin Wentian had exhibited earlier, Lin Haotian knew it was highly probable that he wasn’t Qin Wentian’s match. And if he lost, his reputation would suffer too great a blow—a chosen of the Sword Extinction Sect lost to someone with a lower cultivation level? How would others look at him then? But still, with so many eyes on him, he couldn’t simply run away.

“Seems like you’ve improved, you are worthy for me to take you seriously.” Lin Haotian’s sword intent surged forward in violent waves and an instant later, a terrifying windstorm kicked up, with him in the centre. Every step he took, the pressure of his sword might pierced towards Qin Wentian.

The entire space was filled with the keening of his sword intent.

“What a powerful stance, his first insight in the Mandate of Swords has already reached the Transformation Boundary.” The crowd could clearly sense the sword might surrounding Qin Wentian, powerful enough to lacerate anything in its path. Although Qin Wentian’s defense was inhumanly powerful, there should be no way for it to stand against Lin Haotian’s sword might.

“BOOM!”

Lin Haotian took another step forward, increasing the intensity of the sword might’s pressure. Even those standing far away could clearly feel the sharpness he was currently radiating.

Yet another step forwards, the entirety of the sword might condensed together and with a slashing motion, the Extinction Swordplay erupted forth, a sure-kill technique targeted at Qin Wentian.

Sword Extinction Sect, Extinction Swordplay. A single sword causing ghosts and demons to wail, eradicating all life under the heavens.

Qin Wentian could feel the terrifying aura of extinction contained within that sword, as well as Lin Haotian’s conviction in the power of his attack. “Isn’t Lin Haotian too ruthless? With such a sword move, he might kill Qin Wentian and break the iron rules of the Unmatched Realm.”

“I don’t think so, he merely wants to use his strongest attack to test out Qin Wentian’s true strength. He should understand that at

most, this will only injure Qin Wentian, not go as far as to claim his life. Qin Wentian is just too powerful.”

The crowd was all in discussion, as well as silently remarking in awe at the chosen of the Sword Extinction Sect. The moment he made his move, they could all sense how overwhelming his attack was.

Qin Wentian was still as calm as before. The Astral Energy within his Yuanfu rumbled as demonic qi coated every part of his body.

Lin Haotian had a cultivation base at the peak of the seventh level of Yuanfu, and with the power of his attacks, fighting against him was undoubtedly equivalent to fighting against someone at the eighth level. In fact, Lin Haotian’s combat prowess was far beyond ordinary cultivators at the eighth level of Yuanfu.

This person was arrogant, but he had the power to back up his attitude.

Despite Lin Haotian’s advancement, Qin Wentian still hadn’t moved a single step. His presence was like an immovable mountain—invulnerable in spite of the mounting pressure.

And finally, when Lin Haotian’s aura rose to its peak, his entire person seemingly transformed into a sword, further augmenting the might of his earlier attack.

At the same moment, Qin Wentian also made his move. He took a

single step forward, and that simple motion was like the wrathful howling of an ancient primordial beast, capable of causing the entire Heavens and Earth to shake. An aura of absolute obedience blasted out, Qin Wentian seemed to command their entire surroundings.

The resplendent sword rays were so bright that the crowd couldn't keep their eyes open. They only heard a towering roar as the entire region rumbled. That was the power of extinction.

Lin Haotian only needed one strike. This was the ultimate move in his arsenal, his most terrifying strike that contained the entirety of his sword might, all within a condensed form. He didn't intend to go easy on Qin Wentian.

Yet, the next moment, the mighty sword shattered as he spat out fresh blood. His chest had totally caved in, a terrifying imprint of a palm could be seen embedded on his flesh. His throat was being choked by an inhumanly enormous hand.

“HOW IS THIS POSSIBLE?!”

Lin Haotian's body was shivering from terror. His ultimate move was broken by strength. Pure, absolute strength. Qin Wentian's Mandate of Force had already reached the Perfection Boundary?

But even so, how could Qin Wentian, who only had a cultivation base at the sixth level of Yuanfu, break apart his ultimate attack?

“Do I even need Divine Inscriptions to deal with you? A genius of the Sword Extinction Sect only amounts to this much it seems.” Qin Wentian abruptly shifted his hand choking Lin Haotian to the side, the terrifying force flinging Lin Haotian through the air. An explosive sound soon thundered out in the distance, and the crowd gazed towards the noise. They couldn’t help but tremble when they realized Lin Haotian had crashed into a faraway mountain.

Qin Wentian, who broke through to the sixth level, was too terrifying. A monstrous talent of the Sword Extinction Sect was forcefully and completely dominated. Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Yue Bingying, as a sharp light flashed in his eyes. “Didn’t you want to spar with me? Do you think I have the qualifications to spar with you now?”

Yue Bingying involuntarily shuddered when she noted Qin Wentian’s gaze. Qin Wentian’s strength was too powerful, he must have already broken through to the Perfection Boundary, since even Lin Haotian was totally suppressed.

Although she was powerful, she wasn’t that much stronger compared to Lin Haotian. If she fought against Lin Haotian, there was no way for her to suppress him as Qin Wentian had done. Hence, she knew that if she fought with Qin Wentian now, she would definitely be defeated.

“No wonder you were able to gain the approval of the thirty-six eccentrics. Your strength is acceptable indeed.” Yue Bingying laughed, she didn’t attack, she wanted to use words to brush this matter aside.



“And?” Qin Wentian stared at Yue Bingying.

Yue Bingying furrowed her brows. And?

She made those remarks because she had already recognised Qin Wentian’s capabilities. “I admit that your talent is truly terrifying.” Yue Bingying forced out a smile as she continued.

Qin Wentian coldly laughed, “Just because you wanted to meet me, you commanded someone to bring me to you and ended up interrupting my breakthrough. Now that I’m standing in front of you, do you think a single sentence, ‘Your talent is truly terrifying’, can settle this? Who do you think you are?”

Yue Bingying’s countenance sank as her smile totally vanished. By saying as much as she had, she was already giving face to Qin Wentian. It could also be considered a form of compromise and in her perspective, this matter should have been at an end.

However, Qin Wentian totally didn’t give her any face at all.

“What do you want then?” Yue Bingying stated.

Qin Wentian stared at her, “Now, roll over here and apologize. This matter shall then be concluded.”

Yue Bingying’s countenance instantly changed. He wanted her to apologize? Was this a joke? It’s not funny at all.

The crowd all had expressions of disbelief on their faces. Qin Wentian wanted Yue Bingying to apologize?

Wasn't he too audacious?

First, even if one ignored Yue Bingying's identity as someone from the Azure Emperor Palace, she was also the companion of Situ Po, and Situ Po was still in the Unmatched Realm! Qin Wentian actually dared to say that he wanted Yue Bingying to apologize?

"Within the Unmatched Realm, you are not the only one with monstrous talent. You want me to apologize? Can you even bear the weight for that?" Yue Bingying's tone turned extremely frost-like as she threatened.

"Bzzz!"

A raging wind kicked up, Qin Wentian was resolute and didn't waste any more words, he instantly stepped towards Yue Bingying.

He had always been a man of few words, and because of Yue Bingying's frivolous desires, a whole lot of troublesome matters had fallen upon him. If he was not powerful enough, there was no doubt that he'd be harshly humiliated by those from the Sword Extinction Sect. Wanting Yue Bingying to apologize was only to be expected and wasn't something too over the top. But despite all that, Yue Bingying still wanted to intimidate him? In that case, there was no need to waste any more words on her.

Yue Bingying's countenance dramatically fell, she stepped back as her Astral Soul erupted with a brilliance. However, the aura Qin Wentian was exuding covered the entire space, it felt extremely stifling, like she was in the presence of an ancient primordial beast.

“Garuda's Chop, Dragon's Shout, Lion's Howl, Kirin's Arm, Ape's Madness... he completely comprehended all eighty-one stances of the demonic art on the rampart.” The crowd saw the oppressive might of Qin Wentian's attack, Yue Bingying was completely suppressed and soon after, she was slammed ruthlessly onto the ground, causing her to coughed out mouthful of blood. She no longer looked like the exquisite and elegant lady she was, but rather, as pitiful-looking as a vagrant instead.

Qin Wentian floated in the air, staring disdainfully down at her. Yue Bingying coldly shrieked, “Situ Po will never spare you!”

“I, Qin, will consider the consequences of my actions. If Situ Po wants revenge for you, he's welcome to look for me. But don't you think you are pathetic to keep using his name like that just because you are his companion? Are you a prostitute that sold your body to him in exchange for the right to do so? The Azure Emperor Palace's prestige has totally been thrown away by your foolish actions. If people didn't know better, they would think that the Azure Emperor Palace can only produce sluts.”

Qin Wentian flicked his sleeves and departed. His words caused Yue Bingying's countenance to alternate between shades of green and white, so angered that she involuntarily spat out another

mouthful of blood.

The crowd were all silently praying for Qin Wentian. This fellow was as brazen as the rumors, Situ Po would definitely hunt him down after this.

Qin Wentian was going to regret what he did today. Although his combat prowess was fearsome, how could he be the match of Situ Po? Regardless of cultivation level or will of Mandates, Situ Po was far above Qin Wentian!

# AGM 325 - Murderous Urges

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Ignoring the darkened countenance of Yue Bingying, Qin Wentian walked over to the place where Fan Le and the others were.

In this case, since Fan Le's party had the added combat power of Qin Wentian, it was undoubtedly many times stronger. With the combat prowess Qin Wentian just exhibited, he should be able to fight evenly with Li Shiyu who had a cultivation base at the eighth level of Yuanfu.

Qin Wentian, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Chu Mang, Fan Le; four men against Li Shiyu's party.

Their overall strength didn't lose out in the slightest.

The Mystic Maiden Palace didn't have absolute odds of victory.

The spectators at the side all had expressions of interest on their faces. Qin Wentian was only at the fifth level of Yuanfu when he stepped into the Unmatched Realm, and now that he had already broken through to the sixth level, his combat prowess was so strong to the extent that it was unbelievable. His rate of improvement was shockingly too fast.

Ouyang Ting involuntarily trembled in her heart when she saw how much Qin Wentian's strength had grown. If based on her own strength, then it meant she would be unable to avenge her hatred forever. Unless of course she borrowed the strength of her Ouyang

Clan, but if she chose to do so, Ouyang Kuangsheng would definitely stop her.

“Li Shiyu, open your eyes wide and see—this is my brother, Qin Wentian. And the ones standing before you; myself, Qin Wentian, Chu Mang and Fan Le, which of us can’t be compared to the members from your Mystic Maiden Palace?” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed as he continued, “Xuan Xin and Fan Le are both mutually in love, and their union will not disgrace your sect. Although Fatty Fan Le isn’t as handsome as I am, his talent is truly the cream of the crop. If Xuan Xin’s husband were to be chosen by your sect, the male candidate might not even be able to match up to Fan Le.”

“Hey, are you helping me or debasing me?” Fan Le grinned. Ouyang Kuangsheng’s mouth was too nonsensical. He, Fan Le, was suave and elegant, what did Ouyang Kuangsheng mean by saying he wasn’t as good looking as him?

“Hmph.” Li Shiyi coldly snorted. No matter how she viewed Fan Le, she couldn’t find him pleasing to the eye. Maybe if Xuan Xin had chosen Ouyang Kuangsheng or Qin Wentian, she would be able to accept it. But really? Fan Le?

“Is there no one else from the Sword Extinction Sect or Azure Emperor Palace?”

Li Shiyu helplessly glanced around her for help. Earlier, Qin Wentian forcefully dominated Lin Haotian and the two others from the Sword Extinction Sect and even dared to bash up Yue Bingying. She didn’t believe that the two sects would simply swallow this down. Obviously, Li Shiyu didn’t have the confidence

to fight against Qin Wentian with just her members alone. She wanted an alliance with the Sword Extinction Sect and Azure Emperor Palace before she made her move.

“No need.”

From afar, a cold and detached voice drifted over. As the crowds turned their gaze over, the expressions on their faces all froze. They saw an extraordinary-looking figure flying over— he, who was always gentle and normally quiet, was actually exuding such killing intent that those who felt it involuntarily shuddered.

He appeared so fast? In that case, Qin Wentian was surely dead.

Situ Po instantly approached Yue Bingying. Stretching his hands outwards, he wiped away the traces of blood on the corner of her lips as he asked in a gentle voice, “How are your injuries?”

“I’m still okay, cough cough....” Yue Bingying’s face lost all hints of color. She turned to Situ Po and sobbed, “He said I’m a prostitute, selling myself to you just to use your name.”

“Nonsense. I’ll make sure nobody dares to say such nonsense ever again.” Situ Po gently caressed Yue Bingying’s hair as a tender smile flashed in his eyes.

“Mhm” Yue Bingying lightly nodded. Following which, Situ Po’s gaze turned upon Lin Haotian and the two other swordsmen. The three from the Sword Extinction Sect all lowered their heads, they

didn't dare to look Situ Po in the eyes. They had lost to Qin Wentian miserably, and thus lost all prestige of the Sword Extinction Sect.

“Be careful, Situ Po is truly terrifying, He has two Mandates at the Perfection Boundary and a third one at the Transformation Boundary. His combat prowess can definitely be ranked among those at the pinnacle of Yuanfu. If his opponent doesn't have any Mandates at the Perfection Boundary, even someone at the peak of Yuanfu would similarly be suppressed.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng warned in a low voice, his words causing Qin Wentian's gaze to turn heavy.

Qin Wentian was decisive when it came to doing things. So what if Situ Po came? He had a Mandate at the Perfection Boundary at the sixth level of Yuanfu. Even when faced against someone of the eighth level who also had a Mandate at the Perfection Boundary, he could still fight evenly against that person, and might even win.

However, Situ Po was a character similar to him, also obtaining access to all thirty-six Dao-Cultivation Halls. He had two Mandates at the Perfection Boundary and a third one at the peak of the Transformation Boundary. The combat prowess of such a character would definitely be beyond terrifying, and couldn't be treated like an ordinary cultivator at the eighth level of Yuanfu. Even treating Situ Po as someone with a cultivation base at the ninth level wouldn't do justice to his combat prowess.

Situ Po soared up to the skies, shifting his gaze onto Qin Wentian and the others before adding in a calm voice, “All of you can come



at me together.”

The expressions of the crowd faltered. This was arrogance, true arrogance. But there was no doubt it, Situ Po did have the capabilities to act this way.

Maybe, he wanted all of them to come at him together because Situ Po didn't want to be known as someone that bullied weaklings. After all, his cultivation base was two levels higher compared to Qin Wentian.

“How arrogant.” Fan Le stared at the silhouette standing in the air. He naturally had already heard of Situ Po's name. Before Qin Wentian had appeared, he was the demon-level talent that had caused tsunami-sized commotions in the Unmatched Realm. In half a year's time, Situ Po would join the challenge for the top ranked positions of the Heavenly Fate Ranking. His strength had already reached such a level now, so how much stronger could he potentially become in six months?

“Let me test out his strength.”

Chu Mang spoke, and as the sound of his voice faded, an Astral Bow materialised in his hands.

“Swish!” Resplendent arrows fired forth, the speed so fast that it was impossible to even track the trajectory with the naked eye.

Peng...

The arrows landed directly on Situ Po's chest, and the eyes of the crowd widened at their power. However, their faces were soon covered with incredulous disbelief, once they realised Situ Po continued to stand there unmoving. He hadn't even been forced back by the force of the continuous arrows attack. A rotating blob of light could be seen in front of Situ Po's chest—it appeared to be like an armor of stonelight, yet, after defending against the attack, it instantly vanished.

Even arrows used with insta-shot would be unable to break apart his defense. Such power was akin to when Qin Wentian used his bare hands to catch hold of the sharp swords of those from the Sword Extinction Sect.

“The Mandate he comprehended is a little strange. It's the Mandate of Stone, which is somewhat similar to the Mandate of Great Earth. The first level of insights of the Mandate of Stone, is Harden. He can instantly manifest the armor of stonelight and completely disregard attacks by opponents at the eighth level of Yuanfu,” Ouyang Kuangsheng stated. He had never seen Situ Po fight before, but he'd gathered information from stories that circulated in the Unmatched Realm.

However, it seemed that Situ Po was even stronger than what the rumors said.

Qin Wentian's countenance turned heavy. He was at the sixth level of Yuanfu with his Mandate of Force at the Perfection Boundary. Situ Po was at the eighth level and had the Mandate of Swords for attack and Mandate of Stone for defense. No wonder

he'd been so highly evaluated in the Unmatched Realm.

Chu Mang swung forth with his battle axe, only to see Qin Wentian waving his hands, signaling for him to stop. The Mystic Maiden Palace were like tigers eyeing their prey and Situ Po's strength was evidently stronger compared to theirs. Even if he were to battle, he shouldn't drag Chu Mang and the others into it.

"Let me take over." Qin Wentian rose up in the air as his bloodline activated. Gushing sounds rang out unceasingly, as the demonic qi he exuded grew stronger and stronger.

His body was transforming as well—the crowd stared in dumbfounded amazement when they saw an armor of demonic scales taking form around Qin Wentian. His physique shifted to become sturdier and larger, and the demonic qi he exuded permeated the entire area. His aura continued climbing skywards, causing many to be speechless.

Even a cultivator at the seventh level of Yuanfu would not have the powerful aura that Qin Wentian was exuding now.

"BOOM!"

Situ Po stepped out, directly walking towards Qin Wentian. His own aura skyrocketed, as he emanated an incomparably tyrannical pressure.

With a single punch, spatial fissures appeared around the air as

the strength of his attack rushed towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian waved his hands and blasted out with a dragon imprint. A fearsome explosive sound thundered, yet Situ Po continued to advance, completely disregarding the powerful swords of chaotic energy birthed from the collision of their attacks.

Qin Wentian's Divine Energy within his Yuanfu seethed and surged. The countless shadows of Garudas blotted out the skies as they rushed towards Situ Po.

Situ Po clapped his hands together with frightening speed, and the resounding impact destroyed the entirety of the Garuda shadows. With a flick of his finger, a greyish halo of light appeared above Qin Wentian. Against his will, Qin Wentian felt his entire body stiffening, becoming incredibly sturdy and more stone-like.

“BREAK!” Qin Wentian's countenance drastically changed. His sword-type Divine Energy frenziedly gushed forth as his demonic qi and will of Mandate of Force amalgamated together, forcefully breaking the petrification light halo apart.

However, Situ Po had already arrived right in front of him. Although he didn't feel that Qin Wentian was qualified to be termed as his opponent, he knew he had to completely dominate Qin Wentian in this battle.

“Bzz!”

Situ Po waved his hands, manifesting sword intent that sliced apart the continuous linkage of arrows that were shot out. At the same time, Situ Po's left hand chopped downwards, as a beam of light slashed towards Qin Wentian.

“Careful!”

Fan Le and the rest shouted. Qin Wentian's countenance paled as the overpowering Divine Yuan Energy within him exploded forth. As the sword slash landed, a slicing sound could be heard. Qin Wentian's chest had been lacerated as fresh blood splurged out, instantly dyeing his robes red.

“He's aiming to kill.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng's countenance instantly changed. He soared upwards, but in that moment, the experts from the Mystic Maiden Palace all combined forces, channeling their strength to Li Shiyu, who had trapped Ouyang Kuangsheng with a layer of mystical palm arts. The others then turned their attentions on to Fan Le and Chu Mang.

In the air, Qin Wentian retreated with explosive speed while his eyes were unrelentingly locked onto Situ Po.

“This place is the Unmatched Realm.” Qin Wentian's voice was ice-cold.

“So what? It's about time to kill you.”

Situ Po's voice was unperturbed. He stepped out once again as his killing intent gushed forth, enveloping Qin Wentian within.

Qin Wentian sullied the prestige of their Sword Extinction Sect and humiliated Yue Bingying. He had to die for these crimes.

Although Qin Wentian's talent was monstrous, in Situ Po's eyes, Qin Wentian was just a stronger insect. He had never once cared about him, or put Qin Wentian in his eyes. But today, Qin Wentian had actually dared to violate the two things he valued most, his sect and his woman.

Since that was the case, Qin Wentian deserved death.

The will of his Mandate of Swords at the Perfection Boundary erupted out. Situ Po made a grabbing motion in the air and Qin Wentian instantly felt his body stiffen. It appeared that Situ Po was cloaking him in a defensive armor but at the same time, his movements were also restricted.

Simultaneously, Lin Haotian and the members of the Sword Extinction Sect soared up in the air to cut off Qin Wentian's path of retreat. They would absolutely follow Situ Po's command.

If Situ Po wished to kill Qin Wentian, he had to do so at the fastest speed and leave the Unmatched Realm before any of the eccentrics appeared.

The Unmatched Realm, unmatched in the Azure Continent. The eccentrics wouldn't be bothered about chasing the law breaker once the law breaker exited the Unmatched Realm.

The hearts of the crowd violently pounded. Apparently, Situ Po truly wanted to kill Qin Wentian. Indeed, his arrogance was worthy of one that stood at the top—he only obeyed laws of his own making!

# AGM 326 - Death Battle

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How strong was Situ Po's killing intent? Since Qin Wentian's cultivation base was at the sixth level, he met with a suppression effect when faced against Situ Po's at the eighth level.

Even when it came to Mandates, Situ Po's Mandates of Swords and Stone were all at the Perfection Boundary, similarly enjoying a suppression over Qin Wentian. One also had to take into account the fact that Situ Po was the absolute chosen in the Sword Extinction Sect. How could any of the innate techniques he cultivated be weak? Furthermore, all three of his Astral Souls were also condensed from the 5th Heavenly Layer, so the quality of their Astral Energy was on par with that of Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's advantages were his three Yuanfu, his Divine Yuan Energy stored in one of his Yuanfu, his Fiend Transformation Art, that allowed him to have a demon physique, as well as the power of his double bloodline limits. However, what made Qin Wentian depressed was that even though his second bloodline was of a higher grade compared to the first, he couldn't utilize its full potential yet.

That mysterious bloodline was like an ancient treasure box, he could only excavate its strength step by step.

As for Divine Inscriptions, those third-level Divine Inscriptions which he could instantly inscribe were of no threat to Situ Po. Unless, he used his Heavenly Hammer Astral Soul as a base and inscribed Divine Inscriptions within his Yuanfu before going all out with one shot.



“Bzzz!”

Resplendent Astral Light bathed the area, Qin Wentian didn't bother to hide his third Astral Soul's radiance. That golden corona clearly indicated that his third Astral Soul was condensed from the 5th Heavenly Layer—an ancient demon with a terrible baleful aura. Underneath the augmentation of his Astral Soul, the demonic qi exuding from Qin Wentian was even stronger than before.

“Astral Soul from the 5th Layer. Oh yeah, we've never seen Qin Wentian unleashing his Astral Souls in combat before. This is the first time, and to think that it originated from the 5th Heavenly Layer.”

“Not just that, this is the Demon Sovereign Astral Soul, its ranked first in the Warbeast Index!”

Those below all felt as though a thunderbolt went off in their hearts. Qin Wentian and Situ Po, both of them were monstrous geniuses that obtained the approval of all thirty-six halls. Since Situ Po wanted to kill Qin Wentian, Qin Wentian chose not to hide his strength any longer, going all out and revealing his Demon Sovereign Astral Soul.

He had actually condensed an Astral Soul that corresponded with the Demon Sovereign Constellation, also ranked first on the Warbeast Index. If so, his fourth Astral Soul would undoubtedly hail from the 6th Heavenly Layer. By then, just the quality of his

Astral Energy alone would be overwhelming.

“His body...”

At this moment, the eyes of the crowd perceived an incredible scene. The demonic qi Qin Wentian exuded overflowed to the Heavens. It enveloped Qin Wentian's body and in moments, underwent a transformation... completely taking on the form of a demon.

This... the hearts of the spectators pounded madly. Was Qin Wentian really not a beastman? That demonic body, Wings of a Garuda, Scales of a Xuanwu, Arms of a Kirin, Claws of a Golden Dragon. The only part of his body that still retained a semblance to humanity was his head. The sight of the current Qin Wentian caused the spectators to feel terror on a primal level in their hearts.

The second stage of Fiend Transformation Art, Demon Emergence—using demon-attributed Astral Energy as support to condense a demonic body.

“That's definitely not the body of a half-beast, how could there be such a terrifying combination? Garuda wings for speed, Xuanwu scales for defense, Kirin arms and Dragon claws for attack. This is something that imitates the body of a Demon Sovereign and is an extremely abnormal combination. I'm pretty sure this is a cultivation art, so it's no wonder Qin Wentian could exude demonic qi of such amounts despite being a human. He must have definitely cultivated a demon-attributed cultivation art.”

Someone exclaimed, the revelation resounding in their hearts. If they all cultivated the same exact art, it would undoubtedly raise their strength by another level. After all, they had already seen how powerful Qin Wentian's physique was when he caught hold of the sharp swords with his bare hands.

Glints of light flickered in the eyes of many in the crowd.

Even Situ Po paused for a moment as he contemplated Qin Wentian's transformation.

Qin Wentian's bloodline thrummed in his body as a crimson glow enveloped his demonic frame, intensifying the aura of fear he projected. It seemed as though he was truly a demon king that hailed from the primordial era, disdainfully glancing at all around him. In that moment, he was the lord of all demons.

"Even if you are truly a lord among demons, you still have to die." Situ Po's voice broke the silence. Directing his palms at Qin Wentian, he made a squeezing motion, intending to petrify Qin Wentian. However, Qin Wentian continued standing there with a countenance as frosty as winter's chill. His Mandate of Demon erupted to its limits and he slashed forwards with his golden draconic claws, filled with boundless might.

There was no fear in Situ Po, he continued leisurely advancing forward. Extending out a finger, his sword intent birthed a wave of boundless sword might that condensed into a whirlpool of swords. The cacophony of the keening was so sharp that even hearing it

caused people to feel as though their bodies were about to be lacerated.

No matter how strong Qin Wentian's physique was, it would still break under his might.

Qin Wentian wanted a direct clash with him? So be it, regardless of what tricks Qin Wentian had up his sleeves, death was the only result that awaited him.

As the two of them collided, Situ Po's finger shot towards Qin Wentian's head. Qin Wentian shifted his body to the side, swiping out with his left claws as Divine Energy gushed out. But who was Situ Po? He reacted instantly, and changed his target—he locked down onto Qin Wentian's heart region.

At the same time, a resplendent light enveloped him as an armor of starstone formed. Qin Wentian also unleashed the Heaven Breaking Finger technique with his hands in the draconic claws form, breaking apart the dome of heavens with a single stab. The powerful innate technique, powered by the sharpness of sword-type Divine Yuan Energy, landed on Situ Po's protective armor, penetrating right through it.

Peng...

Both their attacks landed at the same instant. Qin Wentian's demonic frame shuddered and looked as though it were about to fall apart, his internal organs all shook tremendously as he coughed out several mouthfuls of blood. That single finger attack

of Situ Po contained an explosive might that was too terrifying, it was almost sufficient to lacerate him completely, taking his life right there and then.

“Cough...” More blood leaked out from his lips. A single attack by Situ Po had grievously injured Qin Wentian.

But what made the crowd thunderstruck was that Situ Po had also been injured. The starstone armor was pierced through, with blood flowing out from the wound. There was also a destructive energy that flowed into his body and targeted his internal organs, landing him in a state similar to Qin Wentian. What an intense collision.

And, Qin Wentian had actually survived? Not only that, he had even injured Situ Po.

Situ Po’s starstone armor was condensed from his Mandate of Stone at the Perfection Boundary, it could even soak up blows from experts at the ninth level of Yuanfu before shattering, yet Qin Wentian who was at the sixth level was able to break it. This indicated that Qin Wentian’s combat prowess was already comparable to experts at the ninth level of Yuanfu.

“BOOM!”

Situ Po took another heavy step forward, ignoring his injuries. He was actually injured—to him, this was undoubtedly a humiliation. Only Qin Wentian’s death would be able to cleanse the debt of shame he felt.

Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered, he retreated with the speed of lightning while Lin Haotian and the rest followed. They didn't dare get near to Qin Wentian and could only resort to long-range attacks.

As Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto them, his third eye gleamed. In the next instant, all three of them were trembling. Qin Wentian's palms wavered, instantly killing the two other cultivators at the sixth level of Yuanfu while rushing towards Lin Haotian.

Lin Haotian turned and dashed away, but how could he keep up with Qin Wentian's speed? As the Mandate of Demons bestowed upon him the ability to demonise the essence of his body, both his strength and explosiveness of speed were greatly enhanced. In addition to the speed boost granted by the Garuda's Wings, he instantly caught up to Lin Haotian as his golden draconic claws wrapped around his head. With a violent pull, Lin Haotian's head was separated from his body and flung far away through the skies.

Lin Haotian, a chosen from the Sword Extinction Sect was instakilled by Qin Wentian. The crowd watched in horror, even Yue Bingying was shivering from head to toe. How decisive, how ruthless, Qin Wentian didn't show a shred of mercy, and instantly acted with no fear of the consequences.

“RUMBLE!”

Situ Po's baleful aura rose to its maximum, his sword intent so

overbearing that it seemed as though it could pierce through Qin Wentian.

He wanted nothing more than to kill him, yet who would have thought that three of his fellow disciples would die in the hands of Qin Wentian instead.

Situ Po's body was akin to a sword itself. He transformed into a stream of light and chased after Qin Wentian, a cold light flashed as he slashed apart the Heavens with a single stance. In defense, Qin Wentian turned and blasted forth with the dragon imprint. Wrathful roars rumbled as a demonic dragon flew forth to meet Situ Po's attack.

“DIE!”

Situ Po appeared before Qin Wentian and slammed downwards with his palms. It was as though a mountain descended from the Heavens, smashing towards Qin Wentian.

A terrifying coldness flashed in Qin Wentian's eyes as he slammed out with both his arms. The Divine Energy within his Yuanfu rumbled as he directly shattered the mountain apart before rushing towards Situ Po.

The stone fragments of the shattered mountain were like swords controlled by Situ Po that relentlessly collided with Qin Wentian. Even with his defenses, Qin Wentian's demonic body couldn't endure such an impact forever.

Situ Po, upon seeing Qin Wentian rushing over to him, coalesced his sword intent into nine heavenly swords, their collective might could split apart heavens and shatter the earth. Qin Wentian's Divine Yuan energy frenziedly gushed out as several third-ranked Divine Inscriptions amalgamated together to form an ancient shield, trying to disperse the power of the nine swords. At the same time the remaining Divine Yuan energy within his body exploded outwards as he slammed out a palm strike towards Situ Po.

The armor of stonelight flashed in defense, as Situ Po retaliated with a palm strike as well. A thunderous sound echoed and Qin Wentian was catapulted through the air. His demonic form was disintegrating, as he spat out several mouthfuls of blood. In spite of this, the light in his eyes was as cold as ever.

“How can you survive if I want you to die?” Situ Po's killing intent was ignited, seeing how resilient Qin Wentian was. He continued advancing forward, even with traces of bloody wounds on his body.

Nobody would have expected that their battle would be this intense. They thought for sure Situ Po would definitely be able to insta-kill Qin Wentian, but it was obvious they had underestimated that mad man.

“Enough!”

A voice filled with overwhelming rage boomed out. However, Situ Po continued advancing, unwilling to retreat. A terribly cold wind kicked up and as a deafening blast thundered, Situ Po was directly flung back. He knew that although he had only fought Qin



Wentian for a short amount of time, the eccentrics of the Unmatched Realm had already arrived. “You all want to battle so much?” A cold snort rang out, heard in the minds of both Qin Wentian and Situ Po.

“I have to slay him, regardless of inside or outside of the Unmatched Realm,” Situ Po emotionlessly replied.

Qin Wentian didn’t say anything, yet the sharp glint of light in his eyes already indicated his thoughts. Today, he formed an enmity with Situ Po. Neither one could live while the other survived.

“Fine, since you guys want to battle, this old man here will give you all an opportunity.” The cold voice rang out again. “Three days later, at the Heavenly Steele Platform, I will lend the Heavenly Steele for use. The two of you shall barge through the Heavenly Steele Steps and the loser will leave the Unmatched Realm, never to return. Other than that, all cultivators in the Unmatched Realm can try to barge through as well. I shall pave the way for your path to the Ancient Capital of Grand Xia.”

This voice rumbled the entire Unmatched Realm, causing the hearts of all to pound in terror.

The eccentrics wanted to lend out the Heavenly Steele. What concept was this? And the purpose for them lending the Steele was to pave the way for them?!

However, deep in their hearts, they all knew that barging

through the Heavenly Steele Steps was extremely dangerous, just the slightest misstep and their lives would be in danger. This matter would definitely shake the entire Azure Continent!

# AGM 327 - Heavenly Stele Platform

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The Heavenly Stele Platform was situated in the core region of the Azure Continent, but in spite of this, there was usually no one around. The only person there was an old figure that seemed to be perpetually sweeping the Heavenly Stele Steps.

It was a marvelous place, yet nobody had ever dared to claim ownership of it, nor had anyone dared to destroy it. There was a rumor that the overlord of the place was a character of heaven-shaking and earth-shattering prowess, hence nobody dared to risk incurring his wrath.

The Heavenly Stele treasure, which the platform was named after, was of immense help to cultivators since it could tell their fate and talent level. Every time the stars descended, the Heavenly Stele Platform would draw countless cultivators over because of the legend associated with it. Barging up the flight of steps to the Heavenly Stele would enable one to change their innate degree of talent.

Furthermore, there wasn't a fixed time nor known law when it came to the moment the stars would descend, it purely depended on the emotions and attitude of the overlord.

Yet now, an eccentric elder from the Unmatched Realm said that he would borrow the Heavenly Stele from the overlord in three days' time, allowing them to barge through, and thus pave the pathway of their future for them.

Naturally, the eccentrics knew that a huge portion of the cultivators belonging to the younger generations in the Unmatched Realm would head to the Ginkou Continent at the end of the year.

It seemed as though the eccentrics of the Unmatched Realm had connections with the owner of the Heavenly Stele Platform, and could even borrow it from him, all for the sake of the younger generations' cultivation in the Unmatched Realm. And now, it was also for the dispute between Situ Po and Qin Wentian.

The loser would lose all qualifications and be barred from the Unmatched Realm henceforth. This was a battle neither could afford to lose.

If Situ Po lost, where would he put his face? His prestige would be totally tarnished. He had a cultivation base that was higher than Qin Wentian by two levels, yet he still failed to kill Qin Wentian today. On the contrary, Qin Wentian had even slayed Lin Haotian and two others in retaliation, this matter was already sufficient for him to feel ashamed.

If Qin Wentian lost, it meant death. Situ Po would never spare him.

“Senior, he killed people inside the Unmatched Realm.” Yue Bingying pointed to Qin Wentian. Apparently, she wanted to use the laws to get the elders to pressure Qin Wentian.

“Do you think I’m blind?” That powerful voice boomed out,

filled with traces of coldness. Yue Bingying paled, so what if she was from the Azure Emperor Palace, her background was of no use here in the Unmatched Realm, none of the eccentrics needed to give her face.

How many among the cultivators in the Unmatched Realm belonged to transcendent powers? And how many of them begged the eccentrics to accept them as disciples? What the hell was the worth of one Yue Bingying?

Evidently, the eccentrics were already clear regarding the battle between the two of them. Situ Po was the one who wanted to slay Qin Wentian first, Lin Haotian and the other two wanted to help, but ended up dead. How to determine who was in the wrong and right then?

If they wanted to pronounce a guilty party, both of them would be in the wrong.

“This matter shall end here today. If you two want to fight, then fight on top of the Heavenly Stele Platform instead. I want to see if you guys have the face to lose when the entire Azure Continent is spectating your battle.” The eccentric concluded his speech as the pressure in the air abated.

Situ Po’s countenance was still ice-cold, and when his eyes swept towards Qin Wentian, the intensity of his killing intent hadn’t diminished in the slightest.

“Three days later at the Heavenly Stele Platform, I will wait for

you,” Situ Po emotionlessly stated, before turning and vanishing from the spot. He appeared next to Yue Bingying, carrying her up before walking away, leaving the Unmatched Realm. Three days later shall be Qin Wentian’s death date.

Qin Wentian retracted his demonic aura as well as his Astral Souls, and the sudden loss of his demonic form revealed the grievous wounds he suffered in the battle. Situ Po was undoubtedly the strongest opponent within Yuanfu Realm that he had ever fought against.

Comparing talent, he was stronger than Situ Po, but in terms of combat prowess, Situ Po was stronger than him. After all there was a disparity in their level of cultivations, as well as Mandate’s Boundaries. The slight difference of a single level or boundary was a gap that separated the cultivators. If it weren’t for Qin Wentian having so many trump cards, he would have long died in the hands of Situ Po.

As he landed on the ground, Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Li Shiyu and those from the Mystic Maiden Palace once more. Li Shiyu coldly snorted and cast a glance at Fan Le before speaking to Xuan Xin, “Xuan Xin, three days later, Situ Po will definitely be the victor and at that time, only death awaits Qin Wentian. When the time comes, because Lin Haotian was killed by Qin Wentian, Situ Po will definitely not spare Fan Le and the others.”

“Sister Shiyu, Qin Wentian is only at the sixth level of Yuanfu yet he could fight against Situ Po to such an extent. The one with the stronger talent can be determined with a single glance. The Heavenly Stele Steps don’t take note of one’s combat prowess but

rather, one's talent, one's determination, one's conviction. How can you say that he is doomed to be the one defeated?" Xuan Xin somewhat indignantly replied.

Li Shiyu coldly snorted, "Situ Po was merely careless today, and because of the short amount of time they fought, he didn't manage to kill Qin Wentian. If not, do you think that he would still be alive? Xuan Xin, stop dreaming. Even if Qin Wentian's talent is monstrous, Fan Le isn't him, how can that fatty match up to you?"

Fan Le felt extremely depressed when he heard these words, and he opened his mouth and stated, "Beautiful lady, why don't we compete against each other? The eccentric said the Heavenly Stele Platform would be open to members of the Unmatched Realm. How about engaging me in a match over there?"

"With just you alone?" Li Shiyu disdainfully replied. "If you lose, I want you to voluntarily leave Xuan Xin."

How could she miss out on such a good opportunity.

"Wait, isn't that a little unfair? I can't make decisions on behalf of Xuan Xin without taking consideration of her heart," Fan Le's eyes flashed as he weakly added, "How about this... If I win, you become my concubine."

"You, you... Grrr." Xuan Xin glared at Fan Le, instantly appearing like a ferocious tigress.

“I’m kidding, I’m kidding babe.” Fan Le smiled, “How can such a woman match up to such a talented, handsome man like me?”

“Just wait and see.” Li Shiyu coldly retorted before turning and departing with those from the Mystic Maiden Palace. She had to inform her sect on the matter regarding the opening of the Heavenly Stele Platform as well as the business of Xuan Xin.

An expression of worry flashed past the eyes of Xuan Xin when she saw Li Shiyu and her fellow sect members leaving. Fan Le held her hand as he stated in a gentle voice, “Don’t worry. In three day’s time, this esteemed genius will definitely shock all the members of your sect with my performance. I will make them accept me as your companion.”

Seeing how Fan Le still didn’t forget to boast, even in this situation, Xuan Xin involuntarily smiled. Although this fatty was a little shameless, she was truly happy when she was together with him. In the Mystic Maiden Palace, she had never before come across this feeling, happiness with a tinge of sweetness.

“Boss are you feeling alright?” Fan Le and the others glanced at Qin Wentian.

“I’m fine, I only need a day of rest to recover from all this.” Qin Wentian smiled. The blood within his body circulated at extreme speeds, rejuvenating him and healing his injuries. From the smile on his face, it was impossible to link him with that ferocious man in demonic form that had fought against Situ Po earlier.



“You monster. If I was the one fighting against Situ Po, I would definitely have been insta-killed.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng couldn't help but be impressed, someone at the sixth level of Yuanfu could fight against Situ Po to such an extent. Qin Wentian had even condensed a beast-type Astral Soul that was ranked first in the Warbeast Index as well as cultivated a demonic art that grant him a demon-level physique. This fellow was too monstrous.

“You'd better be more careful, though. That demonic art of yours is so powerful that even transcendent powers from the Demon Continent might covet it. You have to understand that the demonic form you manifested earlier was something they've wanted to achieve in their wildest dreams, yet were unable to do so,” Ouyang Kuangsheng advised. Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head, he was already reminded of this by the Azure Emperor's words when he first obtained the Fiend Transformation Art, yet he had no choice but to go all out today when he fought against Situ Po. As for the future, he could only be more cautious and quickly seek to improve his strength.

After the contest for the top positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, if he could step into the peak of Yuanfu by then, it would be best if he could find a quiet place to enter into seclusion to prepare for breaking through to Heavenly Dipper.

Although they were all peak geniuses of their generations, they were still only at the Yuanfu Realm. Many in Grand Xia couldn't even be bothered to turn their gaze towards them. It was only by becoming a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign would one be granted a

modicum of speaking power, climbing on the flight of stairs which led to being truly powerful.

“What is the Heavenly Stele, exactly?” Qin Wentian inquired.

“The Heavenly Stele originates from ancient times, it can manifest illusions, and allow one’s innate talent to be changed. Regardless, although the Stellar Heavenly Stele may take the lives of those who attempt its test, there’s also the possibility of boosting one’s strength exponentially. Truly, it’s a rare treasure that’s rarely open to the public. Now that the eccentrics are borrowing it, it’s definitely an opportunity for us. We would then have a chance to raise our strength to a sufficient level to contend against the others in the Ancient Kingdom during the end of this year.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng’s voice contained a hint of anticipation. The fight today between Qin Wentian and Situ Po might not be a bad thing, at the very least, it ended up giving everyone a chance to conquer the Heavenly Stele Steps.

In the course of the next three days, the cultivators in the Unmatched Realm all started exiting it, informing this news to their respective sects and clans while simultaneously making their way to the Heavenly Stele Platform.

This news, circulated around the Azure Continent at an absurd speed.

And the transcendent powers of the Azure Continent were all

made aware of a single name—Qin Wentian.

Within the Unmatched Realm, in a battle between two geniuses, a nineteen year old young man with a cultivation base at the sixth level of Yuanfu, fought almost evenly against the chosen of the Sword Extinction Sect, Situ Po. This news caused many members from the younger generation in the Sword Extinction Sect to feel humiliated. However, the elders of the sect didn't really pay attention to this. Although each absolute talent was tough to cultivate, Lin Haotian actually died in the hands of a fellow with a cultivation base even lower than him. This only meant that he was trash, so it was highly unlikely that the elders of the sect would take revenge for his death.

They would leave the act of killing Qin Wentian to Situ Po.

In the meantime, the gazes of countless people all turned to the Heavenly Stele Platform.

For safety reasons, Ouyang Kuangsheng secretly gathered some elders of his clan to act as protection in the shadows for their entourage when they travelled from the Unmatched Realm to the Heavenly Stele Platform. Who knew if there'd be people planning a sneak attack to ambush Qin Wentian? They had to be more cautious.

Today at the Heavenly Stele Platform, experts were as common as clouds. There were many from the younger generations of the major powers that cultivated in the Unmatched Realm. For these people, they all had a chance to barge up the Heavenly Stele Steps today. On the flight of steps below the Heavenly Stele, there was an

old man clad in blue with a broom in his hands, quietly sweeping the surface of each step. He seemed unaware of the concept of fatigue, as though he'd repeated those sweeping motions for an eternity. "BOOM!" From afar, the sound of a chiming bell echoed from the Heavenly Stele Platform. The skies instantly changed color as columns of starlight shone upon the Stele. Instantly, a marvelous sensation permeated the atmosphere.

Starlight enveloped all three sides of the Stele, covering the steps entirely as they shone with a resplendent brilliance.

"Bzzz!" A raging wind kicked up as numerous silhouettes all landed on the ground below the Heavenly Stele Steps. The cultivators from the Unmatched Realm were all beginning to gather.

At this moment, a silhouette floated through the air; this man was none other than Situ Po. His gaze turned and fixated towards a certain direction where Ouyang Kuangsheng, Qin Wentian, Fan Le and the others were gathered at.

"In the last decade, the twenty-seven steps of the Heavenly Stele Platforms have been 'activated' a total of three times. During this time, the highest record has been the 18th step. Today, I shall break that record," Situ Po languidly spoke, his sharp eyes riveted onto Qin Wentian. "Today shall also mark the anniversary of your death."

# AGM 328 - Not A Genius, No Gazing Upon The Heavenly Steele

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Qin Wentian shifted his gaze onto Situ Po, before turning it onto the Heavenly Steele Steps. A mysterious energy enveloped all twenty-seven steps, each emanating an extremely formidable might.

At this moment, not only those from the Unmatched Realm came, there were also several silhouettes with extraordinary demeanors, who exuded auras that didn't lose out in the slightest to Situ Po.

Situ Po would definitely be a Heaven's Chosen from the Sword Extinction Sect, however he was still lacking in one aspect; he had not yet fought against the other top rankers of the Heavenly Fate Ranking. And for those top rankers in the Azure Continent, many of them had recently been in closed-door seclusion preparing to break into Heavenly Dipper or for the journey to the Ancient Kingdom at the end of the year. They rarely showed their faces in the Unmatched Realm these days.

Yet, how could they miss the opportunity today?

For the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, other than Ouyang Kuangsheng's faction, there were two other great camps of power. One of the other camps were led by a young man robed in purple, and not far away from him, were Duan Qingshan and Ouyang Ting.

This young man was a Heaven's Chosen from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. Ouyang Zheng, ranked tenth in the latest update of the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

However, there were rumors saying that Hua Taixu and a few others had already broken through to Heavenly Dipper. This meant that there was definitely going to be another change in rankings after the year end trip to the Ancient Kingdom. Most of the time the changes in the rankings were minor. But once every three years, the Venerate Heavens Sect would do a complete overhaul and re-do the Heavenly Fate Ranking entirely. Therefore, most people would only look at the names on the Heavenly Fate Ranking once every three years. And since this was the case, if one were to disregard the appearance of even stronger characters than himself, Ouyang Zheng would have a high probability to be ranked within the top eight.

Currently, the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, had two of their chosen in the Yuanfu Realm—Ouyang Zheng and Duan Qingshan. Apart from those two, Ouyang Kuangsheng also had a special status that was considered of a higher grade than them.

“Zang Lengfeng from the Multidirectional Thunderwind Sect has also arrived.” The gazes of the crowd turned to a young man with a cold-looking face. This was a Heaven's Chosen from the Multidirectional Thunderwind Sect, ranked twelfth on the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

In the direction of the Mystic Maiden Palace, Li Shiyu was standing beside a beautiful young lady. That lady glanced over towards Qin Wentian and surveyed the people around him as she

stated, “Xuan Xin, come over here.”

Xuan Yan, ranked seventeenth on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, a Heaven's Chosen from the Mystic Maiden Palace.

“Ouh.” Xuan Xin cast a glance at Fan Le before moving towards Xuan Yan.

“You will accompany all of us to conquer the Heavenly Stele Steps,” Xuan Yan stated, she made no mention of Fan Le.

“Bingying, is he the person you were referring to”

In the direction of the Azure Emperor Palace, a silhouette stood beside Yue Bingying. He was pointing to Qin Wentian as he questioned her.

“Yes.” Yue Bingying nodded, her eyes flickering with a cold light.

“If Situ Po is victorious, he will slay this fellow. But if Situ Po somehow doesn't manage to do it, there's still me,” that person quietly spoke. He was the Heaven's Chosen from the Azure Emperor Palace, Yue Bufan.

Yue Bufan didn't bother to mask his voice, the surrounding crowd's gaze all followed his fingers that were pointed right at Qin Wentian.

“This person is the rumored one that flipped the entire Unmatched Realm upside down? I heard that he’s the same as Situ Po, gaining access to all thirty-six halls. He even insta-killed Lin Haotian, as well as two others from the Sword Extinction Sect. It appears that Situ Po’s Extinction Swordplay wasn’t sufficient to claim his life.”

“Not only that, I’ve heard that his third Astral Soul was condensed from the Demon Sovereign Constellation, an Astral Warbeast ranked first in the Warbeast Index. His Astral Soul is more outstanding than those condensed by the other Azure Continent geniuses.”

“Yeah, and that fatty by his side goes by the name of Fan Le. He excels in archery and is the disciple of the Unmatched Realm’s Arrow Emperor. The Arrow Emperor is a formidable existence whose fame has resounded throughout Grand Xia, he can kill opponents from a thousand miles away with no one noticing his presence.”

“True, but look at his appearance, I don’t understand why the little princess of the Mystic Maiden Palace would fall in love with him. How interesting, maybe it’s because of his flowery words? After all, with Xuan Xin’s talent, there’ll be countless geniuses pursuing her in just a few year’s time. Why would she fall for that damnable fatty?”

The buzz of conversation echoed through the crowd. Almost everyone knew of the reason for the eccentrics lending the Heavenly Stele, which was all because of the dispute between Situ Po and Qin Wentian. It was also partly because of the mutual love



between Qin Wentian's good friend Fan Le and the little princess of the Mystic Maiden Palace. Moreover, the famous Ouyang Kuangsheng chose to side with them.

The crowd was wondering how this group of people would perform regarding the test of the Heavenly Stele Steps.

On the steps, the old man standing there slowly spoke, "Those who desire to take this test, do so at your own risk."

His words caused the hearts of many to shudder, as the countless rumors of the Heavenly Stele Steps resurfaced in their minds. Although this was a miraculous place that would enable one's strength to rise, there had also been many geniuses who found themselves unable to advance their cultivation further after their experience with the Heavenly Stele. Hence, there had been a saying in the Azure Emperor. If you were not a demon-level talent, you better not enter the Heavenly Stele Step.

Not entering was definitely better than entering. Why risk their current amount of talent in some mystical hope of changing their level of innate talent? They were all geniuses, they could still advance without using the Heavenly Stele Steps, there was no need to take the risk.

But of course, there would also be proud geniuses that wanted to ascertain their own level of talent. Currently, those that wanted to try the test were all gathered at the bottom of the steps.

Situ Po, Qin Wentian, Ouyang Zheng, Zang Lengfeng, Xuan Yan,

Yue Bufan, Duan Qingshan, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Fan Le, Xuan Xin and the rest; they naturally drew the attention of the crowd. Aside from this distinguished group, there were a few other rankers on the Heavenly Fate Ranking that caught the eye of many.

In the past ten years, the highest record was the 18th step. Would that record finally be broken today?

Situ Po no longer paid attention to Qin Wentian, he decisively moved forwards, being the first to step upon the Heavenly Stele Steps.

Without treading on that first step, one wouldn't know what Situ Po was currently experiencing.

“Fan Le.” A voice drifted over, Fan Le turned to see Xuan Yan, as well as Liu Xi, someone who was bashed by Qin Wentian in the Unmatched Realm before. There was also Wang Xiao's girlfriend, Qiao Xuan, Li Shiyu and lastly, Xuan Xin. These people, were all geniuses that were qualified to enter the Unmatched Realm.

The Mystic Maiden Palace's maidens all stood together, completing a picturesque scene that delighted the eye and warmed the heart.

“If you can't climb higher than me today, leave Xuan Xin of your own volition,” Xuan Yan emotionlessly spoke, as she stepped forwards, similarly advancing onto the first step of the Heavenly Stele Steps.

Ouyang Zheng, Zang Lengfeng exchanged glances filled with competitiveness as they both stepped upon the first step at the same time.

Yue Bufan and Yue Bingying moved together, after they shot a glance at Qin Wentian.

Duan Qingshan and Ouyang Ting stood together, with Duan Qingshan encouraging Ouyang Ting, “Ting`er, since you are qualified to enter the Unmatched Realm, you should be able to conquer these Heavenly Stele Steps as well.”

“Mhm.” Ouyang Ting nodded her head heavily. As a spoiled young lady from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, even she couldn’t help but feel an overwhelming pressure when surrounded by so many geniuses in the Azure Continent.

“Ouyang Ting, I advise you not to even go up with your temperament. I’m afraid you won’t be able to withstand the psychological impact.” Ouyang Kuangsheng shifted his gaze over, his words causing the beautiful eyes of Ouyang Ting to gleam with a cold light.

“I’m warning you for your own good. But since you can’t even listen to a well-intentioned warning, just assume I said nothing.” Ouyang Kuangsheng casually shrugged. After which he turned to Qin Wentian and the others and added in a low voice, “You guys, it’s best to be more cautious when taking the test.”

Qin Wentian and the rest nodded lightly, as their aura gushed

forth from them. Lifting their heads, they saw that Situ Po had already advanced to the third step, securing his position there.

Finally, Qin Wentian and his friends advanced, stepping heavily on that first step, formally beginning their test. “Bzzzzz!”

The mysterious glow covering the steps enveloped their bodies, and they were immersed in the overpowering sensation that there was no one else around them, as if they were taking the Heavenly Stele test alone.

Above the platform, the mighty force the three-sided Heavenly Stele projected seemed to be like an eye, examining Qin Wentian.

“Can your body of flesh and blood withstand this level of power?” A voice cut right into Qin Wentian’s mind, endlessly reverberating throughout. In the next instant, a heavy pressure enveloped his body, causing his body to tighten involuntarily. He had the feeling that if he were to relax even slightly, he would be blasted off the Heavenly Stele Steps.

Can your body of flesh and blood withstand this level of power?!

“Naturally.” Qin Wentian opened his eyes, as a demonic light glinted. The demonic qi he exuded permeated the air as the blood in his body surged. He took another step forward, advancing on the second step.

“RUMBLE~” A terrifying force slammed right into him, like

formless lightning. This strike caused the blood and qi within his body to surge chaotically, as Qin Wentian involuntarily let out a low groan.

Qin Wentian stepped even more firmly, locking his feet down onto the surface of the steps. The look in his eyes was filled with an incomparable resoluteness, this was merely the second step, how could he waver in his determination?

Facing forward, gazing at the Heavenly Stele far ahead, he steadily forced another step upwards. A deafening sound echoed as a massive wind kicked up. Qin Wentian's feet landed on the third step.

“BOOOOM!”

An immense pressure gushed against him, the force of it causing his footsteps to slide backwards involuntarily. His countenance turned white, no wonder Ouyang Kuangsheng was taking this so seriously, the Heavenly Stele Steps were truly daunting.

“ARGHHH...”

Nearby, from the side, a blood-curdling screech echoed out.

“Ting`er!” Duan Qingshang called out in alarm. Turning his gaze backwards, he saw Ouyang Ting being forced down the steps by the pressure. She was slammed onto the ground and lay there in a crumpled position. Her countenance was pale and traces of

bloodstains could be seen on her mouth. Her body was shiveringly unceasingly.

The second step, she had only reached the second step and was blasted down the next instant. How could this be?? Was this the limit of her talent?

Turning her gaze onto the spectators around, Ouyang Ting could feel hints of derision and mockery in the eyes of the crowd. She was a proud daughter of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, yet she couldn't even surpass the second step. Truly too weak.

“No...” Ouyang Ting let out a miserable shriek filled with agony. Several people glanced at her as they sighed in their hearts. This was the cruelty of the Heavenly Stele Steps. Her attainment was only two steps; from here on after, an inner demon would be born in her heart, casting shadows of doubt on her own abilities, suppressing her future advancement. Her confidence had been utterly smashed.

Not a genius, no gazing upon the Heavenly Stele!

# AGM 329 - Contending Against Ancient Will

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After Ouyang Ting was blasted down, other than Duan Qingshan, no one else displayed any show of concern regarding her failure.

Today when they made the choice to step on the Heavenly Stele Steps, they had already decided to contend against the ancient will of the Stele. If they were to fail too easily, what would their respective sects or clans feel?

This was an opportunity, but it was also a path of destruction. None of them could afford to lose.

All of them were incomparably cautious, taking this extremely seriously. Every time their feet landed upon a step, they would halt there momentarily, readjusting their spirit and mentality to its peak before advancing again.

Qin Wentian was currently on the 4th step. That gush of impact from earlier caused all his internal organs to shudder. Feeling great shock in his heart, he mused that this test of the Heavenly Stele Steps was truly difficult indeed.

“Can your body of flesh and blood withstand this level of power?”

That voice resounded through his mind, trying to shake his conviction. Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered brightly as he turned his gaze onto that resplendent light shining from the three-sided Heavenly Stele.

“This rebound pressure seems to be based on my own strength; the stronger I am, the greater the pressure pushing against me. If I increase my strength, the pushing forth would scale upwards in proportion to the increase,” Qin Wentian speculated. In front of the Heavenly Stele, there was no one that could hide their strength. Depending on the level of the step, every iota of power they had would be forced out by the Stele, to be used against them.

His body transformed as he took on his demonic form, Qin Wentian’s bloodline limit activated. He closed his eyes, disregarding the steps ahead as the candle flame in his heart blazed silently. His will didn’t waver in the slightest.

His body erupted with boundless strength. That was the power of his demonic physique, as well as the strength of his beliefs and conviction.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian adamantly took another step forward, the gushing impact causing his blood and qi to circulate chaotically. Nonetheless, the magnitude of the damage received was something he paid little heed to; he’d been injured way worse before, it wasn’t sufficient to block his path to the top.

With another step, Qin Wentian stood on the 6th step. An overwhelming primordial, demonic pressure bore down on him when he tried to ascend to the 7th step. He coughed up a mouthful of blood but he still stood upright, unmoving in his determination, as though in defiance.



As he stepped on the 8th step, a massive wind kicked up out of nowhere, slamming against him. Qin Wentian's feet trembled slightly, as though he had no way to consolidate his footing.

“Rumble, rumble...”

For two consecutive times, the fearsome power of the wind pushed Qin Wentian back involuntarily, little by little, causing his feet to eventually reach the boundary of the 8th step. His countenance was as white as paper, after he stabilized himself, he continuously spat out two mouthfuls of blood as his chest heaved, circulating the Astral Energy in his body around to disperse some of the pressure.

“Currently, Qin Wentian is the fifth person to stabilize and secure his footing on the 8th step. Indeed, he does live up to his reputation as one of the top geniuses from the Unmatched Realm.”

The crowd was monitoring Qin Wentian's every movement. Qiao Xuan from the Mystic Maiden Palace had been blasted off at the 6th step, and Wang Xiao, who was preparing to step upon the 7th step, his countenance couldn't help but look rattled when he saw what happened. Luckily, Qiao Xuan only suffered some external injuries after being blasted to the ground, but her life wasn't in danger.

“The 8th step is like the first wall, I wonder how many people can step upon it.” Many in the crowd had sharp glints of light in their eyes. Currently, Situ Po, Ouyang Zheng, Zang Lengfeng, and Qin Wentian all halted on the 8th step, making no further movements to advance further. Evidently, they could clearly sense

the difference between the 8th and the 7th step.

If there was already a variable element when they stepped on the 8th step, what would they face on the 9th? They had to be prudent.

Those that arrived first on the 8th step, stopped and readjusted their mental states to the optimal level, as for those other cultivators that had caught up, there were several that were blasted down before they could even stabilize their footing on the 8th step.

One of them was Liu Xi from the Mystic Maiden Palace, she instantly fainted after being ruthlessly blasted down the steps. All her suitors had no time to concern themselves with her, they were already occupied in worrying about their own advancement. Shortly after, the members of her sect rushed to the bottom of the steps to carry her away.

Wang Xiao howled in rage, his entire body exuded an aura that felt as sharp as a Divine Weapon, the resoluteness in his eyes never faded as he eventually managed to stabilize and secure his footing onto the 8th step. His success caused many among the crowd to exclaim in wonder—this Wang Xiao was quite a character.

Those that were able to reach the 8th step were all geniuses in their own rights. Such a performance was already considered impressive.

Fan Le was completely red-faced from his exertions, as the blood within his body burned. He was cloaked in golden flames and

eventually, after some moments, let out a low growl of utter determination, and also secured his footing on the 8th step, standing next to Qin Wentian.

Similarly, Ouyang Kuangsheng had also steadied himself, he was like an immovable mountain, unbendable despite the pressure. Although he could be considered slightly slower, his every movement had a sense of careful deliberation and self-control; both were attributes that didn't suit his name, Kuangsheng, which also meant 'brazen'.

Chu Mang glanced at the steps above as a look of unmatched resolve filled his eyes. He too, advanced to the 8th step.

"The number nine could be considered the ultimate number, the first segment of nine among the three segments of twenty-seven, we'd better be careful," Ouyang Kuangsheng warned in a low voice. Qin Wentian had already stepped out and the instant his feet landed on the 9th step, he felt as if he'd been abruptly plunged into the depths of a tsunami wave.

"BOOM!" Another gigantic wave crashed into him, he was a lone boat floating on the endless ocean.

"BOOOOM!" Another wave came crashing, the 'boat' shattered. Qin Wentian felt blood rising up his throat but he managed to suppress it, forcing it back down.

"BOOOOMMMMMM!" The intensity of the third tsunami wave was many times more violent compared to the first two. The force

made Qin Wentian bow over, threatening to blast him away. However, an instant later, his hunched body straightened. This was merely the 9th step, he couldn't fall here.

How could he be defeated here?!

He extended his hands and wiped away the traces of blood off the corners of his lips. Within seconds, his entire sleeve turned a vibrant red after being soaked in his blood. His eyes, which were closed before, finally opened. He had stabilized himself on the 9th step.

“Three-layered attack, each stronger than the last. Be careful,” Qin Wentian warned Fan Le and the rest.

Fan Le glanced over in the direction of Xuan Xin only to see her staring back at him. The two locked gazes as they shared a smile.

Xuan Yan's gaze flashed with a strange glow of light. This Fan Le had actually managed to step upon the 8th step. But no matter, the 9th step wouldn't be so easy to overcome.

“I will definitely step higher than you.” Fan Le grinned as he glanced towards Xuan Yan. Momentarily, he shifted his gaze forward as he stepped out. The resplendent light emitting from the Heavenly Stele focused on Fan Le and an instant later, his conspicuous frame wobbled violently as though his body was about to be destroyed at any moment.

His frame was bent over, like a drawn bow, and he continuously coughed up blood. But eventually, he also stabilized himself. Glancing backwards at Xuan Yan, his bloodstained lips curled up in a radiant smile as he grinned at her.

“Xuan Xin, I won’t disappoint you,” Fan Le stated, with a seriousness rarely seen in him. Xuan Xin nodded her head and after that, she, along with Xuan Yan, started to step on the 9th step.

Ouyang Kuangsheng and Chu Mang advanced forwards as well, they weren’t willing to fall behind.

“This Heavenly Stele will not block my path!” Chu Mang roared as he took that next step. Regardless of the ferociousness of the tsunami waves, his body stood straight and tall, an unwavering glint of determination flickering in his eyes.

In that moment, he resembled a mountain. Back then, his eldest brother Chu Wuwei had been the mountain for him to depend on. In the future, he wanted to be the mountain that Chu Wuwei could depend on. He didn’t want Chu Wuwei to grow feeble from age and die, he had to find a method to allow Chu Wuwei to cultivate.

“Big Bro Chu Mang, awesome.” Qin Wentian had a brilliant smile on his face when he saw that Chu Mang had similarly succeeded.

He was ranked first out of the ten prodigies of Chu, and although this simple-minded, and somewhat clumsy guy didn’t like to talk much, his heart was many times more resolute compared to

ordinary people.

“We will do this together, and conquer at least the 18th level.” Chu Mang beamed, “We must conquer this test of the Heavenly Stele Steps.”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian merrily nodded, the hearts of those below couldn’t help but tremble when they witness this scene.

At the beginning of the test, many participants had grouped together at the foot of the steps. Qin Wentian, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Chu Mang and Fan Le had attempted the test in their group of four. Now, they were the only group who had passed the 8th step together, without a single one failing, and then stepping steadily on the 9th step. This group of people, of which the majority had been nameless cultivators prior to this, were exhibiting their radiance to everyone watching.

“ARGHH...” A miserable scream echoed in the still air. Yue Bingying from the Azure Emperor Palace was blasted down from the 9th steps, and the instant she slammed into the ground, the impact caused her to sink into the sweet oblivion of unconsciousness.

Situ Po’s countenance stiffened as he turned back and glanced at Yue Bingying, taking deep breaths to calm himself.

“The steps that you failed to complete, I will complete them on your behalf,” Situ Po stated with utter confidence. Turning his gaze ahead, his eyes were as determined as before. He took another

step forwards, being the first to reach the 10th step.

After Situ Po stepped on the 10th step, unexpectedly his body didn't waver in the slightest. It looked as simple as climbing an ordinary step, with no pressure whatsoever. This scenario made the crowd understand that after the 9th step, the 10th step contained within it another variation.

“Let me test it out.” Qin Wentian took the initiative and stepped up. Upon coming into contact with the 10th step, indeed there was no overwhelming pressure but rather, it seemed as though his entire person was immersed in a unique, mysterious state.

“Your pathetic will, can it stand up to the ancient will of the Heavenly Stele?”

Another voice boomed in his mind. As he stared at the Heavenly Stele, a shadow flashed as a silhouette resembling him appeared, blasting out a terrifying ancient will that threatened to wipe out his consciousness. The will smashed through his mental defenses, right into his mind.

“SCRAM!” Qin Wentian roared in anger as the will of his Mandates gushed out. The Mandate of Force manifested its will and clashed against that ancient will of the Heavenly Stele.

Although he appeared to be standing there calmly, he understood that the magnitude of this danger on the 10th step was countless times more formidable compared to the mounting pressure he'd faced before. The slightest slip up could cause one's will to be

eradicated—the path of cultivation forever severed.

His will of the Mandate of Dreams and the Mandate of Demons also gushed forth and momentarily, three silhouettes that resembled Qin Wentian manifested above the Heavenly Stele Platform, staring disdainfully down at him with cold eyes. The three doppelgangers transformed into three streams of ancient will and bore down on him.

“Using my own will to suppress me? How can I let you succeed?” Qin Wentian mumbled, his words causing the hearts of Fan Le and the rest below to tremble. They only saw Qin Wentian continue to walk forward, intending on placing his feet onto the 11th step.

This time, he didn’t pause to linger but advanced boldly forward onto the 11th step instead. His power of will clashed against that of the ancient will countless times.

“Boom, boom, boom!”

Every step he made appeared easy and casual, yet there was an unusual sensation that caused people to feel as though their hearts were leaping out of their body when they watched him.

“12th, 13th, 14th, 15th...” In the blink of an eye, Qin Wentian already stepped onto the 15th step. With just three more steps, he would reach the same number as the previous record holder, whose record hadn’t been broken in the past ten years.



However, it was clear to everyone watching that those last three steps would prove to be even more perilous than all the ones before. These last three steps wouldn't just cause damage, they could sever one's pathway to cultivation, leaving the defeated to a life worse than death!

# AGM 330 - Nine Remaining

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On the 15th step, Qin Wentian finally stopped. The crowd gazed at his back which emanated his determination, and their hearts shivered when they came upon a sudden realization. Was Qin Wentian's talent sufficient to match up to the record holder of these past ten years? He only needed three more steps to accomplish that.

For Situ Po, his three Mandates were all exceedingly terrifying. How could he avoid this? He too, advanced forward, his conviction and belief in himself would never waver. He, Situ Po, couldn't afford to lose, and so he couldn't lose.

In the blink of an eye, Situ Po mirrored what Qin Wentian had done, he successfully stepped onto the 15th step.

How could Ouyang Zheng, Zang Leng Feng and the other rankers on the Heavenly Fate Ranking lose out to a bunch of juniors? They successfully became rankers on the Heavenly Fate Ranking first and although the Heavenly Stele Steps test were open to all because of the dispute between Situ Po and Qin Wentian, what of it? Now that they'd already arrived here, how could they lose to two juniors?

They were people on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, gazing disdainfully down from their lofty positions. Similarly, they couldn't afford to lose.

This battle, wasn't merely a battle of talent, it was also a battle of

their conviction.

All of them wanted to break that record, surpassing the 18th step. If they could truly do so, the experience gained would undoubtedly prove to be of great benefit in regards to their future path of cultivation.

Over there in the direction of the Mystic Maiden Palace, Li Shiyu had already been blasted down from the steps. The only two remaining were the two with princess statuses, Xuan Yan and Xuan Xin.

Duan Qingshan, was still persevering.

Ouyang Kuangsheng, Fan Le and Chu Mang, were still on the steps as well.

There was also one person that caused people to be surprised. Wang Xiao had actually stepped onto the 13th step, his powerful will dueling with that ancient will of the three-sided Heavenly Stele.

“All these people are undoubtedly the most powerful within the junior generations. To think there’d still be so many cultivators still remaining, and they’re not even ranked upon the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

“However, both Situ Po and Qin Wentian halted on the 15th step. Apparently, the difficulty of the next step is beyond incredible.”

Qin Wentian's eyes were currently shut. At this moment, the ancient will of the Heavenly Stele rumbled his sea of consciousness. Inside, an evil demonic being suddenly manifested, intent on tearing him apart. That apparition wasn't an illusion. It was a real existence! At the same time, Qin Wentian felt the will of Dreamsleep creeping up onto him, causing him to feel a bout of drowsiness.

For the first time, Qin Wentian's own Mandate was used against him. His will from the Mandate of Dreams was subjugated by that ancient will, which used it to wipe out his memories.

At this moment, Qin Wentian was alone in a separate dimension that was created by his Mandate's will. He was currently sitting cross-legged while three silhouettes that resembled himself, created by the Heavenly Stele, floated above him. They were his thoughts of evil, malice and hatred.

And at this moment, his consciousness, was defending against three of himself.

“Ancient Will of Force, Ancient Will of Dreams, Ancient Will of Demons”

Inside that dimension, these three silhouettes were blocking his path, and seemed impossible to overcome.

“If you take another step upwards, your will of Mandate shall be exterminated, your consciousness shall be eradicated, your life

shall be annihilated,” that Ancient Will of Demons spoke, exuding a terrifying demonic aura. He was threatening Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian could feel the truth of what was said. For every step he climbed upwards, the stronger the Ancient Will became. If he continued upwards, he didn't know to what degree the strength of that Ancient Will would be magnified by.

Qin Wentian's eyes were still closed, sitting there cross-legged, appearing at peace. He didn't bother acknowledging the words of the will coming from each 'perverted' form of his three Mandates.

After several moments, his eyes abruptly snapped open. His determination manifested into a palpable aura that skyrocketed up to the clouds. With an explosive boom, a massive wind kicked up, yet Qin Wentian's body remained motionless. In that dimension, the Ancient Will of Force grew stronger and when it reached its ultimate form, it transformed into a gigantic mountain and a piece of sky that began to press down on Qin Wentian.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian's sea of consciousness shook, he'd just received an attack from that Ancient Will of Dreams. Such an attack actually made Qin Wentian feel an overwhelming impulse to fall asleep.

The Ancient Wills attacked again. Qin Wentian withstood their attacks impassively, his eyes slowly opened as a earth-shattering roar echoed out of his throat. He stepped forward, with an aura as immovable as the gigantic mountains. The threats of the Ancient Will couldn't triumph over his heart.

16th step, succeeded.

“He stabilised his footing.” The hearts of the crowd trembled, Qin Wentian had stepped onto the 16th step. The only ones before him were Ouyang Zheng, Zang Lengfeng and Situ Po.

“That’s as far as you amount to,” Situ Po faintly stated without emotion.

As the sound of his voice faded, Situ Po stepped on the 17th step.

The hearts of the crowd shuddered, Situ Po had already arrived on the 17th step. He only needed one more step before catching up with the previous record.

“I think Situ Po will definitely be ranked as one of the top rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings at the end of this year. With his strength, as long as he breaks through to the ninth level of Yuanfu, he will surely be among the top ten.”

Situ Po indeed lived up to his reputation as the most monstrous genius among the younger generations belonging to the Sword Extinction Sect, ranking supreme among their Yuanfu Realm cultivators overall.

After which, Ouyang Zheng similarly stepped onto the 17th step.

Zang Lengfeng wasn't willing to appear weak. He unleashed his Mandates to their limits. As a Heaven's Chosen, how could his innate talent not be comparable to the others?

Qin Wentian also moved towards the 17th step. But the instant his feet came into contact with the 17th step, his body froze, as though he were locked in that position. He remained in that stance, even his breath appeared to have stopped.

“What's going on?” The countenances of the crowd froze. Why did Qin Wentian's appearance seem 'dead'? The others before him weren't like this.

Two hours passed, another four hours passed by. Qin Wentian remained in that stance.

And after persisting for a day, Wang Xiao was finally blasted down the Heavenly Stele Steps. Duan Qingshan similarly failed when he tried to step on the 18th step. Both of them suffered serious injuries from the force of the rebound.

As for Qin Wentian, he still remained there motionless.

The people on the Heavenly Stele Steps were getting fewer and fewer. Each blazing sun representative of their generation had been blasted down again and again. Only those lights that shone the brightest of all, still remained.

And what's more, all of them had managed to match the ten-year

record.

In the past ten years, the Heavenly Stele Steps had been open to the public three times, and the 18th step was the record. However, more than one person had succeeded in stepping on the 18th step. But, for everyone who did, they were unable to advance any further.

Eighteen, was made from two-nines. The second variation came after the 18th step. "I'm going down." Xuan Xin had a bitter expression on her face. She could feel that she was already at her limits. If she continued onwards to the 18th step, she would either break through her limits or suffer grievous injuries.

She could also feel that the latter possibility was higher. To Xuan Xin, her determination and resolution had yet to be sufficiently tempered. After all, she was still just a young girl.

After speaking, Xuan Xin pushed forth with her palms as a powerful rebound pushed back at her.

She landed on the ground safely, unharmed after retreating several steps backwards. This was a voluntary exit, different from being blasted down.

"The little princess from the Mystic Maiden Palace is already extremely outstanding, she reached the 17th step!"

"Fan Le, Qin Wentian, Chu Mang and Ouyang Kuangsheng,



they're all stuck at the 17th step. It seems impossible for them to advance further.”

“Xuan Yan has already stepped onto the 18th step. Her Mandates should all be at the Perfection Boundary, she's incomparably powerful.” The spectators gazed at Xuan Yan's silhouette before turning their glances onto Fan Le. They were afraid that the result had already been determined; Qin Wentian's good friend Fan Le, would lose to Xuan Yan, a Heaven's Chosen from the Azure Continent ranked 17th on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

“BREAK!” A heaven-shaking howl of rage thundered out. The crowd abruptly started, only to see a herculean figure beside Fan Le opening his eyes. Within Chu Mang's eyes, arrows fired forth penetrating that Heavenly Stele, while a gigantic axe cleaved apart the Heavens and Earth. He decisively stepped on that 18th step as the fearsome fluctuations of his Mandate burst out.

With his heart of steel, there was nothing he could not break.

Chu Mang's objectives had always been simple. He only wanted power, powerful enough to be the shield Chu Wuwei needed. Powerful enough to protect Chu Wuwei from aging and death.

The might of that Ancient Will shuddered Chu Mang's mind. His eyes were bloodshot as he stood there, roaring at the Heavens. With sufficient determination, what was a mere Heavenly Stele? It wasn't enough to slay him!

“BZZZZ!”

An explosive will that originated from the Mandate of Arrows transformed into countless resplendent streams of light, blasting right at that Stele.

He used the now Perfection Boundary Mandate of Arrows to break the suppression of the Ancient Will restricting him.

The Ancient Will's strength depended on the strength of each individual. They would either have to possess sufficient resolution and determination to surpass it, or they had to breakthrough from their previous limits and forcefully suppress it. If they failed, their endings would be extremely dire, if Chu Mang failed then, his mind would have been completely erased by that pressure.

“He stabilised his footing, Chu Mang is now on par with that previous record-holder!”

“I won't lose.” At this moment, Fan Le grinned, the look in his eyes extremely clear. It was as though he could see the pure face of Xuan Xin when he glanced up at that Heavenly Stele.

Fan Le was usually a happy-go-lucky person who loved to crack jokes, but he knew that his looks were only ordinary. Yet, Xuan Xin had chosen him, so how could he still let her down? If he failed, castigation and the derisive mockery of the others would drag Xuan Xin down with him. He had always pretended to be free-spirited about it, laughing all the while with not a care in the world. In reality, he truly cared about this matter.

He was fine being the target of mockery, but he didn't want Xuan Xin to suffer the same fate as him.

He wanted to prove to others that Xuan Xin had not made the wrong decision in choosing him.

He was extremely talented, his name was Fan Le.

Stepping out, a golden light enveloping his body as his blood boiled. A terrifying temperature scorched the air as he placed his foot onto that 18th step of the Heavenly Stele Step.

“BZZZ!” That golden light crackled as ember flames covered his entire body. His aura climbed upwards continuously, as the will of his three Mandates sublimated another level in the terrifying flames.

He was Fan Le, the Fatty Fan Le, the Genius Fan Le.

He bathed in that sea of golden flames, standing tall upon the 18th step of the Heavenly Stele Steps.

“HAHA, how satisfying!” Ouyang Kuangsheng howled. His long hair fluttered in the wind as he punched his fist up in the air. Fan Le and Chu Mang had already succeeded, how then could he be left behind? He rushed up as well.

If he failed, so what if his body was riddled with grievous injuries? If his path of cultivation was severed, was death even

anything to fear? If he cowered, he would no longer be Ouyang Kuangsheng!

Ouyang Kuangsheng had also stepped on the 18th step, his results matching the all-time high record within the past ten years.

“Amazing!”

The crowd all sighed in their hearts. At this moment, there were only a few remaining on top of the Heavenly Stele Steps. Ouyang Zheng, Zang Lengfeng, Xuan Yan, Yue Bufan. These four were all Heaven’s Chosen that ranked within the top thirty-six in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Not on the rankings themselves, Situ Po, Fan Le, Chu Mang, Ouyang Kuangsheng and Qin Wentian were the remaining five.

The nine of them all stepped atop on the 18th step. Only Qin Wentian was still at the 17th step, in a motionless state.

“Amazing, truly amazing. We don’t need to talk about the four Heaven’s Chosen, Situ Po or Qin Wentian. But Chu Mang, Fan Le and Ouyang Kuangsheng were all grouped with Qin Wentian and to think that they were this powerful. I’m sure after today, other than Ouyang Kuangsheng, there will be several transcendent powers waiting to recruit them.” But, defeat and victory had yet to be determined.

The dispute between Situ Po and Qin Wentian; the competition between Xuan Yan and Fan Le; the contest between Ouyang Zheng and Zang Lengfeng. They all had no clear victors yet.

And following this, all of them with the exception of Qin Wentian, would break the ten-year record with but a single step!

Who would be the one left standing in the end?

Would Qin Wentian, who was still on the 17th step, be able to surpass Situ Po?!

# AGM 331 - Final Confrontation

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The scenario at the Heavenly Stele Steps shook the spectators with its intensity. Eight people stood upon the 18th step while one stood upon the 17th. Such a spectacle had never been seen before during the past ten years.

“It’s rumored that the middle segment of the 27th steps (the second segment of nine steps) were to test one’s will of their Mandates. If their wills weren’t persistent enough, without a sufficiently determined heart, they would never be able to step onto it. These nine people all possess an otherworldly determination and incomparable resolution.” The crowd mused. Yet, at this moment, all of the nine had already halted, no one was trying to advance to the next step.

The last segment of the 27th step was yet another barrier. The difficulty of advancing to the 19th step was beyond imagination.

Otherwise, in these past ten years where the Heavenly Stele Step had been opened three times to the public, a mere 18 steps wouldn’t have been the record.

Time flowed by, the nine of them maintained their motionless positions, and it was as though they had all forgotten time existed. In the blink of an eye, half a month passed, yet the nine people were still on their respective steps, tempering their wills of Mandates. For the 18th step, it didn’t mean that the Ancient Will’s attack would stop the moment you stabilized your footing. You had to persevere and engage the Ancient Will in constant battle until either you broke through or you were blasted down. There was no

need to think about advancing to the 19th step if you couldn't even conquer the 18th.

On the 18th step, their opponents were themselves. Their wills of Mandates were constantly being tempered, and as long as they weren't defeated, their wills would grow unceasingly stronger.

“Situ Po, all three of his Mandates are already at the Perfection Boundary. He, who is still only at the eighth level of Yuanfu, actually maxed out all three of his first level insights before even stepping into the ninth level of Yuanfu. He'll definitely be able to rank among the top thirty-six Heaven's Chosen once he breaks through to the ninth level.” Many in the crowd speculated.

That was originally Situ Po's goal. Now that such an excellent opportunity like the Heavenly Stele Steps had come along, how could he let himself miss out?

This test of the Heavenly Stele Platform was undoubtedly an absolute opportunity for demon-level geniuses. But for average-level geniuses like Ouyang Ting, this test was nothing but a nightmare.

“Ouyang Zheng and Zang Lengfeng are preparing to make their moves.” At this moment, the crowd noticed the movements of both men, they were in the midst of stepping on to the final segment, consisting of the last nine steps.

Both of them were Heaven's Chosen on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, respectively ranked at the tenth and twelve position. The

difference in their ranking wasn't that far apart, hence right from the beginning, both had already felt a strong sense of competition against the other.

What would be waiting for them on this final segment?

Would they be able to surpass their own limits and break the past record?

Everyone was watching with bated breath.

“Chi...”

Fresh blood scattered about the air, seemingly at the same instant. Ouyang Feng and Zang Lengfeng were both blasted down from the Heavenly Stele Steps. However, before they could hit the ground, experts from both the Ouyang Clan and Multidirectional Thunderwind Sect intervened and saved them. The crowd couldn't help but lament in their hearts, it wasn't so easy to break that record.

However, simply by matching the record was already sufficient to prove their degree of talent. After all, those who managed to step on the 18th step within the past decade were all characters that could summon the rain and wind in Grand Xia.

Xuan Yan and Yue Bufan frowned slightly when they saw this scene. They didn't have absolute confidence that they could pass the test on the 19th step as well.



“The Ancient Will of my Mandate of Dreams won’t be able to stop me.”

At this moment, a casual voice drifted out, Qin Wentian finally began to move. He advanced to the 18th step as the will of his Mandate gushed out.

The Ancient Will of Force, of Dreams, of Demons attacked him in a frenzy, and Qin Wentian’s own will of Mandate was battered over and over. Yet, regardless of how much stronger the Ancient Wills were, Qin Wentian wasn’t willing to lose, wasn’t willing to give up, and wasn’t willing for his will to be eradicated.

His steps were as heavy as mountains, standing erect upon the 18th step of the Heavenly Stele Steps. With this, he had become the ninth cultivator this time around that matched the past record.

Today, a total of nine cultivators had matched that previous record. However, the two strongest among them, Ouyang Zheng and Zang Lengfeng had failed when they tried advancing onto the 19th step. There were currently only seven cultivators remaining on the 18th step.

Xuan Yan finally steeled her heart, stepping with incomparable determination onto the 19th step. However, she instantly let out a terrifying blood-curdling scream. Like a kite with its strings cut, she fell from the platform in an extremely miserable state.

Xuan Yan failed. Only a total of six cultivators remained.

After which, Yue Bufan was also eliminated, leaving only five.

The four powerful Heaven's Chosen that ranked within the top thirty-six of the Heavenly Fate Rankings had all been eliminated when they tried to advance to the 19th step. Such a scenario could very well be described as bringing an extremely bitter sensation to the spectating crowd.

Situ Po, Qin Wentian, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Chu Mang and Fan Le. Was there still any hope remaining for this five?

“Just a single step to alleviate myself from the common crowd. I, Situ Po, can’t lose. I can’t afford to lose.” Situ Po inclined his head and stared at the Heavenly Stele.

How can Situ Po allow himself to be defeated by Qin Wentian?

He could leave the Unmatched Realm, but he wouldn’t be ousted from it forcibly. His pride wouldn’t allow it.

The four Heaven's Chosen of the Azure Continent had all failed. He Situ Po, for himself, for his sect, couldn’t lose.

He had never wanted something this much before, he lifted his foot. At this moment, Situ Po’s entire body was filled with the stink of cold perspiration. He seemed to experience a full cycle of life and death in that instant. Howling in madness, boundless strength gushed out as his will protected his body from being

exterminated. He was Situ Po, he had to win.

“BOOM!” Another step steadily took root. Situ Po stood firmly on the 19th level. A fearsome wave rumbled the entire flight of steps, and that formidable back view of his moved the heart and spirit of everyone spectating.

That was Situ Po from the Sword Extinction Sect, he stood upon the 19th step, he succeeded where others had failed, he'd broken the ten-years-old record.

He became the most dazzling of all geniuses in that moment.

The Heavenly Stele Platform was open, only for him.

“He won.” Yue Bingying blossomed into a smile, this was her man, Situ Po. Even though she was injured, she didn't care. Situ Po had become the most radiant sun today. She glanced at those from the Azure Emperor Palace and the Sword Extinction Sect, these people should all be feeling pride at the accomplishment of Situ Po.

She then glanced again at the silhouette of Qin Wentian. She could sense that his death was near.

“Seems like another future competitor has appeared.” Ouyang Zheng inclined his head, staring at Situ Po as he spoke in a low voice. Xuan Yan nodded in agreement. Situ Po had accomplished something none of them had managed to.

“If I win, you girls shall no longer interfere with our relationship.” At this moment, Fan Le’s voice thundered out, causing Xuan Yan’s eyes to narrow. After which she saw Fan Le taking a step towards the 19th step.

“Xuan Yan, I will definitely win!” Fan Le roared as he decisively stepped up. A thunderous sound boomed, rocking the entire flight of steps. Fan Le at that moment, didn’t fear injury nor death. He only feared defeat. At that instant, his chubby frame became so tall and lofty in the eyes of the crowd.

No one expected that Fan Le the fatty would also succeed.

“FAN LE!” Xuan Xin shouted, her eyes filled with burning tears. Fan Le’s frame shuddered violently from the impact as he coughed out several mouthfuls of blood. Yet, he still remained standing there in triumph.

“Xuan Yan, have I won?”

Fan Le’s voice drifted over, and as Xuan Yan turned her gaze onto Fan Le, seeing his trembling body that was covered in blood, her mouth opened wide but she was at a loss for what to say.

“Swish...” The pressure turned into a blade, slicing relentlessly at Fan Le, as more blood sprinkled above the air, falling down like rain.

“Senior Sister.” Xuan Xin imploring gazed at Xuan Yan, her tears

flowed unceasingly. Xuan Yan nodded slightly, she turned her head back to Fan Le, “I’ve lost.”

“Bang!” As the sound of her voice faded, Fan Le could no longer resist that pressure, he was flung down with terrifying speed. Xuan Xin soared upwards, using her entire strength to catch hold of him. They tumbled down together, landing in a heap on the ground. She looked down and saw Fan Le still grinning at her, “Xuan Xin, you didn’t make the wrong choice in picking this genius.”

“Mhm, I didn’t. My judgement was right.” Two rows of clear tears dripped upon Fan Le’s face. Fan Le was still grinning, hugging the little princess, before he fell into unconsciousness. Fan Le became the second person to break the record. Although he only withstood the pressure for just a few moments, he had without a doubt, stood upon the 19th step of the Heavenly Stele Step.

Chu Mang also prepared himself. With a roar of rage, he lifted his foot up and was halfway through advancing to the 19th step before he was blasted down. He had failed.

Although he was defeated, there was no shame in it. He had done his best.

Ouyang Kuangsheng advanced as well. He stayed on the 19th step for a single instant before voluntarily giving up as he cursed, “Fuck it, your daddy me has no mood to play any longer.”

Because he was prepared, the rebound didn’t injure him that seriously. But still, he couldn’t help but grumpily comment, “Are

these Heavenly Stele Steps something humans can play? Damn it.”

Too fierce, he could feel that he had been close to death. He knew he would have died for sure.

Currently, only two remained on the Heavenly Stele Steps. Situ Po on the 19th level, Qin Wentian on the 18th.

This Heavenly Stele Platform had originally been opened for them. One wondered if the current situation was a coincidence or the workings of fate. In the end, only the two of them remained.

The question was, could Qin Wentian even defeat Situ Po?

The difference of a single step, seemed as wide as the entire world.

Ouyang Zheng, Zang Leng Feng, Xuan Yan, Yue Bufan, none of them had succeeded. Only Situ Po had accomplished this feat. Fan Le at most could only be considered stepping half-a-step on the 19th step. He fought for love, he fought because he didn't want Xuan Xin to be humiliated. He told Xuan Yan, he told the entire Mystic Maiden Palace, he told the entire Azure Continent that he Fan Le, wasn't worse off compared to all the other geniuses.

After Situ Po stabilised his footing, he turned his head and locked his gaze with Qin Wentian. There was disdain in his eyes, yet his voice remained calm, “The difference of a single step separates us now. However, the difference between us cannot be quantified

with a single step. I will show you how great that distance is.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Situ Po continued upwards, stepping on the 20th step.

“Hu...” The crowd held their breaths as their hearts trembled. Situ Po still wanted to continue.

As for Qin Wentian, he had his eyes closed, as though he were still struggling with the fight against the 18th step.

Was this competition even still necessary?

Three days passed, Qin Wentian remained motionless, ten days passed, Qin Wentian remained motionless, an entire month passed, but Qin Wentian still remained motionless!

As for Situ Po, he had already stepped upon the 21st step, a three-step difference compared to Qin Wentian, three insurmountable steps!

But the spectators discovered that Qin Wentian’s demonic qi had grown increasingly intense. While Situ Po had advanced upwards, Qin Wentian’s Mandate had evolved into the Perfect Boundary, able to resist the attack of the Ancient Will. He had transcended into his strongest state, now was the time for him to advance ahead!

# AGM 332 - Ascending To The Peak

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Time flowed on as many in the crowd left.

Ouyang Zheng, Zang Lengfeng and the rest all went into closed-door seclusion. Similarly, many of those from the major powers all left as well.

Only Situ Po and Qin Wentian remained on the Heavenly Stele Steps. No matter how many steps Situ Po ended up climbing, the news would be spread regardless, so there was no need to wait there like an idiot. Only those close to Situ Po, such as people from the Sword Extinction Sect and the Azure Emperor Palace, still remained below.

Aside from them, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Chu Mang, Fan Le and those in their camp were also there. Two months had already passed and all their injuries had healed, yet Qin Wentian still didn't move a single inch. This caused Fan Le and the rest to feel somewhat depressed. Cutting words about Qin Wentian's actions were discussed all around—what's the point of persisting there if he dared not advance? Was he going to waste his time until Situ Po cleared all 27 steps?

Right now, Situ Po was already on the 23rd step and he appeared to be closing his eyes in meditation while in a standing position.

Barely anyone believed that Qin Wentian could surpass Situ Po. The ending of their battle had already been decided. The difficulty of advancing a total of five steps from 18th to 23rd was so high that



it was almost impossible.

“How long does Qin Wentian still intend to cultivate?” Xuan Xin whispered, she was also accompanying Fan Le. Those from the Mystic Maiden Palace were no longer as opposed to her being together with Fan Le after his outstanding performance. That still didn’t mean that the sect had accepted their love, but at least Fan Le made a huge step forward in terms of bridging the wall of animosity that used to exist between them.

“Could it be that he’s shameless enough to wait till the end of the year? By then Situ Po will surely go to the Ancient Kingdom, so even though Qin Wentian will have lost, he won’t have to die.” Nearby, Yue Bingying stated with contempt, not bothering to lower her volume. Situ Po was her pride, she wanted to be here to witness the ending, to see how badly Qin Wentian would be defeated.

“RUMBLE!” At this moment, an overwhelming aura gushed out from Situ Po as he straightened his back and opened his eyes, gazing at the Heavenly Stele ahead.

His cultivation base was at the ninth level of Yuanfu, and all three of his Mandates were already at the Perfection Boundary.

From today onwards, he possessed the qualifications to contend against the other top rankers in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. His power level now was already comparable to theirs.

“He broke through.” A gleam of fascination flashed through Yue

Bingying's eyes. From today onwards, Situ Po was no longer a mere chosen, he would be a Heaven's Chosen presiding over all others.

Xuan Yan and Li Shiyu, who had also witnessed the sight, couldn't help but lament in their hearts when they saw Situ Po breaking through. He was truly powerful.

“Speaking of which, I have to thank you. Without you, there wouldn't be an opportunity for me to challenge the Heavenly Stele Step. The last of my Mandate wouldn't have reached the Perfection Boundary so fast, nor would I have stepped into the ninth level of Yuanfu that quickly. I initially thought that I would only have this breakthrough when I journey to the Ginkou Continent. But thanks to you, I have even more time to prepare now.”

Situ Po serenely stated, his words causing many to sigh. Qin Wentian's dispute with him caused the eccentrics of the Unmatched Realm to borrow the Heavenly Stele. Who would have thought that it would end up benefiting Situ Po instead?

“Situ Po does have Qin Wentian to thank indeed,” Li Shiyu calmly added. Xuan Yan nodded her head slightly, she knew that Situ Po at this moment had already exceeded her.

When he was at the eighth level of Yuanfu, his combat prowess was already extremely terrifying.

However, Situ Po spoke again, “Although I have you to thank for this, you will still die by my hands.”

After speaking, Situ Po took another step upwards, an incomparable stubbornness set within his heart. By securing his position on the 24th step, he had reached yet another fearsome height.

“The path upwards to the Heavenly Stele is too difficult, I wonder how many heroes have fallen before it.” Situ Po’s voice contained a hint of melancholy to it. After which, he sat down cross-legged on the 24th step, closing his eyes in meditation.

“24th step, the 24th step!” A radiant smile of pride suffused Yue Bingying’s face. “Other than Situ Po, who can accomplish this?”

As the sound of her voice faded, a figure clad in snowy-white leisurely walked over. She appeared otherworldly, untouched by mortal dust, exuding an oppressive coldness wherever she passed.

Moments later, she was at the bottom of the Heavenly Stele Steps.

One step, two step, all the way to the ninth, she didn’t stop for a single instant. On the ninth step, she finally coughed out a mouth of blood, but it didn’t stain her robes of purest white.

Yue Bingying’s expression faltered, while Li Shiyu and the rest froze.

A maiden clad in pure-white robes, akin to a snow lotus atop an icy mountain. She was Yun Mengyi.

Her simple and elegant form seemed untouched by mortal dust, yet she was actually attempting the test of the Heavenly Stele.

In the blink of an eye, she crossed another nine steps and stood shoulder to shoulder with Qin Wentian.

“What the? How is she so powerful?” Everyone was thunderstruck upon witnessing this. Yun Mengyi had also gained access to all thirty-six halls. The speed in which she traversed the 18th step clearly showed how resolute her heart was, how firm her conviction.

Not only that, she didn’t halt in her steps. She continued forwards, stepping onto the 19th, 20th... all the way to the 24th, standing side by side with Situ Po.

Situ Po’s eyes narrowed as his heart pounded. How could this be?

Earlier, he was still so proud of himself, saying how many heroes except for him had fallen before the Heavenly Stele Steps.

Yun Mengyi didn’t even glance at him, and instead continued to advance. Climbing up the 25th step, and then the 26th, where she finally paused and stood there, like an immortal lady from another world, an unparalleled existence in this world.

Situ Po had had to strain himself with so much effort to even reach the 24th step, yet Yun Mengyi only used less than half an

hour of time to advance to the 26th. He was completely suppressed.

This scenario caused the expressions of all below to turn dumbfounded. Situ Po wasn't willing to admit defeat, he had to continue forwards, gritting his teeth, advancing all the way to the peak. He stepped on to the 25th step, the pressure heating him within until it almost baked him alive. He was now only one step away from Yun Mengyi. But for the final step, he hesitated. He finally hesitated.

At this moment, Qin Wentian moved.

“Qin Wentian is starting to move, he's finally advancing to the 19th step.”

The gazes of the crowd instantly riveted onto Qin Wentian, only to see the demonic qi exuding from him was now at an unbelievable level. It was as though he wasn't a human at all.

He stepped upon the 19th step.

Nine rays of light from the three Heavenly Steles slammed onto him, there was no way to avoid them.

“Puchi...” A crisp sound rang out, Qin Wentian's body contorted as the light cleaved downwards. He finally understood why so many geniuses had failed when they tried to advance to the 19th step.

A body made from flesh and blood, imbued with a mortal's fear. How could it not be afraid when facing this heavenly wrath?

An intense pain circulated around him as Qin Wentian's heart grew cold. There was a hole in his chest where fresh blood was leaking out.

He finally understood what Fan Le experienced, what he had to endure.

Was this reality? Or an illusion?

If it was real, why was he still alive? How could anyone withstand such pain and not die? If it was fake, where did the blood come from? Why was the pain this intense?

Whether an Illusion or Reality, a single thought from him would determine which was true.

Qin Wentian continued, taking another step forwards, advancing to the 20th step.

There was no doubt, Qin Wentian was the fourth person after Situ Po, Fan Le, and Yun Mengyi to reach the 19th step.

As his feet landed on the 20th step, a column of light penetrated through his heart. He had never experienced such pain before, but

he'd already understood the truth between illusions and reality. The only thing that mattered was what he thought.

If he retreated now, he would die.

Qin Wentian laughed, and continued forward. He understood the crux of this test.

With insufficient conviction, he would die. If his will wavered even in the slightest, he would also die.

Every step was a battle between illusion and truth, bringing him closer and closer into contact with Death.

If it were earlier, if there was even the slightest wavering of his will, then the beam of light that penetrated his heart would instantly turn the illusion into reality. He would die for real. That was why even at the 19th step, so many people were injured. They didn't believe that they could withstand that pressure.

"How can this be? He succeeded as well?"

Those below couldn't believe their eyes. Qin Wentian didn't pause, he instantly stepped on the 21st, 22nd, all the way to the 25th step. He was similar to Yun Mengyi, advancing so many steps with a single breath. At this moment, he stood side by side with Situ Po.

Who said that he'd already lost?

After being surpassed by Yun Mengyi, after being caught up by Qin Wentian, the smile on Situ Po's face had long faded away. The confidence he'd had, the vigor he felt, were all replaced by a jarring feeling of disbelief. How could this be? Was their will stronger than his? Was their conviction stronger? Impossible.

"You've lost," Qin Wentian calmly stated. Situ Po's countenance changed as he coldly replied, "Even if you are on the same step as me, you don't have the qualifications to say that yet."

"The belief you had in yourself is already wavering," Qin Wentian replied. He continued upwards, stepping onto the 26th step. At this moment, he stood side by side with Yun Mengyi, surpassing Situ Po.

"AWESOME!" Fan Le shouted. The expression on Situ Po's face was too riveting.

"Look, Situ Po is the last now." Fan Le laughed, directing his statement to Yue Bingying, harshly refuting her earlier words. So no one else other than Situ Po could reach the 24th step? What a load of baloney.

"Since you've succeeded, how can I fail now?" Situ Po spat out, after which, he too, took the next step upwards.

On the 26th step, there was only indescribable pain. His will was forcefully chopped away little by little, his conviction was peeled apart bit by bit. Yet, he continued to stand.



“ARGHHH!” A voice of agony echoed out, a blood vessel in Situ Po’s eyes burst. He was unwilling to give up, even as blood continued leaking freely from his eyes. Yet, he persevered, and finally stabilised his footing.

Drawing in a deep breath, Situ Po’s frame continued to tremble. He finally stepped on the 26th step. He had succeeded.

The three of them stood on equal footing, the 26th step.

“The final step!” Those below could feel their hearts trembling violently. They were witnessing history being made. Luckily, they had chosen to stay on.

The three of them needed only a single step to ascend to the pinnacle of the Heavenly Stele Steps. Just one step, yet who dared to take it?

Yun Mengyi took the lead. In an instant, countless streams of Ancient Will cascaded down, making contact with her body. Instantly, an appalling scene appeared—Yun Mengyi's body was sliced apart bit by bit. The countless streams of Ancient Will wanted to destroy her body, reducing her into ashes.

“Puchi...” A crimson glow covered the skies as her blood dyed her pure-white robes a deep red. Yun Mengyi stumbled as she fell down the steps—so much blood covered her it was as though she had transformed into a being of blood.

Yun Mengyi could be said to be the most dazzling of all blazing suns that attempted the test, from the start of its history until now. She used the shortest amount of time to reach the 26th step, yet she was also the one that suffered the most grievous of injuries. The amount of blood was horrendous, the spectators had only one thought in their minds when they glanced at her. Was she already dead?

Situ Po's heart was shaking. Yun Mengyi, someone so much stronger than him had ended up in such a state. His heart began to waver. On the 26th step, his mind had already been close to crumbling apart. What would happen if he took the 27th step?

No matter how strong one's conviction was, in front of death, it would similarly waver.

"The seeds of fear have blossomed in your heart," Qin Wentian calmly stated. Situ Po's countenance stiffened as he glanced at the man beside him, adding, "This final step would be impossible for anyone to attempt."

"What of it? At the very least, I want to see it with my own eyes." Qin Wentian had never felt this composed before. He wanted to rank among the top three in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. How many thistles and thorns would he have to tread on his path in future? He couldn't afford to lose now.

How could he lose?

“DO YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE?!” A thunderous sound reverberated within his mind. A silly-looking smile couldn’t help but appear on his face when he heard that. Who was he? He was Qin Wentian!

As he stood upon the last steps of the Heavenly Stele Steps, he experienced what Yun Mengyi experienced. The boundless Ancient Will split into countless streams that lacerated him, seemingly trying to peel him off layer by layer. With a smile on his face, he transcended the pain and stared right at the Heavenly Stele in front of him.

“Your will won’t destroy my body, Your will won’t destroy my intent, your will won’t waver my heart.” Qin Wentian stared at the Ancient Stele as he softly spoke, “I am Qin Wentian, my life, my fate, my destiny, is that of a demon!”

# AGM 333 - Re-Witnessing History

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“I’m Qin Wentian, my destiny is that of a demon!”

Qin Wentian stood a step below the Heavenly Stele as he commented softly, yet his voice contained a resounding power filled with incomparable resolution.

Destiny of a Demon, how ‘hard’ was his fate? Powerful ancient primordial demons could exist, and continue living on with but a single breath. Qin Wentian’s entire life had only been a short 19 years, and he had already experienced countless dangers and even close shaves with death. Yet, his fate was as ‘hard’ as a demon, he had always been able to survive death by the skin of his teeth.

And even today, leaving aside the combat he would have with Situ Po, how could he be defeated by just the Ancient Will from the Heavenly Stele?

This Ancient Will, he didn’t fear it.

“27th step of the Heavenly Stele Step, he ascended to the peak.” Huge waves of commotion rocked the hearts of the spectators below.

Situ Po who was in the lead earlier had already been surpassed. He was now hesitating; even Yun Mengyi, someone whose talent and aptitude was higher than his, had been blasted down by the Stele. Yet Qin Wentian, the last to step up, had ascended to the peak. The Heavenly Stele was so close to him, Qin Wentian only

had to reach his hand out to touch it.

“Impossible,” Yue Bingying breathed, her eyes filled with disbelief. Qin Wentian had stabilized his footing and was just below the Heavenly Stele. He was currently immersed in the starlight emanating out from the Stele, allowing the energy to gush through his body freely.

Xuan Yan, Xuan Xin, Li Shiyu all stared at the incredible scene happening in front of them. Had he accomplished something that no one had ever done before?

Xuan Yan had personally experienced the pressure on the 19th step herself, she knew very well how terrifying that was. Yet Qin Wentian was currently standing on the 27th step, the difficulty of this was so high that she didn't believe it could be possible but clearly, Qin Wentian had succeeded.

“Is the strength of a mortal's will innately birthed and cannot be changed? Or is it born from nothing and has to be slowly refined and tempered?”

Xuan Yan mumbled, asking herself this question. She didn't know the answer to this, she was born to a major power with a silver spoon in her mouth, and had outstanding talent. As the apple of her Clan's eyes, she was sent to the Mystic Maiden Palace to cultivate and had never ever lacked cultivation resources before. The sect pitted her against countless opponents of the younger generations, and she had prevailed all the way to the end before gaining the title of 'Princess' in the Mystic Maiden Palace. All this wouldn't be possible without talent, and of course, the

resoluteness in her heart.

Yet why was there such a great distance between her and Qin Wentian? She was truly confused, she had faced so many opponents from transcendent powers just to climb her way up. Was it still insufficient? Could it be that the hardship she endured wasn't enough?

And Qin Wentian, he was just a nobody, wasn't he? He didn't even belong to any sect that was at the level of a transcendent power at all.

"Sigh, I guess the answer to my question should be the latter," Xuan Xin mumbled in response. One's degree of talent might have been fixed, but one's accomplishment would never be fully quantified by that single word, 'talent'. As for one's will, it had nothing to do with innate talent.

Yun Mengyi was currently sitting cross-legged on the ground, doing breathing exercises in a bid to recover. She was still grievously injured yet, there was a hint of a smile flickering inside her eyes. Nobody understood the reason why.

For Ouyang Kuangsheng, Fan Le, Chu Mang and the rest, other than feeling totally astounded, there was naturally also great joy in their hearts. Qin Wentian had walked to the end of the steps, yet Situ Po was still hesitating. Would he dare to take the final step?

The moment Situ Po witnessed Qin Wentian's success, his heart wavered yet again.

In this generation, he was one of four that gained the approval of all thirty-six halls; before him was Yun Mengyi, after him was Qin Wentian. Both of them had dared to take the final step, but what about him? Did he dare?

Qin Wentian stood there, appearing to be at peace. Yet after what happened to Yun Mengyi, nobody knew what he was currently experiencing.

If Situ Po took this step, if his original heart was still as firm and unshakable as ever, he might become like Qin Wentian, standing on the 27th step, enduring hellish pain or Yun Mengyi, who'd been blasted down the steps. If his heart and will had weakened, he might even die instantly.

“Yet if I don't take this step, my heart will never be at ease.”

Situ Po was also a character that could be classified as an absolute genius, he asked himself what it was that he truly wanted. Did he want to defeat the fear and terror in his heart? Did he want his will and his conviction to become even stronger?

In actuality, for the battle today, both he and Qin Wentian had already obtained immense benefits.

He stepped into the ninth level of Yuanfu with all three of his Mandates tempered to the Perfection Boundary while Qin Wentian, rushing up all the way with a single breath after the 18th level, it was obvious that not only had his Mandates evolved, the

state of his heart had been tempered as well.

Powerful opponents could either destroy oneself or spur each other into becoming even stronger.

For this confrontation, both he and Qin Wentian had benefited each other.

Without Qin Wentian or Yun Mengyi, his current state of heart would definitely not be this resolute, persevering all the way to the 26th step.

And similarly, if it weren't for him, Qin Wentian wouldn't have ascended to the peak. Maybe, if he had halted at the 18th step, Qin Wentian's will would have slackened the moment he stood on the 19th step.

Just like Fan Le, he contested against Xuan Yan because of Xuan Xin. Stepping upon the 18th step was already his limit. Yet, he exceeded that and forcibly climbed up to the 19th step, causing him to suffer serious injuries. But was that truly his limit? Since he stood there, why couldn't he endure and stabilize his steps?

Because... Xuan Yan had already admitted defeat. Which was why Fan Le's will had slackened, resulting in him being blasted off the 19th step.

Finally, Situ Po took the last step forwards. The instant he placed his foot upon the 27th step, only then did he feel what Yun Mengyi



had experienced.

In just half a breath of time, Situ Po was blasted down as blood soaked his whole body. Even his heartbeat was erratic, he had almost died due to the rebound explosion.

When one felt their heart exploding, their body being lacerated, how could one's will still remain resolute?

Situ Po was fiercely slammed onto the ground, Yue Bingying instantly appeared beside him as she cradled him gently into her arms. He resisted her as he struggled to sit up, his eyes still fixated onto the silhouette at the top. How had Qin Wentian accomplished it?

“Throughout the past ten years, the Heavenly Stele Steps have been opened to the public a total of three times. Yet how many could stand upon the 26th step as I have done? And that final step, who could have ever completed that final step?”

Situ Po stared at the back view of Qin Wentian, the complicated look in his eyes also revealing a trace of his frustration.

“I’ve lost,” Situ Po whispered.

“You didn’t, it’s just that your will wavered for a second, and there’s only the difference of a single step. It doesn’t count for anything,” Yue Bingying consoled him.

“A defeat is a defeat. Even if time reversed and I could challenge him again, I still wouldn't succeed,” Situ Po replied in a low voice. In his life, this was the first time he'd faced defeat.

Yue Bingying's body violently trembled. She inclined her head and also gazed at the back view of Qin Wentian who stood beneath the Stele. Situ Po had lost to him.

Back then when she heard that his talent was outstanding and had obtained approval of all thirty-six halls, she hadn't minded it that much. But today, Qin Wentian had completely trampled on her source of pride—Situ Po.

This was the first time Yue Bingying heard Situ Po admitting his defeat on his own accord.

“Situ Po, this is only one defeat, it can't count for anything. With your talent, you will definitely surpass him in the future, don't let this incident cast a shadow over your heart.” Yue Bingying was terribly afraid that Situ Po would be psychologically impacted in a negative way.

“Don't worry, I won't succumb to this so easily.” A sharp glint of light cut through the air as Situ Po stared at the silhouette of Qin Wentian on the steps.

“His will and his belief in himself are even stronger than mine. I don't mind being expelled from the Unmatched Realm, but Qin Wentian must die,” Situ Po added in a low voice, his countenance stern, as he exuded an intense killing intent. He was truly

impressed by Qin Wentian, but that didn't alter the fact that he still wanted to kill him, not even slightly. On the contrary, it made him even more determined to kill him. Qin Wentian had to die.

“But, those eccentrics...” Yue Bingying worriedly replied. Qin Wentian was the one that stood at the peak and this contest was designated by the eccentrics of the Unmatched Realm. This indicated that at the very least, a few eccentrics would be present today. If Situ Po acted to kill Qin Wentian now, the eccentrics would definitely not stand aside and do nothing.

“I know, let me heal up first,” Situ Po spoke as he closed his eyes, concentrating on his recovery.

Although defeat shook his heart, it wasn't able to affect his will. He had stepped upon the 26th step, just a single step away from the peak. He had no regrets, nor would there be any demons of the heart being born because of his failure. In fact, he couldn't have been more happy with his harvest. His strength had undergone a remarkable improvement, this wasn't a bad thing.

As long as Qin Wentian died, everything that happened here would be concluded. As for his damaged reputation, he would have more chances in the future to fix it when he journeyed to the Ancient Kingdom to contend for the top positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

At that time, when he succeeded in obtaining one of the top few ranks on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, who would doubt his ability then?

As for Qin Wentian, what he was currently experiencing was far more complicated than what others were imagining. At this moment, his will was actually drawn into the Heavenly Stele.

“Ancient Will of the Heavenly Stele, instead of merely capable of subverting the will of the user against themselves, could it be that the Stele has its own will as well?” At this moment, a vast empire was in front of his eyes, majestic and imposing. Yet Qin Wentian’s heart trembled with shock at the realization that he seemed to be familiar with this empire.

“Back then in the fragmented memories of the tiny Astral-Being, I saw that damn old fogey bringing a woman out from this place. The scene I saw back then, was it the same as the scene I see now?” Qin Wentian thought back to his past memories, he felt extremely sure he had seen this place before. However.... Abruptly, his body violently trembled.

That beautiful woman his father brought out had such an uncanny resemblance to her?!

Thinking of this, huge waves rocked Qin Wentian’s heart. What in the world was going on exactly? How could this be...

Studying the sight in front of him, this ancient empire was even more majestic than what existed in his memories. A jade-like beauty appeared on top of a flight of steps. The wind fluttered her long hair as she wielded a longsword in her hand. She emanated an aura that was beyond comparison, unexcelled in the world. Her

beauty was on a level that was so radiant, even if all the world's beauties were to stand beside her, they would immediately lose their luster.

Nine monstrous auras gushed out, warping the surroundings as nine men appeared out of nowhere, staring at the maiden.

“Princess, the Ancient Kingdom is no more, Grand Xia has already been split into nine, don't resist anymore.” One among the nine men growled as unmasked greed flickered in his eyes.

If Qin Wentian read through the ancient dossier regarding the history of the Ancient Kingdom, he would realize that this maiden was known as the last princess of Grand Xia, [Princess Tianyu](#). She was also the person with the highest amount of talent to ever appear in the history of Grand Xia.

钰公主: Princess Tianyu, 天钰(Tianyu) could stand for Heavenly Treasure.

There were many rumors and speculations regarding what happened to Princess Tianyu in the end. Yet the majority of the rumors and speculations all bordered more to the negative side. Princess Tianyu with her heavenly countenance, in addition to her unparalleled talent, how could she still be fine after landing into the hands of the nine men? She would definitely be \*\*\*\*!

As for those scholars that studied Grand Xia's history, every time they read this in the annals, they couldn't help feeling extreme heartbreak. Yet now, Qin Wentian was personally witnessing that exact historical scene unfolding before his very eyes!

# AGM 334 - Divine Stele

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Although Qin Wentian had no idea what had happened to cause the Ancient Kingdom to splinter apart, he'd heard rumors that a long time ago, Grand Xia wasn't initially split into the nine continents, and there weren't so many transcendent powers.

The Ancient Kingdom of Grand Xia conquered everything, and countless experts existed within the vast territory. It was so unfathomably strong that no other enemies could resist it.

It was only later that Grand Xia was splintered into nine, where transcendent powers rose up one after another, and the Ancient Kingdom was then divided. As for the Ancient Kingdom today, it was no longer the same as what it had been previously. Many years ago when Grand Xia was divided in power, it had already spelt the Ancient Kingdom's doom. As of now, it was rumored that only a single bloodline remained. But as to whether this was true or false, no one knew.

Hence when Qin Wentian stared at the scene unfolding in front of him, his heart couldn't help but tremble.

“This Heavenly Stele, what treasure was this? Why would it have records of the end of the Ancient Kingdom of Grand Xia? Does that mean that this Heavenly Stele is a remnant from that time?” Qin Wentian mused.

When had the Heavenly Stele Platform existed within the Azure Continent?

Many suspicions and speculations floated up in his heart. Qin Wentian pushed them aside as he concentrated on the scene before him. A frightening, towering aura gushed out from her body, so powerful that it shot up to the Heavens, while a true dragon seemingly coiled around her longsword.

“Princess Tianyu, do you want the bloodline of Grand Xia to be totally annihilated?”

An extremely cold voice echoed, causing despair to be reflected in Princess Tianyu’s eyes. That man walked in front of her, a smile of lust painted over his face. “Princess, did you know that I’ve been in love with you since a long time ago?”

Princess Tianyu’s countenance turned pale-white as she bit her lips tightly, with an extremely frigid expression on her face.

“If you are willing to bear the seeds of all nine of us, our sons shall then inherit our positions. They who possess your bloodline, will be the future of your Grand Xia.” The middle-aged man smiled at Princess Tianyu. Her countenance turned even paler as her hand that wielded the sword, trembled involuntarily.

Did she want her bloodline to continue?

These people all wanted to taint her.

“If you agree, throw away the sword in your hand,” the man

calmly continued. Princess Tianyu was shuddering, feeling incomparable agony. Her heart felt as though it were experiencing the hellish torment of the underworld.

She wasn't willing to give up, if the traitors didn't die, she couldn't die before them.

A light sound rang out as the sword in her hand fell to the ground.

A sinister smile of satisfaction appeared on the face of the middle-aged man. He slowly walked up as both his hands greedily caressed Princess Tianyu's skin. He was finally going to obtain this world-ravishing beauty that everyone in Grand Xia was so enamored with.

With a wave of his hands, the armies they led all departed, leaving only the nine of them.

The middle-aged man sliced apart Princess Tianyu's clothing and gradually, her flawless and exquisitely sculpted, jade-white body appeared in full view before the nine of them.

"Xia Tianyu, you are truly everything I've dreamed about." The fires of his nefarious lust stirred within his eyes. He moved forward abruptly, he couldn't restrain his eagerness any longer. His hands were everywhere, roaming every inch of her body. As he felt her up for all she was worth, he was at times gentle, and other times rough. Princess Tianyu's tears dripped silently down her face at the horror she was experiencing, yet her heart had never been



this resolute before.

She vowed, even if a thousand years passed, even if ten thousand years passed, she would have her revenge.

“Break the Divine Stele into nine pieces. From now on, each of us shall own a portion.” That man commanded in a husky voice after he had finished his insulting examination of her body, his lust temporarily sated for now. The eight men behind him turned and gazed at the Divine Stele outside the palace of the Ancient Grand Xia.

“From now onwards, the mastery of Grand Xia’s nine ultimate arts shall belong to our nine bloodlines respectively. Although the Divine Stele can never be destroyed, it can still be broken up into pieces. The nine of us shall each take a piece and never meet again, we must not allow the Divine Stele to restore itself.” That person licked his lips as he turned his attention onto Princess Tianyu’s perfect frame once more, as though he couldn’t wait to taste her fully, before he too, walked out of the palace. After which, the nine of them unleashed their most powerful attacks, intending to break the Divine Stele.

The significance of this final scene hit Qin Wentian in full force.

He had already formed some conjectures in his mind.

Firstly, the scene before his eyes was the last scenario recorded by the Divine Stele. This meant that the three-sided Stele in front of him was one of the nine remnant pieces that formed the Divine

Stele. But right now, only one remained here.

Secondly, he knew with certainty that the origin of the nine continents of Grand Xia had been birthed from what he'd seen.

That pitiful Princess Tianyu, forced to endure humiliation to such a degree. As for what happened to her later on, no one knew...

According to the middle-aged man's command, the Divine Stele which contained nine of Grand Xia's ultimate arts, was then broken into nine remnants and given to the nine of them to govern. They would then ensure that the nine broken remnants of the Divine Stele would never be united and restored again.

"Hu..." Qin Wentian's will withdrew from the Heavenly Stele as he took a deep breath. A sudden thought struck him as Qin Wentian sent out the Yellow Springs Monument from his interspatial ring, allowing it to float in the air. A terrifying blood might emanated forth from it.

"Can your body, made from flesh and blood, withstand this power?"

Qin Wentian remembered the words of the Ancient Will. Power, the test during the first segment of nine steps, was to withstand power attacks. After which, the second segment tested them with will attacks.

And as for the Yellow Springs Monument, it was an attack that

used blood might. Because the Monument was now under his control, the power it could unleash wasn't that great.

“The Azure Emperor eventually obtained the Yellow Springs Monument. Was it part of the nine broken remnants? Afterwards, this monument was given to Fairy Qingmei who used it to set up the path of the Yellow Springs in the Celestial Lake's Refinement Grounds. Similarly, it was used to test one's talent and will. My conjecture...” Qin Wentian's heart trembled, he knew he was right. Back then the Azure Emperor must have acquired one of the nine broken remnants of the Divine Stele.

Yet, the truth wasn't complete yet, it was still covered by a haze of doubt and suspicion.

Those nine bloodlines from back then, did they still exist? And as for the Heavenly Stele, how did it appear here and why didn't anyone come to snatch it away? Who was the owner of this three-sided Stele?

And after the Divine Stele was broken up into nine pieces, cultivators could clearly control them to unleash their power just like how he was controlling the Yellow Springs Monument. Did the Ancient Will that emanated from the Heavenly Stele truly belong to the Stele itself? Or was there someone controlling it?

Lastly, and most importantly. What did this all have to do with him?

He wasn't even twenty, and that damn old fogey of a father must

have definitely fallen after he was born. His father couldn't be someone from a few thousands years ago right?

But still, he arrived here, either by the workings of chance or the machinations of fate. Was all of this truly nothing but coincidence?

This was impossible...

Because the woman his damn old fogey brought away, looked exactly like Yun Mengyi! "Forget it, I should take this chance to properly cultivate. Otherwise, it would be too much of a waste." Qin Wentian had no way to resolve the suspicions in his heart. He could only cast the distracting thoughts aside as he calmed his heart down and cultivated.

Luckily, the Ancient Wills had already weakened, and wouldn't affect him too immensely. This factor confirmed his suspicions. The three-sided Stele had definitely been under the control of someone earlier. If not, there was no way it would be able to unleash that much power.

After a few moments, Qin Wentian had totally cast aside all distractions and was immersed in his cultivation. After washing out the impurities of his will and heart, the state of his heart improved yet again. This was the best time for him to rush through to the next level. Situ Po also broke through under similar conditions, he could do the same as well.

"The Ancient Will has weakened," Fan Le and the rest below

commented in surprise.

“Mhm, what’s going on exactly?” Puzzlement flashed through Ouyang Kuangsheng’s face, he didn’t understand anything at all.

Situ Po didn’t as well. He decided to ignore it for now and concentrate on his recovery.

However at this moment, a light flashed in Yun Mengyi’s eyes. She couldn’t help but sigh in her heart as she stared at the silhouette standing before the Heavenly Stele.

“You have lost.” A voice suddenly sounded on in her mind. Nobody could hear this, except for her alone.

Yun Mengyi nodded her head lightly, she knew that she’d lost. She came here today with the same purpose as Situ Po, to compete against Qin Wentian. Yet, she had lost. She failed to step upon the last step, and couldn’t acquire the Heavenly Stele that should have belonged to her.

“Since you’ve lost, from now onwards, you should give your loyalty to him. For this upcoming trip to the Grand Xia’s Ancient Kingdom, go accompany him. After all, you are many times much more familiar with that place compared to him.” The voice resounded in her mind again. Yun Mengyi glanced at Qin Wentian, maybe... this was her destiny.

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Qin Wentian's cultivation proceeded smoothly, he used only a month's time to break through the shackles of the sixth level, stepping into the seventh level of Yuanfu.

And not just him, those who took the test of the Heavenly Stele Steps all made remarkable improvements, especially for those that made it up to the eighteenth step. Their wills of Mandates all experienced growth as their spirits and hearts grew stronger. Evidently, their strength went up another level.

Currently, Chu Mang had already stepped into the eighth level while Fan Le and Ouyang Kuangsheng both broke through to the seventh level. As of now, Ouyang Kuangsheng was even preparing his breakthrough to the eighth level. Their wills of Mandates had also significantly improved as well.

Yun Mengyi progress couldn't be neglected as well. Her Mandates were all already at the Perfection Boundary prior to joining the test. As of now, she had managed to step into the ninth level of Yuanfu. Naturally, the ones who improved the most, were undoubtedly Situ Po and Qin Wentian.

Situ Po, ninth level of Yuanfu, three Mandates at the Perfection Boundary.

Qin Wentian, seventh level of Yuanfu, three Mandates at the Perfection Boundary, gained a strengthened will, and an incomparably unwavering heart.

Those who had left the vicinity earlier were all extremely depressed when they heard of what had happened. They actually missed out seeing the three absolute geniuses of the Unmatched Realm contending against each other on the 26th step. Qin Wentian actually became the first person to conquer the Heavenly Stele Steps, defeating Situ Po.

However, it was regretful that Qin Wentian's cultivation base was still too low. There wasn't much time before the end of the year, and therefore it should be impossible for him to contend for the positions of one of the top rankers in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Naturally, Qin Wentian didn't think of it this way. Right now he had already paused his cultivation. A confident smile appeared on his face as he stood up.

Without the tempering this time around from the Heavenly Steles, he couldn't have improved so much in a short few months. The eccentrics of the Unmatched Realm, and his dispute with Situ Po, did indeed gave him a very good opportunity to raise his strength.

"Many thanks to Senior." Qin Wentian clasped his hands to the old figure sweeping the platform as he politely stated.

"You are the one that succeeded on your own, why are you thanking me?" The old man casually replied.

Qin Wentian smiled, he knew in his heart that this old man was

someone remarkable.

“Junior bids his farewell then.” Qin Wentian bowed respectfully as he prepared to depart.

“The Heavenly Stele is yours. Take it.” The old man waved his hands, his words causing a light to flash in Qin Wentian’s eyes.

This Heavenly Stele was part of the Divine Stele. This old man wanted to give it to him?

“Back then my Master once commanded me, the Heavenly Stele belongs to whoever conquers the 27th step. And so it has been done. This is yours, take it and go,” the old man impatiently added.

Qin Wentian didn’t act courteous any longer. He collected the Heavenly Stele, placing it inside his interspatial ring together with his Yellow Springs Monument. His heart was still in an enigma, he wanted to solve the mystery, but sadly, he didn’t have enough information as of now.

Turning, Qin Wentian walked down the steps. That old man continued sweeping, turning his gaze on to the horizon. A gentle warmth flickered in his eyes, as though he were lost in fond reminiscence.

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A long time ago... the Venerate Heavens Sect was one of the



governors of certain regions of Ancient Grand Xia. They predicted the forthcoming of future events by studying the movements of the constellations.

At this moment, within the Venerate Heavens Sect, an old man was studying the stars. A bright light flickered in his eyes, piercing through the void into the Nine Heavenly Layers. The Constellation that represented Grand Xia could be found over there.

“The Demonic Constellation is glowing brighter and brighter, overshadowing that of the Grand Xia Constellation. A bloody storm will soon come about as the wind and clouds changes in Grand Xia. Each resplendent star represented a power, yet there will be one faction among them that will dominate and unite the rest.” The old man’s heart pounded with great feeling—a foretelling of this magnitude was rarely seen, not even once in a thousand years!

# AGM 335 - Gathering Of The Nine Continents

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Everyone below watched in silence as Qin Wentian descended. Without the Heavenly Stele, could this platform still be known as the Heavenly Stele Platform?

That Stele had actually been given to Qin Wentian as a present.

But naturally, these spectators all didn't know what the Heavenly Stele was exactly. If not, the commotion caused would definitely shake the entire Grand Xia.

The Divine Stele, was the symbol of Grand Xia's prosperity and its eventual decline. There was a time when countless heroes of Ancient Grand Xia could enjoy its baptism before.

The Divine Stele was like an ancient mirror, an annal of ancient historical records. The nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia were engraved upon it, but it had long been broken into nine pieces, and prevented from being united ever again.

If Qin Wentian was a little more familiar with the history of Grand Xia, he would have known that for the nine continents of this era, some of the transcendent powers possess ultimate arts or techniques that serve as the foundation of their entire sect or clan. The origins for all these arts and techniques, were all derived from the engravings on the Divine Stele.

And even though these remnant arts were still powerful, they were no longer as powerful as they were in the past.

The Ancient Kingdom of Grand Xia was many times stronger compared to the now fragmented Nine Continents of the current era. One could even say that even if all the transcendent powers joined their forces together, they would be unable to match the radiance and might of Ancient Grand Xia. If not, the Ancient Emperor wouldn't have been able to conquer the world, gaining control of the incomparably vast territory which eventually came to be known as Grand Xia. Yet, why would it have fallen if it were all-powerful?

The old man with the broom started sweeping the steps once more. Perhaps this was the last time he would appear here.

“Boss, can you lend me the Heavenly Stele to play around with for a couple of days?” Fan Le's eyes glinted as he grinned. Such a powerful artifact becoming the sole possession of Qin Wentian. It should be quite an interesting thing to use it on his opponents right?

Qin Wentian glared at Fan Le as he walked over to their group. Glancing around at his companions, he was gratified to find that their individual levels of strength had clearly improved. This time around, the Heavenly Stele Steps had proved to be of invaluable help.

Shifting his eyes, he turned his gaze onto Situ Po and Yue Bingying. Situ Po was also looking right at him, Situ Po then calmly stated, “I will see you in the Ginkou Continent.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Situ Po and Yue Bingying's silhouettes flickered as they disappeared from sight. Qin Wentian's eyes flashed with a glint of cold light, it was unknown what he was thinking about.

Situ Po was still emitting killing intent. Very well, Qin Wentian would put an end to this enmity between them in the Ginkou Continent then. Since the end of the year was already nearing, all these people should be making their way to the Ancient Kingdom soon.

"Xuan Xin, let's return." Those from the Mystic Maiden Palace prepared to leave. Xuan Xin's beautiful eyes gazed at Fan Le as she smiled, "You will be going to the Ginkou Continent as well?"

"Mhm." Fan Le nodded.

"We will meet there then." Xuan Xin sweetly smiled before she left with Xuan Yan and her fellow disciples of the Mystic Maiden Palace.

Fan Le had a silly smile on his face even after Xuan Xin left. Qin Wentian couldn't help but perspire when he saw that—was love really capable of turning people into idiots, even someone as shameless as Fan Le?

Nearby, the maiden clad in white also prepared to leave. However, Qin Wentian abruptly called out, "Yun Mengyi."

Yun Mengyi halted her steps as Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered, before appearing beside her. "I have some things I need to ask you."

After speaking, he pulled Yun Mengyi along as he sped ahead. The riddle in his heart, maybe Yun Mengyi knew something that could solve it. Why did Princess Tianyu look exactly like Yun Mengyi?

Yun Mengyi's brows furrowed slightly, she wasn't used to being pulled along by others. But since she had lost to Qin Wentian, she silently allowed him to drag her away. This scene caused Ouyang Kuangsheng and Fan Le to stare in dumbfounded amazement.

"My boss is too fierce."

"... indeed." Ouyang Kuangsheng nodded in agreement. Where was Qin Wentian taking Yun Mengyi off to?

Qin Wentian walked beside Yun Mengyi, and after some moments he asked, "Who are you exactly?"

Yun Mengyi returned his gaze, as she icily replied, "Yun Mengyi."

"Did you already know who I was before I even entered the Unmatched Realm?" Qin Wentian stared directly into Yun Mengyi's eyes.

At this moment, Yun Mengyi shook his hand away. She knew that Qin Wentian had already seen the scenes recorded on the Stele. “I am Xia Tianyu.”

Qin Wentian’s countenance froze. “Impossible.”

“You don’t believe me?” Yun Mengyi stared at Qin Wentian, as a strange smile flashed past her eyes. “Would you believe me if I told you I’m your older sister?”

Qin Wentian didn’t reply. The current Yun Mengyi gave him an extremely strange feeling. That smile on her face, felt like that of a stranger.

There was nothing to prove the credibility of her words. As to whether it was real or fake, Yun Mengyi was the only one who knew the truth.

“No,” Qin Wentian replied.

“Since that’s the case, why are you still asking me? I will look for you once you arrive in the Ginkou Continent.” Yun Mengyi leisurely walked away, the aura that exuded forth from her, was as icy as always.

“Hu...” Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath, he still couldn’t decipher the riddle. Was the woman whom that damned old fogey of a father rescued back then, Yun Mengyi?

What was the relationship between Yun Mengyi and Xia Tianyu exactly?

And why did the Heavenly Stele end up in his hands? Could the reason really be so simple, because he obtained the recognition of the old man sweeping the steps? There had to be something more to it.

That old man himself was already an extremely fearsome character, otherwise how could he have successfully guarded the remnant of the Divine Stele for such a long time? He said that he was following the orders of his master, in that case, who then and how powerful might his master be?

“What’s wrong?” Ouyang Kuangsheng and the rest walked over, seeing that Qin Wentian was standing there dumbly. Little Rascal dashed into Qin Wentian’s chest and snuggled there.

“Nothing’s wrong.” Qin Wentian shook his head. He wasn’t even sure of his own origins, nothing could be accomplished even if he revealed what Yun Mengyi had said. He wondered if this trip to the Ancient Kingdom would prove to be the key that unlocked this mysterious riddle he’d held close to his heart.

“It’s about time for us to set off for the Ginkou Continent. The majority of those from the Azure Continent have already set off, and the Ginkou Continent should already be definitely extremely bustling.” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed, as hints of anticipation could be seen flickering in his eyes. A once-in-three-years journey to the Ancient Kingdom, how many talented geniuses would gather there? Almost every major power of Grand Xia would

definitely send the members of their younger generations over to test their mettle.

“Right, there’s only a few months left.” Qin Wentian felt that time was too tight. With his current level of power, it was still impossible for him to contend against the the top three rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

The top three rankers stood at the pinnacle of Yuanfu within the entire Grand Xia, and without a doubt, their Mandates would definitely already be at the Perfection Boundary. Not only that, there may even be some who’ve already comprehended the second level of insights of their respective Mandate, while still in the Yuanfu Realm.

“Let’s go back to my Ouyang Clan first, I think there’ll be many members of my clan going on this journey as well,” Ouyang Kuangsheng added. Qin Wentian and the rest didn’t have any objections and thus followed Ouyang Kuangsheng back to the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

Ouyang Kuangsheng reported his findings to the upper echelons, who decided in seven days time, all those who were powerful enough to contend for a rank in the Heavenly Fate Rankings would journey together to the Ancient Kingdom of Grand Xia.

At this moment in Ouyang Kuangsheng’s residence, a three-sided Stele floated in the air as Qin Wentian, Fan Le and Chu Mang sat below it, feeling the pressure of that Ancient Will emanating forth from it.



“Strength, use my strength against me, attack my body.” Qin Wentian’s body trembled with the impact. He had concluded that the three-sided Stele did possess its own will, and the magnitude of the power it unleashed could be controlled by him.

“Stronger. I can still endure.” Qin Wentian floated into the air as a thunderous boom echoed. The terrifying energy of the Stele blasted into him, causing him to cough out blood. In spite of this, his eyes flickered with an unending thirst for more power and incomparable determination.

With such a heavenly treasure like the Stele, how could they afford to waste time? They had to use the power of its intense pressure to break through their own limits.

The Divine Stele that was used to baptise members of Royalty of the Ancient Grand Xia, was now being used by Qin Wentian to progress to further heights.

Ouyang Kuangsheng, Fan Le and the rest were happily enduring the ‘torture’ the Heavenly Stele was bestowing. Although the pain was terrible, they could feel their strength and will being strengthened as they endured it.

In the blink of an eye, seven days passed. Today, members of the Ouyang Clan who were eligible for the trip to the Ancient Kingdom all gathered at the main training grounds. Over here, several demonic beasts were being prepared to serve as mounts for the journey to the Ginkou Continent.

Qin Wentian's gaze swept past the crowd. There were over several hundreds of cultivators present who had a cultivation base at the ninth level of Yuanfu.

As an Aristocrat Clan, they naturally wouldn't lack cultivators at any level of the Yuanfu Realm. But even with a few hundred cultivators at the ninth level of Yuanfu, the majority of these were still cannon fodder. And with just this number from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, one could well imagine the sheer number of cultivators descending upon the Ginkou Continent.

“Let's go.” The clan lord of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan personally went to send the cultivators off on their journey. Although this group of cultivators were all from the latter generations, if they could withstand the tempering of this journey and perform outstandingly, they would all have a chance to become core members of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

The demonic beasts took off into the air, the demonic qi they exuded covered the skies as they flew towards the Ancient Kingdom of Grand Xia.

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In the Nine Continents of Grand Xia, the Ginkou Continent, Moon Continent, and the War Continent were situated in the shape of a triangle and were collectively deemed the core region of Grand Xia.

And among the three, the Ginkou Continent had always been considered a location of most importance, even back in the times of Ancient Grand Xia. Even the small countries bordering Ginkou, had overwhelming power compared to countries like Chu. The experts over there were as common as the floating clouds.

Although the Ancient Kingdom had effectively been destroyed, the Ancient Capital was still the most magnificent and luxurious capital in the entire Grand Xia. This capital represented the glory of Ancient Grand Xia, with countless streams of humans and demonic beast mounts flooding in without pause.

For the human experts, some of them travelled here alone or in small groups of three to five. They were chatting as they flew in the air, the blood in their hearts surging with excitement. While those that travelled on the ground, they were also filled with excitement as they gazed upon the Ancient Capital.

At this moment, a terrifying sharp aura sliced through the clouds, heralding the arrival of a group of sword cultivators. They were all clad in white-colored garments, each standing upon a flying sword in the air.

“Are they Swallow Swordsmen from the Yan Continent?”

“Look in that direction, so many demonic beasts. Are they from the Demon Continent? The Skydemon Sect and the Beast King Hall?”

“Hey, what about over there? What a powerful looking troop

formation. They should be from a transcendent power.” The gazes of the crowd stared in another direction as they exclaimed. Only to see that among them, there was a single silhouette standing proudly in the air. The imposing aura he exuded could be felt even from several miles away, and it was as though no matter where he was, or no matter how many people surrounded him, his presence would overshadow everything in his vicinity.

“Hua Taixu. I've seen him before, he's from the Hua Clan in the Moon Continent. And as for the group of people beside the Hua Clan, from the looks of it, they seem to be from the Moon Continent as well—the Pill Emperor Hall.”

The gazes of the crowd raked through the air as they saw a few outstanding silhouettes other than Hua Taixu.

“That young man whose eyes seem to glitter with a golden light, is he Zhan Chen? I heard that he's cultivating the cultivation art he inherited from an Ascendant, I wonder how much stronger he is now? I also heard rumors that he's intentionally suppressing his cultivation base. He didn't want to break through to Heavenly Dipper so early because he wanted to use this chance to obtain the position of the top ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.”

“Oh, and who's that maiden? Such a transcendent beauty, her looks could even topple empires.” “That maiden should be the direct disciple of the Pill Emperor's daughter, Luo He. Usually she keeps a low profile so no one knows much about her. But in spite of this, she's still extremely famous and popular in the Moon Continent.”

Countless voices whirled about from countless discussions that echoed throughout the air. To bear witness to this display of numerous heroes, each representing a major powers from all nine continents, to see them all gathered right here in the Ancient Capital of Grand Xia—it was a matter of course that there'd be a never-ending array of topics to converse on!

# AGM 336 - Old Acquaintances

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Within the Ginkou Continent, all reputable inns were bustling with customers, so busy to the extent that they couldn't cope. There were simply too many people, not only were there outsiders from the other part of Grand Xia, those from the Ginkou Continent didn't want to miss this event as well.

At this moment, there were a few figures walking on a main street of the Ginkou Continent. Among them were two extremely beautiful young ladies, accompanied by an old man behind them. The aura that exuded out from the old man was extremely weak, as though he was almost an ordinary mortal.

"The Ginkou Continent is truly luxurious." The old man gazed at the surrounding buildings as he sighed. Thinking back to events in his past, he couldn't help but find his actions ridiculous. The Sky Harmony City was but an ant-like existence when placed in the perspective of Grand Xia. Anyone here, any commoner on the street, had a status far above his.

His perspective had changed and so had his heart.

"Autumn Snow, you have to work harder to catch up to your younger sister. This world is truly too vast." Bai Qingsong sighed. Autumn Snow nodded her head, "Mhm, father, I'll do my best to catch up, but I'm afraid it won't be possible."

"Elder sis, you have to have more confidence in yourself." The beautiful young lady beside Autumn Snow lightly smiled. This

younger-looking lady was even taller than Autumn Snow, with an extremely well-proportioned figure. She had skin as white as snow and an extremely beautiful countenance. Only her eyes seemed to contain within them a depth that was far beyond her years, as though she had experienced many things before.

This younger-looking lady was the little sister of Autumn Snow, Bai Qing. Currently her status was extraordinary among those in the Mystic Moon Hall and had fetched her family over to live under her sect's protection.

"Confidence?" Autumn Snow shook her head, "I wonder if he will be here..."

Thinking of him, Bai Qing had a radiant smile on her face. After experiencing so many things, she learned to let go of the hatred for her family members that had once entangled her. And not just herself, her father Bai Qingsong had learned to let go as well. He didn't blame Qin Wentian in the slightest for crippling him. In fact, it was because of Bai Qingsong's regret that convinced Bai Qing to reconcile with him and her sister Autumn Snow.

"He?" Bai Qingsong froze, as a bitter smile surfaced on his face. "Sometimes when I think about events of the past, there are so many what-ifs that flash through my mind. If I hadn't been so selfish back then, maybe the two of you would have been a couple that engenders envy in others."

"Let's not talk about the past anymore," Bai Qing gently interjected, causing Bai Qingsong to shake his head as he sighed, "You are right, everything's already in the past. What's the use of

talking about it now?”

Bai Qing reminisced, her thoughts going back to when she'd met her Wentian gege at the Refinement Grounds in the Celestial Lake. Such a long period of time had passed since then, and now she was already at the eighth level of Yuanfu. Naturally, it was due to her hard-working nature and her many past experiences. But despite her current strength, Qin Wentian's talent was still above hers, so his own cultivation surely wouldn't lose out to her own.

Fond delight flickered in her eyes, a smile of innocence gracing her face.....Qin Wentian was walking on a pathway, when he suddenly sneezed out of nowhere. He then commented in a low voice, “Hmm, is there someone thinking of me?”

“Stop being so thick-skinned. Just a sneeze and suddenly you assume someone is thinking about you.” Fan Le grinned. “Do you think you're me?”

Qin Wentian rolled his eyes as Little Rascal let out a snort-like bark in his arms, before mimicking an expression of shrugging, causing Fan Le to rap it lightly on its head.

They had arrived in Ginkou yesterday, and early morning, Fatty had already dragged all of them out to wander the streets. There were many restaurants and inns around this region, and the pathway they were walking on was also extremely spacious. Even a hundred people walking abreast on that pathway wouldn't feel congested. Unbroken lines of demonic beasts mounts passed beside them, the entire Ancient Capital was bustling with noise and excitement.



Occasionally on the pathway, they would also meet extraordinary characters that hailed from the other transcendent powers.

“Who are those people, the aura exuding from their bodies feels as sharp as that of sword cultivators, albeit somewhat different,” Qin Wentian inquired of Ouyang Kuangsheng, as he stared at a group of young cultivators passing by.

“They’re from the War Continent. Cultivators that hail from that region emphasize more on forging and the usage of divine weapons. Even their innate techniques and cultivation arts usually require a particular type of divine weapon to complement it. Hence, the sharpness you feel is an aura similar to the sharpness of divine weapons,” Ouyang Kuangsheng replied.

“The War Continent isn’t very far from the Ginkou Continent. Those two, in addition to the Moon Continent, can be considered the three core regions of Grand Xia. All of them are home to the strongest transcendent powers, a fact that has instilled within their respective cultivators an inborn sense of superiority.”

“In that case, the major powers from those three continents should be in Ginkou for this event as well?” Qin Wentian asked in a low voice. Ouyang Kuangsheng nodded, “Naturally, even transcendent powers such as the Nine Mystical Palace and Greencloud Pavilion will send their people here, and they’re both located so far away in the Qing Continent. Oh yeah, shouldn’t you be more familiar with them, seeing that you’re from Chu? Chu was under the administration of the Nine Mystical Palace back then, wasn’t it?”

Nine Mystical Palace, Qin Wentian couldn't be considered as being familiar with it. But previously, he did have more than a few run-ins with the people of the Nine Mystical Palace, and if he were to meet them again this time around, there were some things he had to clarify with them.

As for the Greencloud Pavilion, he was only familiar with two people, Gongyang Hong and Qian Mengyu. Currently, he didn't know the whereabouts of Senior Gongyang Hong.

After Gongyang Hong left Chu, Qin Wentian had journeyed to the Moon Continent. Hence, if he were to return to Chu, he wouldn't be able to find Qin Wentian.

"Chu!" Qin Wentian felt traces of longing in his heart. That weak little country had many people he cared about living within its borders.

"I wonder if Qingcheng came along with those from the Pill Emperor Palace for this trip to the Ancient Kingdom?" Qin Wentian mused. As a core disciple under Luo He, along with her extraordinary talent with medicine and pills, Mo Qingcheng's speed of advancement and strength shouldn't be beneath his own.

"How fragrant." At this moment, Fatty's nostrils widened as he took a sniff in the air. That, was the thick aroma of sweet wine. Fan Le gulped as he started searching for the source of that fragrance.

“There.” Chu Mang pointed to a luxurious inn with a flag outside of it. Three words could be seen on the fluttering flag - Drunken Immortals’ Residence.

“Good name.” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed, “Let’s go in and drink a few cuppas.”

“Yeah, I wanna drink too.” Ouyang Xiaolu suddenly butted in, even as she stood beside Ouyang Kuangsheng. Ouyang Kuangsheng blinked, as he glared at his sister, “No. Go drink milk instead.”

“Hmph.” Ouyang Xiaolu unhappily snorted. “Wait till I see Sister Jiang Ting. I’m going to complain to her and make her bully you for me.”

The Jiang Ting which Ouyang Xiaolu was referring to, was naturally Ouyang Kuangsheng’s fiancée that hailed from the Wind Continent. Apparently, the Jiang Clan had also come to the Ginkou Continent.

“Che, you still don’t know who wears the pants in my relationship with her.” Ouyang Kuangsheng grinned.

“Oh? Really? Would you dare say that again?” Ouyang Xiaolu disdainfully replied.

“Even if that lass Jiang Ting came, I will definitely show her who’s the boss,” Ouyang Kuangsheng confidently replied. As the sound of his words faded, Ouyang Xiaolu burst out into laughter,

her actions causing Ouyang Kuangsheng to feel a strong sense of unease. As he turned, the expression on his face froze when he noticed a female silhouette standing there.

Qin Wentian and Fan Le already deduced who was standing there even without turning their heads, both their faces were filled with utter sympathy as they looked to Ouyang Kuangsheng.

“You guys...” Ouyang Kuangsheng knew that he’d fallen into a trap, but nobody had tried to warn him. These two buddies of his were too unreliable.

Since their parting at the Celestial Lake Palace, Qin Wentian had yet to meet Jiang Ting again. The current Jiang Ting had matured quite a bit, her figure was slender and elegant and radiated an aura of feminine charm. Her eyes flickered with an unknown light and just when it seemed she was on the verge of an explosion, Ouyang Kuangsheng headed her off with a bright, innocent smile on his face, “Ting`er you’re here! Why didn’t you let me know in advance? My damnable little sister didn’t tell me anything as well :)”

“Hmph.” Jiang Ting ignored Ouyang Kuangsheng as she stomped her way ahead, brushing him aside. Ouyang Kuangsheng quickly caught up with her as he tried to placate her, “I was just joking dear, just a little harmless joke.”

Upon seeing such a scenario occurring, Qin Wentian and the rest couldn’t help but smile. The brazen Ouyang Kuangsheng was reduced to such a state by his fiancée? How unexpected. Afterwards, they entered the inn and found a window seat on the

second level, where they enjoyed the wine and leisurely chatted away.

At the entrance to Drunken Immortals' Residence, countless streams of people entered and exited. At this moment a group of cultivators entered, consisting of three males and three females.

Of the three females, one of them was extremely petite with an ordinary countenance, exuding a faint sense of self-induced inferiority. She trailed behind the group in silence. The most talkative of the three had a coquettish manner of speaking, with a figure as provocative as her words. Her ample bosom stretched tightly across the top of her revealing clothes, causing people of the opposite sex to drool over her half-exposed, alabaster skin.

As for the last remaining female, she was by far the most dazzling among the group. She seemed have been born with an overflowing abundance of sex appeal, with sultry eyes and pouty lips of a rosy hue. Although she didn't say much, her presence and inherent magnetism alone could invoke jealousy from those of the same gender, and most assuredly made her the most dazzling among the three females.

“Yang Xia, don't you worry. My buddy will be joining us later for a meal. Just let me handle the talking and I'll butter him up a little. Joining the Pill Emperor Hall shouldn't be a problem at all.” One of the young men stared at the coquettish-looking girl, and then, as if he was compelled to do so, glanced for long moments at the glorious display of her magnificent snowy-white peaks. Obviously, he wanted nothing more than to get a closer look at that valley's beautiful scenery!

# AGM 337 - Chen Clan Of Ginkou Continent

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When Qin Wentian left Chu, the situation in Chu had already stabilized. Chu Wuwei became the Emperor, resolving all the grievances and grudges of the previous era and rebuilding the Emperor Star Academy. The country of Chu was in the phase of recovery after the war. The standings of the noble clans changed according to the prosperity or decline of those whom they had chosen to back.

Luo Huan knew that there was no longer a need for her to stay in Chu and hence, she decided to roam Grand Xia as well. Setting off in the western direction, she visited many countries and had even gone to the Qing Continent where the Greencloud Pavilion and Nine Mystical Palace were both situated in. Her perspectives had long changed and she now knew that Chu was really too small and her individual strength was too weak.

And because of her innate charm, the beauty of her features, and her personality, it was easy for her to become an object of desire whom men coveted over, salivating at her looks. She had come across quite a few dangerous situations because of it. Luckily, as she was someone clever in nature, she knew how to protect herself. In conclusion, she learned the importance of having a major power behind one's back.

She wanted to join a major power, because she had experienced too many things throughout these years when she roamed Grand Xia. Although her talent wasn't weak, she wasn't strong enough to the point where she could dazzle the crowds. Only by joining a major power would she be able to better protect herself.

After arriving in Ginkou, she had acquainted herself with a group of people and hence decided to travel beside them as companions. Although the group was obviously made up of braggarts, she still feigned civility and accompanied them on their travels. After all, for a lone female who had to take care of herself, it was still safer to be in a group. And as for one of her ‘companions’ saying that he knew someone from the Pill Emperor Hall, Luo Huan was only interested in finding out more information, she didn’t specifically want to join the Pill Emperor Hall.

Yet Luo Huan didn’t expect that the lying words of that braggart would have truth mixed in them too. The person he knew, Jing Yu, was truly a disciple of the Pill Emperor’s daughter, Luo He. Once, Jing Yu had even visited Chu together with Luo He before, fetching Mo Qingcheng away.

Naturally, what made Luo Huan sit up in surprise was that she had actually run into Qin Wentian at the inn. This little fellow was exuding a presence totally different compared to the past. Luo Huan still remembered clearly the first time she and Mustang had met Qin Wentian as he was escaping from the Ye Clan.

In that moment, their eyes locked as warm smiles suffused their lips. The relationship between the two of them had long transcended into the level of real siblings, now that they’d met again after such a long while, how could he not feel moved in his heart?

It was truly a precious feeling.

Fan Le also noticed Qin Wentian's unusual reaction. Shifting his gaze in the direction of where Qin Wentian looked at, his eyes abruptly lighted up. To think that they would meet their Senior Sister Luo Huan in a place like this.

“Jing Yu, you’ve arrived.” At this moment, the young man from Luo Huan’s table stood up. Up the stairs, a young man leisurely walked up. Luo Huan’s eyes flashed with a crafty light as she noted Jing Yu’s entrance.

She made a gesture to Qin Wentian and Fan Le as she winked, signalling that she had some dastardly plot in mind.

Qin Wentian swept his gaze over and also saw Jing Yu approaching. He couldn’t help but feel his heart trembling. Since Jing Yu was here, those from the Pill Emperor Hall shouldn’t be too far from this place.

Maybe Qingcheng’s current location was nearby!

As he thought of this, Qin Wentian gave a slight nod of his head, signalling that he understood and would comply with Luo Huan. He remained silent and went back to enjoying his wine, as though he hadn’t noticed Jing Yu’s arrival.

Jing Yu was here together with another young man. This young man was clad in luxurious clothings and was extraordinary good-looking. Luo Huan’s eyes flickered as she studied the young man, the aura he exuded didn’t seem to be faked, but was completely natural indicating that he was at least, also from a transcendent



power.

Jing Yu was clad in white, and there was a crease in the centre of his brows as though he were worrying about something. Meanwhile, the young man beside him had the vigor of dragons and tigers, and appeared to be in glowing spirits.

This young man was evidently someone from the Chen Clan.

In the Ginkou Continent, the Chen Clan had existed since the time of Ancient Grand Xia, making them one of the most ancient clans around.

It was even rumoured that the Chen Clan was one of the nine main bloodlines that divided Grand Xia.

After Ancient Grand Xia was no more, the clan lord of the Chen Clan at that time decided to relocate to the Ginkou Continent and thus established their roots there.

And if one were to rank all the transcendent powers of Grand Xia, without a doubt, the strength of the Chen Clan would definitely be ranked among the top three.

The cultivation art of the Chen Clan was to draw power from the sun and gain the ability to transform the ‘[universe](#).’

扭转乾坤 → idiom meaning reversal of situation or, the word 乾坤 could mean Heaven and Earth/Yin and Yang/Universe.

The Great Solar Universe Cultivation Art was rumored to be one of the ultimate arts of Ancient Grand Xia. This art contained boundless powers and practitioners of it were able to birth Great Solar energy from within their bodies, easily capable of incinerating the Heavens and boiling the Oceans. After which, one's blood would be endowed with the Great Solar attribute and upon unleashing this art, it would decimate any nearby opponents within a certain radius.

One could well imagine how ferocious and tyrannical this cultivation art could be. In the entire Grand Xia, it was difficult to find another art or technique that was capable of resisting such power.

The Pill Emperor Hall and the Chen Clan had shared a connection with each other since back then. After the Pill Emperor Hall's members arrived in the Ginkou Continent, the Chen Clan would naturally welcome them and play host, inviting them to rest in the Chen Clan's Estate.

Chen Ran, upon seeing Mo Qingcheng, was completely blown away by her beauty. The fact that many distinguished and talented males of the younger generations had already been turned down by Mo Qingcheng made her even more appealing to Chen Ran in his heart. However, he knew that there would be many love rivals competing for her, with the strongest among them being Hua Taixu and Zhan Chen. He had already prepared himself to be disappointed, until he found out that Mo Qingcheng scorned their presence as well. This made his heart beat with joy again, and hence, after some investigation, he'd decided to form a closer relationship with Jing Yu, who was a fellow disciple of Mo Qingcheng under the Pill Emperor's daughter, Luo He.

If not for this, with Chen Ran's status, why would he deign to hang out with Jing Yu?

Hence, Chen Ran's heart was currently burning passionately yet Jing Yu's, for some reason, was filled with worry. Jing Yu had already stagnated and was incapable of advancing further in the Pill Emperor Hall. His talent was only average and his master, Luo He, was extremely disappointed with him because of some matters regarding Mo Qingcheng.

He had fallen so deeply in love with Mo Qingcheng, yet he could only admire her from afar. He didn't even have the courage to confess. And now, there were too many geniuses circling her, with even some of them approaching him in a bid to get him to help pull some strings. This made the bitterness in his heart even more intense, and one could well imagine how terrible Jing Yu was feeling. In these few days after arriving in the Ginkou Continent, Jing Yu drank himself to sleep every night, seeking his solace in alcohol. As luck would have it, he met his blood brother Jing Feng yesterday and was subsequently invited to make a trip to this inn today.

As he walked towards their table, Jing Feng greeted him, yet Jing Yu merely nodded his head in response.

"Jing Yu, this is Luo Huan and Yang Xia. Both of them wish to enter the Pill Emperor Hall, do you have any suggestions?" Jing Yu's blood brother, Jing Feng, signalled him with his eyes. Jing Yu laughed coldly in his heart, his brother Jing Feng was too wretched. He didn't want to put in any effort in his cultivation and

only knew how to womanise everyday. To think that now, he still wanted to use him, Jing Yu, as a tool to get girls into his bed. How ridiculous.

Jing Yu shifted his gaze over, completely disregarding the ordinary looking girl beside Yang Xia. Yang Xia was pretty good-looking and was currently throwing coquettish glances at him, all while standing in a posture that accentuated her figure. Such a woman was too vulgar for his tastes,, wasn't she acting like a prostitute? Maybe only Jing Feng would be interested in her.

Because Jing Yu was used to seeing Mo Qingcheng, there really weren't many woman that could still catch his eyes nowadays.

But as Jing Yu's eyes landed on Luo Huan, his eyes finally brightened. Her eyes were filled with an innate charm that immediately attracted him. Even though her figure was covered up, her well-endowed assets couldn't be hidden. When compared to Yang Xia, who was indeed beautiful with her own share of generous curves, it was the deliberate exposure of her cleavage that was an instant turn-off. Quite simply, and with just a single glance, Luo Huan was able to set the flames in his heart ablaze.

"Such a beautiful maiden, if I can enjoy a night of passion with her, I wouldn't mind giving up a year of my life." Jing Yu stared at the beautiful countenance in front of him, as his heart stirred with lust.

As for Chen Ran, he naturally understood 70% to 80% of the context just from the situation alone. He couldn't help but sneer in his heart, he knew the reason for Jing Yu's depression was because

of his love for Mo Qingcheng. It was a love that would never be reciprocated because compared to the other radiant geniuses around her, each and every one of them was many times better compared to him. He was just a toad lusting after a swan's flesh.

“Well, I have to hand it to him, this maiden's beauty is truly outstanding as well. If I'd never met Mo Qingcheng, I would've also wanted to play with her for a few nights. But since Jing Yu already has his eyes on her, I might as well help him so his obsession with Mo Qingcheng can come to an end.” Chen Ran mused. After which, he laughed, “Brother Jing Yu is a disciple under Senior Luo He. If he wants to bring people into the Pill Emperor Hall, although he would need to expend some effort, it shouldn't be too difficult for him. However, why should he help people he's unacquainted with?”

Jing Yu sipped a cup of wine. He totally agreed with Chen Ran's statement.

“I have some treasures on me, and they're yours if you'll help us.” Earlier, Yang Xia was still somewhat suspicious about Jing Feng's words but when she noted Jing Yu and Chen Ran's extraordinary aura, she had been totally convinced. This was an extremely rare opportunity.

“Brother Jing Yu is a disciple of the Pill Emperor Hall, why would he need your treasures at all?” Chen Ran's eyes roamed over Yang Xia's figure. How could Yang Xia fail to understand what he meant? Yang Xia turned her glance onto the two of them and mused, it wouldn't be too bad, she wouldn't lose out even if she agreed to their terms.

“As long as it’s something I can give, I’m willing,” Yang Xia shyly added as she lowered her head. Their meanings were already extremely obvious, yet at this moment, Chen Ran’s gaze turned to focus on Luo Huan. Evidently, the target of his choice wasn’t Yang Xia, which caused Yang Xia’s countenance to stiffen, as she felt her cheeks burning from her previous assumption.

Luo Huan had no difficulty in understanding what was happening. She felt extremely depressed in her heart. Initially, she thought that Jing Feng would find a trickster to come over, yet who would have thought that this wasn’t the case. Chen Ran’s cultivation base was surely above hers, just a glance from him was sufficient to give her pressure.

These two people were definitely from transcendent powers, yet their behavior was no different from lechers. Luo Huan was already used to seeing how filthy men could be and wasn’t that surprised by it. This must also be the reason why they weren’t attracted to the free-for-all coquettish Yang Xia and had turned their attentions onto her instead.

“My talent isn’t high enough, I don’t think I’ll be able to join the Pill Emperor Hall,” Luo Huan smiled as she replied. Although she felt disgusted in her heart, she wouldn’t easily show her feelings on her face. She, who had roamed Grand Xia, was now much more cautious compared to back then when she was in Chu.

“It’s no problem, as long as you are willing to invest something, I dare to guarantee I can make a transcendent power accept you,” Chen Ran persuaded in a low voice. After all, this matter wasn’t

something glorious, and it would hurt his reputation if people identified him. And his insinuations were already becoming extremely obvious. No one could misunderstand what he was trying to say—he wanted Luo Huan to pay him with her body.

Qin Wentian was silently monitoring the happenings before him, and upon noting the appearance of Jing Yu and Chen Ran, he understood that his senior sister Luo Huan was going to be in trouble. And at the moment when he heard Chen Ran's words, he couldn't help but laugh coldly in his heart.

“Sorry, I've got something on. I've got to go.” Luo Huan stood up with a smile on her face, appearing extremely polite.

Chen Ran's eyes slightly narrowed before they glinted with a fiery light. Seeing Luo Huan turning, he coldly added, “I think you'd better sit down instead.”

“Luo Huan, sit,” Jing Yu also spoke, his countenance falling. It seemed that Chen Ran was also interested in Luo Huan.

Luo Huan's countenance slightly changed, yet at this moment, Qin Wentian who was in front of her, stood up and smiled at her. Luo Huan returned his smile, before she continued walking in Qin Wentian's direction.

“Try taking another step forward.” Jing Yu's emotions today were originally in an awful state. He could only secretly admire Mo Qingcheng from afar, but today, a female with no background actually dared to snub him? Wasn't this rubbing salt into his

wounds?

“Senior Sister, there’s no need to concern yourself with trash.” Qin Wentian smiled, as he too, walked towards Luo Huan. Upon hearing Qin Wentian’s words, the smile on Luo Huan’s face became even sweeter. Back in Chu, Qin Wentian had a cautious personality and a style of playing it safe. For him to speak such words, it was apparent that he didn’t fear Jing Yu and his friend at all. Her smile grew more brighter as she glanced at Qin Wentian’s companions. She couldn’t help but notice that aside from Fan Le, he was also accompanied by Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Tiang. None of them could be considered less than extraordinary!



# AGM 338 - Great Solar Energy

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As the sound of Qin Wentian's voice faded, a terrifying cold gleam of light flashed in Jing Yu's eyes.

Trash....? Recently he'd been so dispirited and often asked himself where had his supposed talent gone to? Not only did his master doubt him, even his fellow disciples no longer trusted him. The word 'trash' was like a needle pricking right into his heart.

"Slut, get your ass over here. Don't blame me if I use you as my plaything," Jing Yu remarked in an icy voice, without turning around. Jing Yu, whose back faced Qin Wentian, was visibly trembling, his entire face contorted. Usually, Jing Yu would never lose control of himself like this, but recently his mood had really been terrible, and now with the stimulation of this 'needle', all the darkness in him came gushing out.

The spectators at the inn all froze as they glanced at Jing Yu with expressions of interest on their faces. By all appearances, this man seemed to have a distinguished background, and yet he was actually capable of uttering such words. It was completely unexpected.

Luo Huan's countenance stiffened as a cold light flashed in her charming eyes. For these few years, she had kept a low profile, living with prudence and humility, yet she had never lost her pride. Yet Jing Yu's sordid words were too much to take, and pushed her over the edge.

“If Luo He knew that she had such a disciple, I wonder how she’d feel then?” A palpable coldness radiated out of Qin Wentian. Jing Yu put down the cup of wine in his hands and turned around. But as he saw Qin Wentian, his entire body stiffened in shock.

Although he wasn’t very familiar with Qin Wentian and had only met him twice, he could still vividly recall the first time they met outside the bamboo lodge of Gongyang Hong. He and Yan Qi had told Qin Wentian off, looking down on him with contempt. They’d told him that he was only a crow, unfit to be together with a phoenix like Mo Qingcheng.

Not only that, during their second run-in, he’d laughed coldly in his heart at what an idiot Qin Wentian was. This fool actually chased Mo Qingcheng all the way to the gates of the Pill Emperor Hall. And after which, he’d even had a confrontation with Zhan Chen.

Afterwards, there had been countless news reports covering Qin Wentian, all circulated throughout the Moon Continent. The youngest fourth-ranked Grandmaster ever, in a fit of rage regarding a woman, had killed Hua Xiaoyun. In the crazy battle, he sacrificed all his Puppets and had managed to escape by holding Shu Ruanyu hostage, his body riddled with injuries. In that battle, three assassins were killed and even Zhan Chen’s pristine name had been dragged into the mud. Many people even speculated that Zhan Chen was the true murderer of his fiancée because of what Qin Wentian had said then.

And today, for the third time, Qin Wentian stood in front of him. Qin Wentian stared at him, as though gazing at a pitiful ant. It was

the kind of gaze he used to regard Qin Wentian with, but currently the roles had already reversed. The needle in his heart pierced in even further.

“It’s you!” Jing Yu exclaimed in shock. Locking eyes with Qin Wentian felt like a sharp knife directly slicing through his sea of consciousness. Momentarily, he felt a terrifying pressure boring down on him, evoking a sense of trepidation. It was as though a fearsome primordial beast had appeared, and wanted to lacerate his sea of consciousness into pieces.

“BOOM!”

Qin Wentian took a step forward as Jing Yu’s heart pounded. His forehead was covered in a sheen of perspiration as he shifted backwards, collapsing onto the floor, knocking down a chair and almost knocking down the table.

“If you say another word with even a hint of obscenity in it, I’ll make it so that you can only crawl out of here today,” Qin Wentian icily stated. Jing Yu scrambled up with difficulty, his countenance turning pale-white when he noted the reactions of the crowd. All of them were pointing their fingers at him, while whispering snidely to each other. Jing Yu felt like his breath was caught in his throat, he’d never felt this mortified.

“Luo He of the Pill Emperor Hall actually has such a disciple?”

“I heard that the little disciple of Luo He is as beautiful as a fairy and even has the mystical Seven Apertures Heart. To think that

her senior brother would be such a character. It's unbelievable." Many people shook their heads and sighed.

Qin Wentian ignored the voices of the crowd, he walked and stood in front of Luo Huan, tenderly regarding his senior sister as he gently cradled her face.

"Senior Sis, you've lost weight."

"Smelly brat, stop taking advantage of your beautiful senior sister me." Luo Huan's face was filled with a warm smile. This little fellow had truly grown up, he was already strong enough to protect her, unlike the youth back then who looked to her for safety.

"Who asked my senior sister to be this beautiful? Might as well take advantage while I'm acting cool." Qin Wentian smiled as he embraced Luo Huan into a hug. There were no feelings of lust or romance that stems between a male and a female, it was a hug of pure friendship and of family love. Qin Wentian had long placed Luo Huan on the same standing as Qin Yao in his heart, treating her like his elder sister.

"Oi, your beautiful sister can't breath." Luo Huan was speechless when she felt Qin Wentian's strength. The two of them parted as Fatty Fan Le waddled up, opening his arms wide as he greeted Luo Huan, "Senior Sister!"

"Damn fatty, what happened to your dieting plan?" Luo Huan giggled. Fatty shrugged and replied, "Senior Sister, you can't be

this biased.”

“Wait till you have Wentian’s figure before talking to me.” Luo Huan gaily laughed, causing Fatty to be extremely dejected.

“Come sit over there with us.” Qin Wentian pulled Luo Huan along when abruptly, Chen Ran who had been maintaining his silence suddenly spoke, “Wait.”

Chen Ran contemplated Qin Wentian, as well as those who came together with him. Those sitting at the table, especially Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting, exuded extraordinary auras, so they should also be members from a transcendent power. As for Qin Wentian, although he didn’t have that innate feeling of superiority, his actual level of strength shouldn’t be bad.

But regardless of who he was, when they were in the Ginkou Continent facing someone from the Chen Clan, that person would still have to crawl on the ground even if he was an almighty true dragon.

Right now, this was the best opportunity to generate goodwill and make Jing Yu feel beholden to him.

“No matter who you are, you’d best come over here and bow in apology to my brother Jing Yu.” Chen Ran’s finger rapped on the table as he commented in a detached voice.

Yang Xia and the rest watching by the sides had assumed that

Jing Yu's status as a disciple from the Pill Emperor Hall meant that he was the highest among them, but now they knew Chen Ran's background and status was even more frightening compared to Jing Yu. If not, he wouldn't have dared to speak out after Jing Yu was humiliated by Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian glanced at Chen Ran, his ears ringing with the rudeness of Chen Ran's words. He was already holding back because this was the Ginkou Continent. To think that Chen Ran had no thoughts of sparing him.

"Senior Sis, let's go." Qin Wentian merely glanced at Chen Ran before he continued leading Luo Huan towards his table, totally disregarding Chen Ran's words.

Chen Ran's finger continued drumming the table, while his countenance turned a blazing red. The surrounding temperature became scorching hot.

Only core members of the Chen Clan were allowed to cultivate the Great Solar Universe Art. Evidently, Chen Ran was one such member.

If he wasn't worth something, he wouldn't dare to woo Mo Qingcheng.

Earlier, when Chen Ran spoke, Ouyang Kuangsheng had already noticed him, taking note of the radiant light flashing in Chen Ran's eyes. And after Qin Wentian returned to the table, Ouyang Kuangsheng quietly informed him, "He seems to be a core member

of the Great Solar Chen Clan in Ginkou.”

“Chen Clan?” Qin Wentian murmured. He already had more than a faint understanding of the transcendent powers around Grand Xia. And on the way to Ginkou, Ouyang Kuangsheng did introduce some of them to him.

The Great Solar Chen Clan is an extremely ancient aristocratic clan that has existed since the era of Ancient Grand Xia. It’s also one of the nine main grand bloodlines belonging to one of the nine strongest subjects of the Ancient Emperor back then. The cultivation art they cultivated was the exceedingly tyrannical Great Solar Universe Art.

After knowing of the Great Solar Chen Clan, the first thing Qin Wentian thought of was the scene that heralded the end of Grand Xia. The nine subjects of the Ancient Emperor rebelled and divided the Divine Stele into nine pieces, each of them possessing one of the Nine Ultimate Arts of Grand Xia.

For the Chen Clan, they were undoubtedly the descendants from one of the nine traitorous subjects back then.

Chen Ran’s eyes flashed as he stared at Ouyang Kuangsheng. What a sharp intuition this person had, he’d been able to discern right away that he was from the Chen Clan.

“Who are you?” Chen Ran impassively asked.

“Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, Ouyang Kuangsheng.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng didn't hide his identity. He directly replied, causing the spectators in the inn to exclaim in surprise. Today, there was too much excitement in the Drunken Immortal Residence; the Great Solar Chen Clan, Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Pill Emperor Hall, it seemed that the conflict between them would soon deepen.

But matters like these were what the crowd wanted to see the most. It would be great if both sides fought against each other, giving them a free show to watch.

“Ouyang Kuangsheng.” Chen Ran's eyes glinted, he naturally heard of this name before. Of all the members from the younger generations of the transcendent powers, Ouyang Kuangsheng of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan was included in a list that Chen Clan had to take note of, especially since he was a rising star himself as well.

“Who is he?” Chen Ran shifted his gaze back onto Qin Wentian.

“He's my brother Qin Wentian. Today, me and my fiancée Jiang Ting, as well as my brothers are here admiring the wine. I hope you won't spoil our mood,” Ouyang Kuangsheng quietly replied.

The corners of Chen Ran's mouth curled up in a cold smile, “But my mood has already been disrupted. Not only that, he sneak-attacked my friend. I'm sure I'm not going overboard by just wanting him to apologize.”



Ouyang Kuangsheng understood that the party had no intentions of giving him face. If that was the case, there was no need to waste words. He shifted his gaze aside, totally disregarding Chen Ran.

Chen Ran gently placed his palm on the table and an instant later, a terrifying heat incinerated it into ashes. Even the metallic cups on the table were melted down into a puddle of metal liquid by that heat. The spectating crowd hurriedly retreated, the blazing radiance in Chen Ran's eyes was even more brilliant compared to earlier, as crushing intent radiated out from him.

“If I have to act personally, it won't be as simple to resolve with just an apology. The woman you are with shall belong to me as well.” Chen Ran's voice turned cold. He was from the Chen Clan, why would he need to give face to Ouyang Kuangsheng? In any case, he wasn't the one who'd acted offensively to the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and besides, Qin Wentian and Luo Huan weren't from any transcendent powers. Why couldn't he do what he wanted to to them?

“Senior Sis, give me a moment.” Qin Wentian gazed at the stiffened expression on Luo Huan's face. He set down the wine cup in his hands and stood up, walking towards Chen Ran.

An instant later, a gut-wrenching aura blasted out of Qin Wentian. His countenance turned increasingly demonic as his eyes narrowed into slits, and it gave chills down the spine of people who saw it.

“Not bad, you have some strength. But sadly at the seventh level of Yuanfu, you are not qualified to act in this way in front of me,” Chen Ran also stood up as the spectating crowd hurriedly took cover. Everything near him, like the table and chair, had all been incinerated into ashes.

Great Solar Universe Cultivation Art—practitioners of this Art would birth Great Solar energy within their bodies, enabling them to even incinerate the Heavens and boil the Oceans. When the might of this Art was unleashed, those within a certain radius would die.

Although Chen Ran’s proficiency wasn’t at that level yet, trepidation and fear could be felt in the hearts of those standing near him.

As for the aura he was exuding, it was at the eighth level of Yuanfu.

“Boom!” Chen Ran stepped out as the visible outline of a heavy footprint could be seen. His palms were turning the color of burning crimson, as a terrifying heat crackled around him as he lunged towards Qin Wentian.

“For the sake of giving face to the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, I will give you one last chance.” A terrible gleam flickered in his eyes, the light of the energy birthed from the Great Solar Universe Art he cultivated, akin to the terrifying radiance of a blazing sun!

# AGM 339 - Meeting Her Again

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The crowd all retreated quickly, standing far away with some even running out of the inn.

The Great Solar Chen Clan's ultimate art was exceedingly tyrannical, and if one's cultivation base wasn't high enough they would be incinerated into ashes, being corroded by the energy from the Great Solar Universe Art.

The power of this technique was ranked within the top ten among the entire Grand Xia, extremely terrifying.

"Let's take this outside," Qin Wentian indifferently replied. Chen Ran's lips curled up in an extremely cold smile when he heard that. This person's cultivation base was at the seventh level of Yuanfu and he actually had the gall to challenge him to combat? It had been a long time since he, Chen Ran, had met such an interesting person.

As a core member of the Chen Clan, he naturally possessed the ability to fight those above his level, let alone fighting someone a full level lower than him.

"Fine, I agree." Chen Ran cupped his hands as an incandescent ball of flame, reminiscent of the sun, blasted the roof of the inn into pieces. After which, he soared up through the air and flew towards an empty plot of land nearby.

"Swoosh." Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as he followed after

Chen Ran. The spectators all followed at a safe distance—they didn't want to miss this battle.

Ouyang Kuangsheng, Luo Huan and the rest rushed out as well, following after Qin Wentian and Chen Ran.

Standing in the air, Qin Wentian's demonic qi towered over the Heavens. Presently, there was a gigantic ball of flame akin to a blazing sun behind Chen Ran, collecting the rays of sunlight.

The spectators gazed up at the skies as thunderstruck expressions appeared on their faces.

“Great Solar Universe Cultivation Art, he's someone from the Chen Clan.”

“Chen Ran from the Chen Clan! Among the many Chen Clan disciples, he could be considered one of the more outstanding ones. I wonder who would be so audacious and dare to provoke him with a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu? This'll be a good show.”

Chen Ran had an expression of something akin to laughter in his eyes. Terrifying swirls of energy circulated his entire body as a scorching heat infused his hands. His expression was one of obvious mockery—whether or not Qin Wentian was from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, his Great Solar Chen Clan had no reason to fear.

“Bzz!” A massive wind filled with blistering heat swept past the air. Chen Ran dashed towards Qin Wentian with a huge ball of flame hung behind his back. With a single casual strike, it was sufficient for Qin Wentian to clearly understand the destructive power of the Great Solar Energy.

Qin Wentian stepped out as layers of demonic qi enveloped his arms. An attack of an attack, Qin Wentian answered with a palm strike of his own. Both of them had no intentions of dodging, they competed completely on strength.

The two silhouettes instantly collided into each other as the terrifying might of their palms joined together. A deafening sound echoed out as the demonic qi and the scorching heat interweaved into a terrifying tempest, devastating everything in their surroundings.

Chen Ran felt a mighty force gushing right at him, his inner organs vibrated violently from its power, and his arm felt as though it would fall apart. His countenance abruptly changed and with a low groan of pain, he rapidly retreated ten feet away.

A black-colored qi coated Qin Wentian’s palm as a current of heat energy was being forcibly tunneled through his palms, transforming into flame embers that incessantly grew in size, manifesting into a miniature sun set to incinerate his arm.

“Great Solar Energy.” Shock suffused Qin Wentian’s countenance, there weren’t many people in the eighth level of Yuanfu that could deal substantial damage to him. But this sliver of Chen Ran’s Great Solar Energy actually made him feel a hint of a

threat. One could see how tyrannical this Art truly was.

For this exchange Qin Wentian didn't even retreat half a step. Evidently, he possessed the advantage. He then turned his frigid gaze onto Chen Ran who had an unsightly expression on his face, as he sarcastically added, "Eighth level of Yuanfu? Is that all you can do?"

The hearts of the crowd were all pounding with confusion. They didn't understand why the one who retreated after the exchange of blows was Chen Ran and not Qin Wentian. After all Chen Ran had a higher cultivation base and was from the Great Solar Chen Clan, he'd even practiced the Great Solar Universe Art. Jing Yu's current expression was extremely fascinating to behold; the young man whom he'd once looked down on with disdain had actually become so powerful he could trample over him as easily as a flip of his palms.

"Your strength is above average, but if you only have pure strength, you are still far from being my match." Chen Ran snorted. How could he admit defeat so easily? His Astral Souls erupted forth as the blazing light of the sun cascaded downwards. His Astral Soul was in the form of the blazing sun, how much more explosive and violent could it get? A corona of sun-flames enveloped Chen Ran, a ring of light so resplendent that it pierced the eyes of those who looked directly at it.

"Amazing, this is the Great Solar Illumination of the Great Solar Universe Art. It complements his blazing sun Astral Soul and achieves a synergistic effect that boosts his attack power. I wonder how much his current strength is augmented by this. Those from

the Chen Clan are too terrifying.”

It was exceedingly rare for the crowd to witness a Chen Clan’s member in combat, hence expressions of excitement painted their face. With the boost garnered from the Great Solar Illumination and the augmentation his Astral Soul provided, Chen Ran could easily incinerate people of the same level. Qin Wentian wouldn’t find it so easy to get close to him.

“Do you dare to match palms with me one more time?” Chen Ran coldly laughed as the Great Solar light emitting from him grew even more radiant.

“Words from a loser, what do I have to fear?” Scaly demonic armor cloaked Qin Wentian’s entire body as he took on his demonic form. The searing heat Chen Ran was generating was too overwhelming, Qin Wentian knew that this was not something he could take on if he was in his normal form.

Chen Ran snorted with disdain as he flew towards Qin Wentian.

The instant he sent out a palm strike, a miniature sun tyrannically blasted outwards, set to burn Qin Wentian to death.

With an extra layer of demonic qi coating his arms, the wills of both his Mandate of Force and Demon intermingled and erupted forwards. At this instant, Qin Wentian’s strength was beyond formidable.

“Ruptured Void!” Qin Wentian majestically slammed forth with his palms, and the instant their attacks collided, the demonic scaly armor covering Qin Wentian’s arm combusted into flames. The sun flames from the Great Solar Illumination frenziedly gushed into his body, utterly devastating it.

Simultaneously, Chen Ran was catapulted forcefully through the air. This time around, his face had lost all color. With a hand grabbing his chest, he coughed out a mouthful of fresh blood. Even now he could still feel the impact shuddering his internal organs—if Qin Wentian used just a little bit more force, his internal organs would have definitely been shattered.

Qin Wentian’s earth-shattering strength directly blasted into Chen Ran’s body, ignoring all defenses with the aid of his technique, Ruptured Void.

“Rumble!” An inconceivable amount of demonic qi was being evaporated by the heat. After a few breaths of time, Qin Wentian smothered the sun flames devastating his body into nothingness, then immediately moved like the wind towards Chen Ran. Not wanting to take the role of a passive combatant, he directly initiated the attack instead.

Chen Ran’s countenance stiffened as he gritted his teeth and retaliated. The Great Solar Energy transformed into streams of light, capable of penetrating everything, let alone mere bodies made from flesh and blood.

Qin Wentian directly responded by blasting out his Ancient Draconic Imprint. Wrathful roars shattered the void as the



dragons manifested from Astral Energy burned away, becoming droplets of rain that rained down the sky. The destructiveness of this battle swept away everything in this area, as terrifying explosions rang out one after another, it was an unnerving scene.

Chen Ran continuously spat out fresh blood, yet Qin Wentian gave him no chance to retreat. After a few more moments of being forced to exchange blows, Chen Ran was ruthlessly slammed into a construct as the metallic surface caved in. His blood had flown everywhere unchecked, he was in an extremely miserable state.

“Cough, cough...” Blood spilled out of his mouth, Chen Ran’s current aura was noticeably weaker as the rays of the sun flames surrounding him also grew less intense. Qin Wentian stood high up in the air and stared down at him. “Too weak.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian flicked his sleeves and left, leaving behind Chen Ran with a bloodless countenance, who had completely lost all face.

He, Chen Ran, was from the Great Solar Chen Clan. Even when using the Great Solar Universe Art, he was suppressed to such a state by someone with a lower cultivation base. The words ‘too weak’ reverberated through the air, and seeing the numerous gazes riveted at him, Chen Ran felt that even his heart was dripping blood.

Everyone was currently speculating from which transcendent power did Qin Wentian come from. How could his attacks be so savage and terrifying? Qin Wentian definitely had the ability to contend for a position in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Jing Yu's countenance turned incredibly complicated, while Yang Xia and the others all didn't dare to say anything. Their hearts were still pounding, who would have thought Luo Huan would have such a powerful junior brother? Luckily they didn't offend Luo Huan, if not they probably wouldn't be spared either.

From the beginning till now, Qin Wentian didn't even glance at Jing Yu and the rest. He walked back to Luo Huan and his companions only to see Luo Huan giggling while looking at him. Her charming eyes contained hints of fascination and a brilliant light. Her junior brother had already become so much stronger than her.

"If we return to Chu now, I wonder who could stand against you? You're not even twenty right?" Luo Huan sighed.

"Well if I slack off my cultivation, who would protect my beautiful senior sister?" Qin Wentian laughed.

"You are getting better at the flowery speech." Luo Huan smiled, and just like in the past, she linked her arms together with Qin Wentian, her actions causing Fan Le to snort in envious disgruntlement.

At this moment, Qin Wentian's brows suddenly twitched as he turned his gaze onto Ouyang Kuangsheng. "Ouyang, can you bring them along with you first? I still have something I need to do."

"You want to tail Jing Yu?" Ouyang Kuangsheng asked in a low

voice. He knew Qin Wentian's girlfriend Mo Qingcheng was in the Pill Emperor Hall and since Jing Yu had appeared here, how could he still not understand Qin Wentian's eventual line of thinking?

“Mhm, I'm only going to take a look. Don't worry, I won't be impulsive,” Qin Wentian lightly explained.

“Xiaolu, you bring them back. I will go with you then. If the Pill Emperor Hall's people sees me with you, they won't dare to act rashly and do anything against us,” Ouyang Kuangsheng suggested. Qin Wentian considered for a moment before nodding in agreement.....Jing Yu's current state of emotion was incomparably gloomy, he could no longer stand to be in that inn. Hence, he immediately headed towards his lodgings, where the other Pill Emperor Hall cultivators were also currently residing.

In the Chen Clan of the Ginkou Continent, their Estate was incomparably vast, their style akin to that of royal palaces. In the Great Solar Chen Estate, there was a magnificent villa that stood alone amidst an enchanting environment. This was the place Jing Yu was returning to and with his strength, there was no way for him to discover that he was currently being tailed by someone. Outside the Chen Clan, Qin Wentian sat down in nearby location, obscured from view, and closed his eyes. In the centre of his brows, a radiant gleam of golden light was glowing, as though a third eye was located there.

His terrifying heart sense shot out and covered Jing Yu—wherever Jing Yu went, Qin Wentian would be able to track him easily.

And after arriving at that magnificent villa, Jing Yu instantly turned his gaze onto a pavilion in the distance as he sighed involuntarily. In his eyes, there were traces of hope, and also traces of frustration.

Following Jing Yu's gaze, Qin Wentian's monstrous perception swept in the direction of that pavilion and slowly seeped inside. Moments later, his heart sense entered into an elegant-looking room.

Within the room, he saw a maiden currently sitting cross-legged. She was clad in white, with a heaven-defying countenance. A sheen of perspiration covered her forehead as a boiling alchemy cauldron floated in front of her. A seven-colored flame flickered beneath the cauldron as the smell of medicinal herbs drifted out from the cauldron.

“Qingcheng...” Qin Wentian's heart thudded loudly, overcome with emotion. After all these long years, he was finally near her once again.

Yet, in that moment, Mo Qingcheng's countenance changed as a strange light flashed in her eyes. She turned her gaze directly towards the direction of the person spying on her as she coldly inquired, “Who are you?”

# AGM 340 - Man In Black

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Mo Qingcheng had a formless halo of light surrounding her, emitting a sacred and holy air. As someone who possessed the Seven Apertures Mystical Heart, her perception was highly acute, which enabled her discovery of Qin Wentian's heart sense probing her.

Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng perceptions had one thing in common—they both projected their senses by using their hearts.

The instant Mo Qingcheng turned her head back, her face appeared clearly in Qin Wentian's perception. A rush of warmth flooded his heart, with that holy, sacred glow surrounding her presence, she was somehow a shade more beautiful now than compared to her appearance in the past. There was a streak of resilience in her peerless countenance—evidently, she had matured as well.

Mo Qingcheng trembled; this was not the spying of an enemy, but the perception of one exceedingly familiar to her. She couldn't help but murmur, "Wentian, is that you?"

That gentle voice contained countless traces of longing, and Qin Wentian wanted nothing more than to howl to the heavens, It was him! He had arrived, he was outside the Chen Clan!

"Qingcheng, what's wrong?"

A silhouette stepped into Mo Qingcheng's room. It was none

other than her master, Luo He. Her brows were furrowed, it was as though Luo He had sensed someone spying on Mo Qingcheng as well. However, the instant she entered the room, Qin Wentian had already retracted his heart sense completely, leaving not a hint remaining.

Suspicious still littered Luo He's heart, but she could understand what happened as well. In the Chen Clan, where experts were as common as the clouds, it was pretty ordinary for some to be overcome with curiosity. Truthfully, it wasn't surprising when situations like this occurred.

"Master." Mo Qingcheng couldn't help but feel a sense of loss when she felt the heart sense of that person disappear.

"Are you imagining things again? With that little bit of strength he possesses, how could his perception be strong enough to infiltrate the Chen Clan? And will he even come to Ginkou?" Luo He faintly remarked. The 'he' she was mentioning was naturally referring to Qin Wentian.

"He will be here. I know this for sure," Mo Qingcheng seriously replied, "Not only that, I can sense it, he's definitely near me."

"I don't know how your brain works. It's already been quite a few years, why can't you let go of a past romance? With your current status, do you know how many young, talented elites would kill to be with you?" Luo He helplessly stated.

"No one can replace him." Mo Qingcheng shook her head. She'd

had this conversation with her Master several times already, and everytime, there would be no conclusion.

“Master, do you still remember the promise between us?” Mo Qingcheng’s beautiful eyes gazed at Luo He, solemnity flickered within. This matter was extremely important to her.

“Of course, I do. Back then when you wanted to go out and find him, I stopped you, and even wanted to make him disappear. So we came to a compromise, I won’t make a move against him and you promised not to look for him and would concentrate on your cultivation,” Luo He quietly replied. She didn’t want anyone disrupting Mo Qingcheng’s cultivation.

“No. I promised you that until the end of this year, I wouldn’t meet him. Even if I did, I would treat him like a stranger.” Mo Qingcheng shook her head.

“Are you that confident in him?” Luo He continued, “There isn’t much time left, and with Zhan Chen’s current level of power, he’s strong enough to obtain one of the top three rankings in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. If Qin Wentian can defeat Zhan Chen during the competition for the rankings, I won’t continue to restrict you. But if he fails, you have to obey me and focus on your cultivation.”

“It’s good that Master remembers.” Mo Qingcheng smiled. He would definitely be able to do so, Luo He gave him too much pressure, so Mo Qingcheng could only give in. First, she had to agree in order to ensure that the Pill Emperor Hall wouldn’t make a move against Qin Wentian. Secondly, it was simply that she had

the confidence in Qin Wentian.

Even if Qin Wentian was defeated, she would still continue to wait for him, even if it meant waiting an eternity. Only until the day came when Qin Wentian was strong enough to lord over the Pill Emperor Palace, thus taking her away. When that time came, who would be strong enough to stop them?

Her only wish now was for Qin Wentian to remain safe.

Luo He swept her gaze onto that floating cauldron in the middle of the room and momentarily, rage suffused her features. “You, why are you still concocting such a pill?”

“Master, you don’t have to worry about this matter.” Mo Qingcheng lightly shook her head. At this moment, there were sounds of movement from outside the pavilion. Luo He’s silhouette flickered as she moved to the window, casting her sight downwards. “Jing Yu, what’s going on?”

Jing Yu replied, “Master, it seems that the Chen Clan discovered some people spying on them outside their Estate.”

“Mhm?” Luo He frowned. She soared up the skies as she cast her gaze towards the horizon. Momentarily, her gaze froze when it landed in a certain direction outside the Chen Clan.

Outside the Chen Clan, two groups of people were facing off against each other. Aside from the Chen Clan members, there were



two young men on the other side. And one of them, she had already recognised.

The youth back then had undergone such a great degree of transformation. Was that sliver of perception earlier truly from him?

Mo Qingcheng appeared behind Luo He as similarly, she cast her gaze towards the commotion. Her heart pounded violently before entirely stopping for a full second. Over there, she saw someone, a person she had been pining for. Their gazes penetrated through everything and finally met.

In this moment in time, regardless of all that could happen in future, nothing could prevent their hearts from connecting. He finally smiled, a blazing smile as radiant as the sun.

She too, smiled, a smile filled with sweetness, gentleness and warmth.

He had come in search of her.

Time and distance still couldn't dilute the feelings they had for each other.

Just when Mo Qingcheng was about to fly over, Luo He coldly interjected, "Have you forgotten our agreement?"

As the sound of her voice faded, Mo Qingcheng's countenance fell

as she forcibly stopped herself.

As Qin Wentian took note of Mo Qingcheng's reaction, an expression of puzzlement flashed through his eyes. What was going on, was there some reason behind her hesitation?

Why did her earlier smile fade away, replaced by a look of worry?

After which Qin Wentian discovered that Luo He and Mo Qingcheng disappeared from his sight. They weren't heading in his direction—they had vanished completely.

A heavy sense of disappointment threatened to drown Qin Wentian's heart. But soon after, he recovered and said with a smile, "So long as you are safe, the skies will never be overcast. The day remains as sunny as ever."

After seeing that sweet smile on Mo Qingcheng's face, Qin Wentian's heart was at ease once again. It didn't matter if they couldn't meet now, it was enough that she knew he was here for her.

"Ouyang Kuangsheng of the junior generation pays his respect to the elders of the Chen Clan."

At this moment, Ouyang Kuangsheng opened his mouth and introduced himself in a tone that was neither servile nor overbearing.

The eyes of the Chen Clan elder stiffened as he replied with a smile, “So, it’s Nephew Ouyang. If you were planning on visiting us, why didn’t Nephew let us know earlier, instead of acting suspiciously outside our premises?”

“Although I wanted to enter and state my intentions, I didn’t want to disrupt my good friend here from meeting his old friend, and so I delayed the greetings a little. I apologize if our actions seem suspicious.” Ouyang Kuangsheng smiled.

“Oh, your friend has an old friend that’s currently residing in our Chen Clan?” That middle-aged elder shifted his eyes on to Qin Wentian.

“Not to lie to the esteemed elders, but my friend’s girlfriend goes by the name of Mo Qingcheng, and she’s currently residing in the Chen Clan.” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed, his directness causing Qin Wentian to be speechless. This buddy of his was truly unafraid of blowing matters up and causing a huge deal of commotion.

Indeed, the expressions of those from the Chen Clan all changed. After which, that middle-aged man casually stated, “If that were true, why didn’t Mo Qingcheng come out here to clarify things? I advise Nephew Ouyang not to make jokes like this.”

“Believe it or not, it doesn’t matter to me. And one more thing, the reason for my visit here today are on the orders of my second uncle to bring a message. Our Ouyang Aristocrat Clan has always held the Great Solar Universe Art of the Chen Clan in the highest esteem. If there’s an opportunity, it would be good for the younger generations to exchange pointers with each other. I wonder, would

it be possible?”

Ouyang Kuangsheng brushed matters of the earlier incident totally aside and instantly shifted topics. What did he mean that it was on the orders of his second uncle? It was obviously an idea he came up with himself.

However, since they had already been discovered, Ouyang Kuangsheng naturally needed to think of a reason for their presence there. Although his tone was polite, a trace of a challenge could still be heard within.

“Hehe.” The countenance of that elder changed as he coldly laughed. “Since Brother Ouyang wants to witness the magnificence of our skill, I would have to trouble Nephew Ouyang to help to inform your second uncle of this. I will make the arrangements and send someone to notify him, and during that time, I hope that the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan won’t miss the appointment.”

“Naturally, since I’ve already stated my uncle’s intentions, this junior shall bid farewell then.” Ouyang Kuangsheng bowed as he exchanged glances with Qin Wentian, then the two of them turned and slowly walked away.

Upon seeing the two juniors walking away, those from the Chen Clan couldn’t help but to coldly snort. The Ouyang Clan wanted to witness how powerful their Great Solar Universe Art was? Well then, they’d show them up close how powerful it could be.

They truly wanted to see how many talented cultivators from the

junior generations in the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan would measure up to their own talents.

At this moment, a silhouette flew out at lightning speed from the Chen Clan, chasing after the direction in which Ouyang Kuangsheng and Qin Wentian had departed in.

“Zhan Chen?” A strange expression flashed in the eyes of those from the Chen Clan. Why was Zhan Chen pursuing them?

Qin Wentian and Ouyang Kuangsheng soon discovered that someone was heading towards them. As they stopped and turned, Qin Wentian’s eyes involuntarily radiated with coldness when he saw that their pursuer was none other than Zhan Chen.

Currently, Zhan Chen had glints of golden light in his eyes, and his whole person seemed to shine with a faint luster of golden radiance accompanied by a terrifying sharpness.

“Zhan Chen, it seems that you’ve really been cultivating the Gold Element Art left by the Ascendant.” Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered as he studied Zhan Chen. The Zhan Chen right now bore more than a passing resemblance to the golden Puppets Qin Wentian had met before inside that secret realm.

“Since you’re too weak, it was inevitable for that Art to belong to me instead.” Zhan Chen’s eyes shot out terrifying rays of light set to penetrate through Qin Wentian. “Back then you sullied my reputation, deliberately pointing a deer as a horse. You misrepresented the facts and said that I was the killer of my

fiancee. If I don't kill you now, how can I still maintain my prestige? Where would I put my face then?"

As the sound of his voice faded, Zhan Chen advanced forwards step by step. With every step he took, the air became filled with a sensation of terrifying sharpness that bore down on Qin Wentian and Ouyang Kuangsheng.

"Perfection Boundary of the first level of the Mandate of Gold, and Perfection Boundary of the first level of the Mandate of Swords." Ouyang Kuangsheng's countenance fell. In the past, Zhan Chen was already ranked #11 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Now that he had cultivated an Art left behind by an Ascendant, how much stronger had he become now?

"Let's leave," Ouyang Kuangsheng remarked.

Qin Wentian's eyes flickered as he nodded in agreement. The two of them rapidly soared through the air and retreated at their fastest speed.

The current Zhan Chen exuded a sense of strangeness, as well as a strong feeling of threat.

How could Zhan Chen spare Qin Wentian so easily? He moved like the wind, flying upon a sword, like a streak of golden lightning.

Three silhouettes rapidly flew through the air.

And just when they zoomed past the rooftop of a certain building, a black-robed figure abruptly descended downwards, the force of his landing causing the entire building to tremble violently.

“Huh?” Zhan Chen, Qin Wentian and Ouyang Kuangsheng were all filled with confusion as they noticed the presence of the black-robed figure. This person’s movements were extremely mysterious, and was clad entirely in black. Not only that, the aura that person exuded made all three of them feel an intense, impending sense of doom.

A terrifying current of devil-might swirled around him, with him in the centre, as the surrounding light in that area was absorbed and then transformed into darkness.

Zhan Chen halted as he stared right ahead. The eyes of that figure locked onto him, and they were the eyes of a devil that seemingly came from the Nine Spirits Purgatory. The primal fear they wrought couldn’t be described. Just a single glance was sufficient to make Zhan Chen shiver in fright as he broke out in a cold sweat.

“Devil Arts!” Zhan Chen’s gaze stiffened. This was a forbidden cultivation art. There didn’t seem to be any devil-oriented major powers in Grand Xia, who was this black-robed figure then?!

# AGM 341 - Chaotic Art Of The Heavenly Devil

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Mo Qingcheng despondently returned to her room, filled with reluctance and unwillingness. Yet she was powerless to go against Luo He, and so with nothing else to do, she turned her attentions back onto pill concoction.

The alchemy cauldron floated in the air with scorching flames heating up the base of it, yet the temperature was perfectly contained, with no hints of leakage.

Concocting pills was different from forging weapons. The intensity of the flames need not be that ridiculously high, but rather, it was control of the flame that was important. There mustn't be the slightest margin of error when it came to flame control. For forging of divine weapons, for higher ranked weapons, the materials used would naturally be of a higher quality and hence, harder to smelt, which in turn required flames of insane temperatures.

And the most important step in forging divine weapons was naturally the engraving of the Divine Inscription.

As for pill concoction, the most important attributes were a keen intuition and sensitive perception.

It appeared simple, yet was extremely tough to accomplish . A huge part of concocting pills came from one's innate talent. For some, they were innately birthed with a sharper intuition and



perception than the rest, for example; Mo Qingcheng's Seven Apertures Mystical Heart.

For every pill concocted, one would need a massive amount of ingredients. Not only that, even when the quantity measured per component used was extremely accurate, there was no guarantee that the concocted pill would be perfect. There were too many variances; flame temperature, flame control, accuracy of medicinal component, accuracy of quantity, and the so on. In some extreme cases, a life-saving pill may even turn out to be poison if there was a minor error in the concoction process.

Mo Qingcheng's perception was currently focused on the cauldron floating in the air. She had failed many times before this when it came to concocting this particular pill.

Currently, she was already a fourth-ranked alchemist. This meant that she would be able to concoct fourth-ranked medicinal pills despite the fact that she would only succeed one-fifth of the time. However, she had already failed a total of twenty-seven times when it came to concocting the third-rank pill she was currently attempting.

Because the pill she was currently attempting to concoct was a taboo among alchemists—Limit-break Pellet.

As per what its name suggested, a Limit-break Pellet was concocted for the user to break through their limits to the next level by ingesting it.

On the pathway of cultivation, a single footprint a single step. This was a process that couldn't be rushed, a law dictated by the Heavens. Medicinal pills and pellets could be used to boost one's physique, improve one's constitution, clearing one's arterial pathway in order to boost one's speed. Concoction was a cycle unto itself. Truly powerful pills could even allow one to rise again after suffering grievous injuries, even with half-a-breath of life left.

But the Limit-break Pellet defied this law of nature, it was a shortcut that broke the balance. Hence, it was termed as a taboo of alchemy. This pellet could only be concocted using the heart's blood of alchemists that were born with a special constitution. If the concoction succeeded, the alchemist would suffer overwhelming damage to their vital qi. Not only that, the success rate of these kinds of pellets was extremely low and hence, even though the effect of this pellet was heaven-defying, there weren't many people who attempt to concoct it. And if it weren't for the fact that Mo Qingcheng had prepared several bottle of qi-replenishing pills in advance, she wouldn't have been able to persist till now.

As she immersed her perception into the cauldron, her face lighted up in delight. The herbs within the cauldron were slowly transforming into the shape of a perfectly round pellet.

"I will definitely succeed this time." Her beautiful eyes flashed with a hint of determination. Instantly, she sliced open her wrist while pushing against her heart with her right palm, causing her heart's blood to flow out into the cauldron, each drop filled with an overwhelming quantity of spiritual energy. Her face immediately turned a few shades paler after that, as she visibly sagged from the exertion.

Droplets of spiritual, energy-infused blood dripped into the cauldron, Mo Qingcheng grabbed hold of a handful of pills and swallowed them immediately to sustain herself, locking her jaw in a rictus of stubbornness.

She would definitely succeed this time around. Definitely.

She understood quite clearly how strong Zhan Chen was. Although she had confidence in Qin Wentian, she understood how great the distance was between him and Zhan Chen. Since he had already put in so much effort, how could she stand aside, doing nothing to aid him? This pill she was attempting to concoct at the expense of her own vital qi, was all for his sake.

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Zhan Chen, Qin Wentian and Ouyang Kuangsheng all turned their gazes onto the man clad in black, their eyes flashing with glints of sharpness.

The cultivation of this person wasn't that strong, it was only at the eighth level of Yuanfu. But in spite of this, the devil-might he exuded gave off a terrifying sense of danger.

“Who the hell are you?” Zhan Chen coldly asked.

Devil Arts were rarely seen in Grand Xia, and since devil-oriented techniques and arts were classified as forbidden, their potential

power was definitely fearsome.

Despite this advantage, not many dared to cultivate in the Devil Arts.

The Devil Arts were considered too tyrannical, and practitioners of the devil path couldn't even let down their guard for a single instant, as the devilish power obtained would counter-devour the practitioner instead. Devil Arts were exceedingly tough to cultivate, and had a high rate for failure. Practitioners had a much higher probability to enter into a state of qi deviation, which in turn allowed the power of the devil path to counter-devour one's consciousness. For the less serious cases, the practitioner would lose their mind and turn into killing machines; for more serious cases, the bodies of the practitioners would explode due to the devilish energy running amok. It was a miserable way to die.

And even if one succeeded in mastering the Devil Arts, they had to undergo hellish torment in every single instant of their existence. The heavens were fair; if one wanted to obtain the tyranny of the devil's powers, they would first have to endure hell to get it.

Hence, cultivators would never willingly choose to cultivate the Devil Arts if they didn't also have the required strength of will, or great resolution in their hearts. Even if the Devil Arts were offered to them for free, and the temptation of the power it offered wrapped its tendrils around them, they would still hesitate.

There was an ancient saying in Grand Xia: once one steps onto the path of devils, they will have no regrets.

This meant that for Devil-Cultivators, once they set foot upon the path of devils, they could never turn back. That one step would determine their destiny, they had no regrets because they could no longer regret. Either they lived on and became a devil or they died a miserable death.

For Devil-Cultivators, the path for them to obtain strength required them to endure pain that was tens of hundreds times more torturous compared to ordinary cultivators. Not only that, this pain was something they had to bear with their entire lives.

As a compensation, the strength of Devil-Cultivators would thus surpass ordinary cultivators by several folds.

So even though Zhan Chen was at the peak of the ninth level, he still had traces of trepidation in his gaze when he stared at the black-robed man.

For Devil-Cultivators who cultivate the forbidden arts, no one would dare belittle their combat prowess.

And now that this person appeared in Ginkou, there was no need to doubt that he too, was here to contend for the rankings in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. It seemed that the ranking battle at the end of the year would prove extremely troublesome indeed.

“Scram.”

The voice of the black-robed figure was extremely hoarse, there was no way to differentiate whether it was a male or female. The figure then turned his eyes onto Zhan Chen, and the cold light flickering within invoked a heart-stopping fear when it met the eyes of others.

“Since Devil-Cultivators are so rare, why not use this chance to test out their fabled strength?”

Golden rays of light radiated from Zhan Chen’s body, as a terrifying sharpness gleamed in his eyes. Although his opponent was a Devil-Cultivator, he himself was at the ninth level of Yuanfu. Not only that, he had already achieved a modicum of mastery in the Gold Element Art—his physique was now akin to the toughness of metal, so why would he fear battle? He might as well take this opportunity to see the granted strength of those cultivators who tread on the path of devils.

As the sound of his voice faded, Zhan Chen stepped up and advanced towards the black-robed figure.

The devil-might of the black-robed figure pulsed out as that their hooded eyes gleamed with a terrifying coldness. An incomparable frigidness gushed out and bore down on Zhan Chen, the strength of that aura causing Zhan Chen’s countenance to falter.

The Devil Arts were at the extreme end of the word ‘tyranny’, emphasizing on toughness, and pure power. Yet currently the devil arts of this black-robed figure contained an exceedingly chilling aura within. Which form of devil art was that?”

Zhan Chen cleaved down with his sword as the sword light tore apart space with boundless sharpness.

The hands of the black-robed figure wavered, then a tyrannical devil imprint was blasted out in response, disintegrating the might of Zhan Chen's sword slash.

Zhan Chen gestured with his sword fingers and an instant later, the howling keen of swords filled the air. Resplendent golden streaks of light illuminated the area as an ancient golden sword manifested. As he flicked his fingers forwards, nine beams of sword light containing earth-shattering might shot out towards the black-robed figure.

He wanted to test the strength of the Devil-Cultivator.

The black-robed man waved his palms as an inky darkness blotted out the skies. A gigantic Heavenly Devilish Palm imprint manifested from devil might, and the power it contained trembled throughout the entire space, easily eradicating the nine beams of sword light.

The black-robed figure flew towards Zhan Chen. How tyrannical were the devil arts? How could a practitioner of the devil path remain passive and do nothing but soak up attacks? It was time for the black-robed figure to take the initiative.

Although the figure appeared skinny and frail, the power of the attacks he unleashed brought to mind a Devil King bursting out of

hell into the mortal world.

He ruthlessly slammed out with another palm as a surge of destructive energy gushed towards Zhan Chen. That destructive energy was laced with the cold Yin of the abyss, the anathema of life, as it enveloped Zhan Chen.

“Devil-based innate techniques are truly as terrifying as the rumors say,” Ouyang Kuangsheng involuntarily praised. One could well imagine the strength of the black-robed figure, seeing that his cultivation base was at the eighth-level and he was still able to fight against Zhan Chen to such an extent.

Qin Wentian nodded in agreement but suspicions couldn't help but to bloom in his heart. “The timing of this person's appearance seems aimed towards helping us against Zhan Chen. Do you recognize him?”

Ouyang Kuangsheng shook his head, “I'm not acquainted with any Devil-Cultivators. How about you?”

Qin Wentian thought long and hard about it before he shook his head. He didn't know any cultivators that tread the path of devils, either.

Zhan Chen's eyes had completely turned golden as the aura he exuded grew increasingly formidable. Qin Wentian and Ouyang Kuangsheng saw a layer of golden armor taking shape as it covered the entirety of Zhan Chen's body. He folded his hands in gestures of incantations, as golden light cascaded downwards from cracks



that appeared from the dome of Heavens, shrouding him in a golden radiance. Within moments, a golden storm of swords floated around him, exuding an air of menace that seemed intent on lacerating the Heavens and Earth.

Each and every sword contained the will of his Mandates within.

Qin Wentian stared in amazement, was this the power of the Gold-Element Art?

“RUMBLE!”

A towering black-colored devil cloud formed as the surroundings were totally devoid of light. The spectators that had gathered all watched from afar with terror in their hearts.

Who was this person exactly, to have cultivated the forbidden arts? The strength he wielded was unfathomably powerful.

A fearsome spear worthy of a devil king appeared in his hands, as the terrifying devilish cloud drifted down and coated the long spear. The tyranny of the devil-might caused even the surrounding space to vibrate. Simultaneously, an armor of a devil king appeared on the body of the black-robed figure, shining with a devilish luster.

“Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil.” In that moment, a voice drifted over. A maiden clad in snow-white robes stood in the air above them, radiating an aura akin to a snow lotus.

Her eyes were currently locked onto the black-robed figure as a thunderstruck expression could be seen on her face. “Where did you learn this from?”

The black-robed figure glanced at the maiden, as the figure’s eyes widened in surprise. This person actually recognized this art?

What he practiced was truly the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, one of the nine ultimate Arts of Ancient Grand Xia. Through a series of fortunate events, he had ended up cultivating this art. Not only that, he was already at the small-success stage.

“Yun Mengyi.” Qin Wentian’s glance shifted onto her. She was familiar with this art? In that case, who exactly was she?

“Let’s finish him first.” Yun Mengyi turned her gaze onto Zhan Chen as a terrifying coldness gushed out from her. As she grabbed forwards, a glacial intent enveloped Zhan Chen from within, freezing his body solid.

The black-robed figure directly responded, turning to face Zhan Chen as he stabbed out with his long spear. The terrifying devil-might created fissures in the air as it pierced right towards Zhan Cheng. If this strike were to hit, anyone below the level of Heavenly Dipper would definitely be unable to retreat wholly undamaged.

Yue Mengyi moved like the wind, she was so swift, akin to a bolt of lightning.

For her, whose Mandate of Wind had also reached the Perfection Boundary, there was almost no one in Yuanfu that could compete against her in terms of speed.

An impending sense of doom assailed Zhan Chen. His eyes gleamed as his body erupted forth with an abundance of intense golden light. The countless amounts of golden swords around him started to vibrate as their glow consolidated into a resplendent light screen.

“BANG!” The tyrannical devil spear pierced out alongside with Yun Mengyi’s fist shadows. A deafening sound thundered as the golden swords were destroyed one by one. Zhan Chen groaned, his body was flung through the air, yet the killing intent in his eyes had never faded. He didn’t expect to meet such powerful foes when he decided to pursue Qin Wentian today. Their combat prowess was extraordinarily impressive.

The spectators from afar could only exclaim in wonder. Among them, for those who recognised Zhan Chen, their heartbeats couldn’t help but to quicken at the level of power he exhibited.

This was a battle between people whose combat prowess had reached the peak level of Yuanfu. It was evident that this skirmish set the precedent for the bloody tempest that was to come—this year’s battle for a position on the Heavenly Fate Rankings!

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TL Note:

The black-robed figure’s gender is unknown as of now, the raws

alternate between he and she, I will stick with he for now.

# AGM 342 - Heartbreak Echo

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Zhan Chen's golden eyes were fixated on Yun Mengyi and the black-robed figure, he knew that it was impossible for him to kill Qin Wentian today. The combat prowess of his two opponents were all extraordinary, especially the black-robed figure who cultivated the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, Zhan Chen even felt fear when exchanging blows with him.

As the one and only Devil Arts in the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia, Zhan Chen had long heard about the infamy of the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil. This art was exceedingly difficult to cultivate in, and nine out of ten people would end up counter-devoured by the devil energy instead. However, if one could cultivate this forbidden art to the stage of large success, that person would transform into a true devil king.

Who would have thought that he, Zhan Chen, would personally witness such a person today.

"I, Zhan Chen, will remember your actions. When the time comes for the ranking battle at the end of the year, Zhan Chen shall personally seek the two of you out for guidance." As the sound of his voice faded, Zhan Chen stepped upon his sword and soared away.

The black-robed figure and Yun Mengyi didn't pursue him. Zhan Chen's combat prowess was extremely remarkable as well, not losing out in the slightest to them. And even if they could defeat him, it didn't mean that they would be able to kill him as well. Defeating and killing someone were two totally different concepts.

Unless one's strength far surpassed that of his opponent, to the extent he could completely suppress them, their opponents merely needed to focus on defense and retreat as it wouldn't be so easy to kill them.

After the battle ended, Yun Mengyi's gaze shifted onto the black-robed figure as she icily asked, "Who are you? How did you learn the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil?"

The countenance of the black-robed figure flickered as he coldly replied in a hoarse voice, "None of your business."

As the sound his voice faded, he turned and attempted to walk away, only to see Yun Mengyi stepping out with a speed as fast as lightning, as an ice cold intent gushed out of her causing snow and frost to cover the area.

The black-robed figure turned and stabbed out tyrannically with his devil spear, the devil-might infused in his attack vibrating the void, shattering the ice and snow.

Yun Mengyu's palm wavered as the keening of sword howls rang out like a musical composition. Boundless sword-might gathered and in an instant Yun Mengyi stretched her hands, invoking beams of sword light to shoot downwards from the Heavens.

"Bzzz..."

A sword descended, startling even the Heavens and Earth, exploding forth with a brilliance so blinding that the world lost its luster.

The current Qin Wentian had already seen many extraordinary swordplay techniques before, but in spite of this, he was still badly shocked when Yun Mengyi unleashed her swordplay.

Her swordplay was simply breathtaking.

The black-robed figure didn't hesitate and stabbed out once again with his devil spear, aiming for Yun Mengyi's heart. The eyes of this black-robed figure were still as cold and detached as before, like the eyes of a corpse, blankly staring on without emotion, disregarding her sword attack.

“You...”

Yun Mengyi's countenance drastically changed, who would have thought that the black-robed figure would be this ruthless? If she continued on with her attack, there was no doubt that the both of them would definitely have died.

Soaring in the air, Yun Mengyi shifted her position and unleashed yet another attack, slashing downwards from the Heavens.

“This, Heavenly Swordplay...” Ouyang Kuangsheng's heart pounded. As a chosen of the Ouyang Clan, his talent and

perspective were unquestionable.

Zhan Chen's strength was within his expectations, after all he was ranked #11 on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, and this was long before he obtained the inheritance of the Gold-Element Ascendant.

And now, a mysterious black-robed figure that cultivated the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil appeared.

And after that, Yun Mengyi had also showed up and the swordplay she had executed was none other than the Heavenly Swordplay!

Her swordplay technique also happened to be one of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia. And just like the Chaotic Art of the Devil, both arts had been lost to history. Who would have thought that they would be executed in front of his eyes today, one after another.

Even if he was the Ouyang Kuangsheng, he still felt a strong sense of worry regarding the ranking battle at the end of the year. He expected the ranking to bring with it countless confrontations, many unforeseen and unprecedented.

“Enough.”

Qin Wentian involuntarily berated when he saw them both continue to act so crazily. Abruptly, the black-robed figure retreated as Yun Mengyi also retracted her sword.



Such a scenario almost caused Ouyang Kuangsheng's heart to stop, as he speechlessly stared at Qin Wentian.

This pair in front of his eyes, one was a practitioner of the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, while the other cultivated the Heavenly Swordplay. Yet with a single command from Qin Wentian, both of them actually halted?

Such an occurrence was unquestionably weird.

Even Qin Wentian was somewhat startled himself. A sharp glint of light flickered in his eyes, Yun Mengyi's identity was still unclear, and as for that black-robed figure that suddenly appeared to block Zhan Chen. Was it because he wanted to help him?

"Do you know me?" Qin Wentian asked the black-robed figure.

The eyes of the black-robed figure swept towards Qin Wentian, lingering for an instant before he abruptly turned and departed, leaving without a word.

Yun Mengyi wanted to chase after him, only to hear Qin Wentian say, "Stop right there."

Yun Mengyi halted her steps and glanced at Qin Wentian, who continued, "Who exactly are you, why are you following me?"

Her ice-like gaze glared at Qin Wentian as Yun Mengyi also left in silence. Her actions causing Qin Wentian to stand there awkwardly as he shrugged helplessly at Ouyang Kuangsheng.

He couldn't see through their intentions at all.

“Let us return first,” Ouyang Kuangsheng suggested. The two of them left together and swiftly after, news of their earlier battle was circulated about. However, this time around, Qin Wentian was pushed to the back of everyone's mind. With the appearance of the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, who would bother talking about Qin Wentian?

It was also remarked that a maiden clad in white was also seen executing the Heavenly Swordplay.

After Qin Wentian's return, the topic of Chu naturally came up when he was chatting with Luo Huan.

But regretfully, Luo Huan's knowledge regarding their home country was limited as well. She only knew that Chu Wuwei was doing his best to create an age of prosperity for Chu's citizens.

After a short while of chatting, Qin Wentian returned to his own courtyard.

The night was as black as ink, Qin Wentian sat cross-legged in his courtyard as he meditated in silence. The matter today had brought a rush of tumultuous emotions through his heart.

Mo Qingcheng was safe and sound, this naturally made him heave a sigh of relief. Seeing that she was doing well, Qin Wentian could also put his heart at ease.

But, seeing how powerful Zhan Chen was today made him feel the hint of a threat. Even more so when he realized that during their earlier battle, Zhan Chen hadn't completely unleashed his trump cards.

In addition, Yun Mengyi and the black-robed figure were on the same tier of power as Zhan Chen.

And one must also consider Yang Fan of the Star-Seizing Manor and Hua Feng from the Hua Clan; both of them would definitely be several times more powerful compared to the past. Their objectives were the same as Qin Wentian's, obtaining one of the top three positions in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Currently, Qin Wentian clutched several Yuan Meteor stones in his hands. He was prepared to use them for his cultivation.

Although Qin Wentian could fight evenly against an opponent two levels higher than him, when facing against a genius who was every bit as talented as he was and could utilize powerful innate techniques or unique skills, Qin Wentian didn't have absolute confidence on his chances for victory.

Hence, there was a need for him to cultivate even more powerful attacking techniques.

In terms of attack power, the Heaven Breaking Finger technique that the Gold-Element Ascendent left behind was one of the strongest that Qin Wentian had ever seen, however its consumption rate of Yuan Meteor Stones was too terrifying, it wasn't suitable to be used frequently. And so far, other than the 81 stances of the demonic arts he learned in the Unmatched Realm, he still needed more powerful innate techniques as his trump cards.

And right now in his memory, there was one innate technique that was exceptionally powerful.

The Astral-Being was something left behind for him by that damn old fogey, and was also Qin Wentian's greatest secret. For the past two years, he had expended an astronomical amount of Yuan Meteor Stones to activate the memory fragments of the tiny Astral-Being. Other than gaining insights into the memories of his dad, he had also obtained the cultivation method of an exceptionally powerful innate technique.

The innate technique was named 'Heartbreak Echo'

Heartbreak, a technique equating to the heart getting pulverized, exterminated.

This technique required bell-type Divine Energy as well as a linkage with third-level Ancient Bell Divine Inscriptions before it could be executed.

Qin Wentian had actually started cultivating this particular technique since a long time ago. As of now, he had finally cleared the first difficult step which was to instantly inscribe a peak-tier, third-ranked Inscription of an Ancient Bell, to guarantee that this attack could be unleashed anytime as one heart's desired.

This was merely the first difficulty. The second difficulty was that one had to use the rhythm of their hearts to activate the attack. This technique, was unfathomably marvellous.

And currently, the candle flame blazed silently in Qin Wentian's heart, its rhythm synchronizing with the Divine Yuan energy within his body. This step was of immense difficulty, and it wasn't until late in the night before he finally accomplished this.

Rustling sounds could be heard coming from the courtyard, causing Qin Wentian to frown. Even in the midst of cultivation, his perception was still active. He snorted coldly, blasting out with his palms. An instant later, an illusory form of an Ancient Bell manifested in mid-air.

Yun Mengyi, who was leisurely strolling inside, suddenly felt a sense of terror clasp her heart. Her gaze froze when she saw the abrupt manifestation of that Ancient Bell, as she reacted instantly, sending out her palm to grab it.

“BOOM!”

The sound of a bell's echo reverberated through the air. Yun Mengyi groaned as her heart pounded madly, it felt as though

someone had just tried to pulverize her heart. Snapping her eyes wide-open, her countenance trembled as she stared at Qin Wentian in shock.

What innate technique was that? She didn't understand how she'd been attacked.

“What are you here for?” Qin Wentian opened his eyes as he glanced at Yun Mengyi.

Yun Mengyi's countenance turned icy as she returned his gaze, “What was that innate technique?”

“Heartbreak Echo.” Qin Wentian calmly replied.

“Heartbreak? It's truly powerful” Yun Mengyi commented, “If your cultivation base was at the eighth level of Yuanfu, then even with my defensive technique, I wouldn't be able to last long against the unrelentless echoing of the bells.”

Qin Wentian didn't say anything more, he only stared at Yun Mengyi. It was already so late in the night, why had Yun Mengyi come over to his residence?

“Although my beauty isn't unrivalled, I'm still considered a ravishing woman. Why are you so against me?” Yun Mengyi unhappily asked, she couldn't help herself when she saw Qin Wentian's emotionless countenance.

Qin Wentian started, he didn't think that the ice-cold Yun Mengyi would be capable of uttering such words.

"Your character seems to have changed. Unlike the Yun Mengyi whom I once knew." Qin Wentian's voice remained unperturbed.

"I was only feigning indifference. If you really are in love with me, then I don't mind giving myself to you." A warm smile suffused Yun Mengyi's face, as she languidly approached Qin Wentian. With slow deliberation, she gently pushed the outer layer of clothing off her shoulders, allowing it to slide down her back. Her beautiful alabaster shoulders were displayed before his eyes, revealing an alluring collarbone. It was hard to imagine a more beautiful sight to see. Qin Wentian frowned, what in the world was going on? Why was Yun Mengyi behaving like a crazed woman?

"What do you really want?" Qin Wentian coldly interjected.

At his words, Yun Mengyi loosened her hold on her outer clothing, allowing it to fall and pool around her feet. She sauntered over to Qin Wentian, gracefully lowering her exquisite figure as she sat down beside him. She leaned closer, pressing her soft body against his as she whispered, "Is your heart still unmoved? Do you not feel anything towards me?"

Qin Wentian turned to face her, placing both his hands on Yun Mengyi's soft shoulders. He could clearly feel the coldness on her skin, his gaze trailing over her tempting collarbone before shifting up to meet her eyes. Yun Mengyi couldn't help but smile at what she saw.

“No.” Qin Wentian’s hand moved as Yun Mengyi’s white-colored outer clothing flew over. With an impressive flourish, he placed the clothing back over Yun Mengyi’s shoulders as he stated, just as emotionless as before, “If there’s nothing else, please refrain from disturbing my cultivation.”

Yun Mengyi blushed, feeling her cheeks turning warm with embarrassment. She immediately stood up, flicked her sleeves and left without another word. It wasn’t clear what she was blaming him for; his stupidity or his insensitivity!



# AGM 343 - Seven Grand Clans Of Grand Xia

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Qin Wentian watched on as Yun Mengyi departed the area. Despite his outer serene appearance, his heart couldn't help but feel a little chaotic. Yun Mengyi's beauty was just a shade less when compared to Mo Qingcheng and Qing'er, so how could a young hot-blooded man like Qin Wentian remain unmoved? After all, he was still someone who hadn't tasted the sweetness experienced during the union of a man and woman.

However, his temperament was different compared to others, and hence, he could restrain himself, albeit with some difficulty. But still, Yun Mengyi's actions... the mystery that was this woman, was getting harder and harder to decipher. She was like an enigma, a black cloud that was blocking his vision.

After spending another moment in contemplation, Qin Wentian shrugged and went back to cultivating quietly. He had to prepare even more trump cards before the ranking battles began. Only then would he have the capability to contend against other demon-level talents.

The second morning, the various major powers received an invitation from the Chen Clan, inviting the cultivators of the younger generation to gather over at Chen Estate for an exchange.

And this matter seemed to have come about because of the young master of Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, Ouyang Kuangsheng. It was rumoured that Ouyang Kuangsheng was audacious to the extent that he stormed the Chen Clan's gate, saying that he wished to spar against the younger generations of the Great Solar Chen Clan, all

in order to witness the mighty Great Solar Universe Art.

Hence, the Great Solar Chen Clan issued invites to the various transcendent powers. Other than the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, they also invited the Shi Clan from the Ginkou Continent, Pill Emperor Hall and Hua Clan from the Moon Continent, Wang Clan from the War Continent and the Swallow Swordsmen from the Yan Continent.

This made many people muse that the Great Solar Chen Clan was up to something. They seemed to have another motive in mind as they invited the younger generations of the various powers.

Among the transcendent powers, there were nine that were considered to be the strongest.

These nine powers respectively were:

Ginkou Continent: Venerate Heavens Sect, Great Solar Chen Clan, Shi Clan

Moon Continent: Pill Emperor Hall, Hua Clan;

War Continent: Wang Clan

Azure Continent: Ouyang Aristocrat Clan

Demon Continent: Skydemon Sect

## Yan Continent: Swallow Swordsmen

And out of all nine of them, those from Ginkou were termed the strongest transcendent powers, with those from the Moon Continent coming in second. And for the invitation this time around, seven out of nine of the strongest transcendent powers had all been invited, with the exception of the Venerate Heavens Sect and the Skydemon Sect.

The Venerate Heavens Sect had a unique status, being the party that dictated the rankings on Grand Xia. Once, a long time ago, the founder of the Venerate Heavens Sect was directly in charge of the guardians. The Venerate Heavens Sect had many mystical abilities, including the capability to foretell the luck and destiny of the Empire. It was rumored that if the insurrection of the rebels back then didn't have the support of the Venerate Heavens Sect, it would have been impossible for them to succeed. The Venerate Heavens Sect were able to pry into the depths of the future from observing the movements of the stars and were skilled in their readings of signs and omens. Naturally, they had seen many things and had already predicted what was to come.

From this, many speculated that one of the nine traitors had been none other than the founder of the Venerate Heavens Sect.

And as for the invitations recently issued out, aside from the Ouyang Aristocratic Clan, the rest of the guest list included five other transcendent powers that were supposedly founded by members of that group of traitors.

From this, one could infer that the gathering in the Chen Clan this time around, could also be said to be a gathering of the nine traitors that belonged to the Nine Grand Clans in Ancient Grand Xia.

Presently, those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan were making their way to the Great Solar Chen Clan.

Qin Wentian and Ouyang Kuangsheng discussed that very topic as they proceeded to the Chen Clan. Qin Wentian couldn't help but feel something rocking his heart. After all, he was the one that witnessed the final scene at the top of the Heavenly Stele Platform, the scene where the nine traitorous subjects intended to make a move on Princess Tianyu. Qin Wentian wondered, the middle-aged man in charge of the operation, the vile beast that felt up Princess Tianyu, which among the Nine Grand Clans had he belonged to?

“The Nine Grand Clans of Ancient Grand Xia, dwindled down to seven in the current era. As for those seven, they all hold positions among the nine supreme transcendent powers in Grand Xia.” Qin Wentian mused.

Currently, out of the nine supreme transcendent powers, only the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Skydemon Sect hadn't been founded by the nine traitors.

“Of course they're strong enough to claim seven out of the nine positions. If it weren't for the annihilation of those two Grand Clans, the nine supreme transcendent powers would undoubtedly still be the Nine Grand Clans.” Ouyang Kuangsheng shook his head as he replied, “ My Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and the Skydemon Sect

eventually stepped up as part of the nine supreme powers, but in a proper ranking, we would definitely be ranked amongst the last.”

“The Nine Grand Clans were based in separate locations, each of them in control of a different region in Ancient Grand Xia. Later on, something inconceivable occurred; someone or something had annihilated the strongest of the Nine Grand Clans, for reasons that still remain unknown. After that, the Venerate Heavens Sect, Great Solar Chen Clan, and Shi Clan relocated to the Ginkou Continent; the Hua Clan moved to the Moon Continent, and along with the changes brought by time, everything then transformed into the Grand Xia we know today.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng recited this passage that had been drilled into his memories at a young age. He then sighed, “The current Grand Xia can no longer be considered an Empire. The powers are too dispersed, with everyone vying for power. It’s impossible for Grand Xia to be united under one banner ever again.”

“The power of Ancient Grand Xia was too terrifying to imagine. The Pill Refiner Grand Clan became the Pill Emperor Hall of today, the Weapon Forger Grand Clan became the Wang Clan of the War Continent; the Venerate Heavens Pavilion became the Venerate Heavens Sect, and as for the other Grand Clans that specialised in combat, they became the Chen Clan, Shi Clan and Swallows Swordsmen of Yan respectively. If it weren’t for the gradual decline of the Nine Grand Clans over the course of several thousand years, they would never have permitted other transcendent powers to rise up.”

“But Stellar Martial Cultivators should grow stronger as time

passes. Why did their power grow weaker instead?” Fan Le asked seriously, listening attentively by the side.

“We can only speculate, but maybe the true powerhouses back then had already reached an unfathomable level in their cultivations and then left Grand Xia for other places. No one knows for sure.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng also didn’t know, it was just a casual guess on his part. Qin Wentian and the others nodded, his speculations seemed highly plausible.

“Isn’t this just like Chu and Grand Xia? If Chu was as powerful as Grand Xia, we wouldn’t have the need to leave Chu to roam Grand Xia. If that was the case, this could mean that outside of Grand Xia, there are even more terrifying places,” Chu Mang murmured.

Were there even limits on the pathway of cultivation? How vast was this world they existed in? Were the truly strong exactly as described in the fabled legends? Able to shatter the Heavens and Earth, able to steal the moon and seize the stars.

As their conversation concluded, they reached the exterior of the Chen Estate. Upon arriving, all of them descended onto the ground, as a way of showing respect to the Chen Clan.

As a gracious host, the Chen Clan had long arranged for people to stand at the entrance to welcome the guests within.

“Oh... someone’s going to meet his little lover soon, aren’t you excited?” Luo Huan teased as they entered the premises. She knew of the recent news regarding Mo Qingcheng, and back then she had always loved to tease the two of them. Who would have thought they would become a couple today? Sadly, there seemed to be mountains of obstacles between them trying prevent their union.

“Senior Sister, stop teasing me,” Qin Wentian replied in a low voice. Their group arrived at an island in the middle of a lake, it was undoubtedly the location the Chen Clan had chosen to host the gathering. Beautiful women could be seen dancing and playing the zither on boats sailing around the lakes, providing a beautiful melody that enriched the atmosphere and was a joy to the senses.

The island was of a considerable size and there was even a battle arena set up in the centre of it.

At this moment, as the members of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan arrived, a middle-aged man walked out and greeted, “The austere presence of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan brings light and grace to our humble dwellings.”

“Brother Chen is too polite.” The one leading the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan today was none other than Ouyang Kuangsheng’s second uncle, Ouyang Long. His face was filled with smiles as he respectfully clasped his hands towards their host.

“There are a fair number of guests in my humble abode today. Should there be anything lacking in my hosting duties, I pray that brother Ouyang will not take offense. Come, let me have someone lead you to your allocated seats.” The elder from the Chen Clan

then summoned an attendant to escort the Ouyang Clan. Ouyang Long smiled as he replied, “Brother Chen, please be at ease.”

After Ouyang Long and the rest were seated, several pairs of eyes glanced their way. The other transcendent powers all had people from the Chen Clan personally playing host to them, with the exception of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

How could such a detail escape the eyes of those from the Ouyang Clan. Traces of unhappiness could be seen in their expression—it was as though the Chen Clan purposely wanted to antagonize them.

Although the words of greetings were spoken politely, their actions showed not a modicum of respect.

At this moment, Qin Wentian could feel a sharp gaze boring down on him. As he shifted his eyes over, he discovered that the owner of that sharp gaze was none other than Wang Xiao. His girlfriend, Qiao Xuan, from the Mystic Maiden Palace, had also accompanied him, in order to widen her perspective in this gathering of the supreme transcendent powers of Grand Xia.

Aside from the Chen Clan, the other six supreme powers that originated from the seven remaining Grand Clans were all present today.

“The Wang Clan of the War Continent lives up to their reputation indeed. What a sharp aura.” Qin Wentian mused as he turned his gaze onto Wang Xiao and his group.



After that, he turned his gaze to the side as he saw a group of swordsmen clad in white, with ancient swords strapped upon their backs. These people should be the Swallow Swordsmen from the Yan Continent, a power that focused only on swords.

Those from Hua Clan, and the Pill Emperor Hall had also arrived.

Right now, his eyes riveted onto Luo He who was currently speaking with the elder leading the Hua Clan.

The Hua Clan obviously wanted to better their relations with the Pill Emperor Hall, indicating their interest in forming an alliance through a marriage engagement.

Luo He somehow sensed Qin Wentian's gaze on her, she turned her head and instantly focused her eyes on him. Her gaze couldn't help but sharpen the moment she saw him, as Qin Wentian felt a huge pressure pressing down on him. Luo He's countenance obviously become icier the moment she noticed his appearance.

Because this young man was the one that ruled the heart and thoughts of her disciple. Even as her Master, her position in Mo Qingcheng's heart couldn't be compared with Qin Wentian's.

"Qin Wentian." Standing beside Luo He, Zhan Chen's eyes flashed with a sharp glimmer of golden light. He didn't bother trying to mask his killing intent.

Within moments, those from the Hua Clan also turned their gazes onto Qin Wentian. Was this the person who slayed Hua Xiaoyun?

The eyes that stared at Qin Wentian were as cold as ice. It was as though they were looking at someone deceased instead.

In truth, nobody in the Hua Clan, other than Hua Xiaoyun's immediate family, cared about his death. Hua Xiaoyun was a wastrel, a useless silk pants young master that often created trouble outside. His death was seen as a good thing in the eyes of many.

Despite their indifference towards Hua Xiaoyun's death, Qin Wentian's act of killing one of their own still brought a great deal of shame to their Hua Clan.

But of course, they wouldn't do anything about it. Because even as they stood aside, there was still one person who would make sure Qin Wentian dies.

Hua Taixu, who had always doted on his younger brother, would definitely not allow Qin Wentian to live for too long.

With him around, Qin Wentian would definitely die.

Other than Zhan Chen, over in the direction of the Chen Clan's members, Chen Ran's gaze towards Qin Wentian was also exceptionally cold, yet he didn't dare to brazenly reveal his killing

intent. After all, he had been defeated by Qin Wentian, his face torn to shreds in front of so many people. He didn't have the face to seek Qin Wentian for revenge, because, he knew undoubtedly he would be defeated again.

How could he request help from his clan by telling them that a nobody beat a chosen of the Great Solar Chen Clan, even after using the Great Solar Universe Art?

As usual, Qin Wentian's countenance remained composed, with no fluctuations of any kind affecting it. Simply based on what Hua Xiaoyun had tried to do to Mo Qingcheng, even if time reversed and he were given the choice once more, he would still choose to slay Hua Xiaoyun without hesitation. This matter wouldn't affect the state of his heart.

As for Zhan Chen, his true character was extremely ruthless, he was a person determined to achieve his goals using any means, be it fair or foul. He could even kill his lover for his own gain, and now that he wanted to kill Qin Wentian, shouldn't Qin Wentian want to kill Zhan Chen as well?

Outside the entrance of the corridor leading to the island, yet another group of silhouettes walked over. They were the last transcendent power to arrive—members from the Shi Clan.

The eyes of the cultivators from the Shi Clan were all incredibly fiend-like. Their long hair that fluttered in the wind was an inky black, as the demonic aura they exuded, even when suppressed, was still overwhelming.

“Rumor has it that members of the Shi Clan possess the bloodline of an ancient primordial beast. They’re natural-born fighters that followed the Ancient Emperor back then when he moved to conquer Grand Xia,” Ouyang Kuangsheng explained in a low voice, his words causing bewilderment to flash past Qin Wentian’s face. The Shi Clan actually possessed the bloodline of an ancient primordial beast?!

# AGM 344 - Strongest Contender

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The Shi Clan involuntarily reminded Qin Wentian of himself.

There were two kinds of bloodlines existing in his body. One of them seemed to be the bloodline of an ancient primordial beast emperor. And despite his current cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu, he still hadn't fully excavated the complete secrets of his bloodline.

Two powerful bloodlines, his potential was endless, but it depended on him to uncover the secrets of his bloodline step by step.

The cultivators from the Shi Clan sat in their allocated seats. After everyone had settled down, several servants prepared good food and fragrant wine, setting up a banquet table in front of the crowd. The atmosphere was extremely relaxed, akin to that of a dinner party, there wasn't any hint of fire powder in the air.

The various transcendent powers mingled and interacted harmoniously and no one looking at them now would think that they'd fought amongst themselves for several thousands of years.

“Seeing how all of you were able to give face and grace us with your presence, this matter is our honor. The younger generations are always destined to replace the older ones and seeing so many talented young cultivators among the group, I can't help but feel gratified in my heart.” Around the Chen Clan's circle, their leader was clad in luxurious robes emblazoned with an image of a giant

sun.

“Brother Hua, has Nephew Taixu come as well?” The middle-aged man from the Chen Clan glanced in the direction of Hua Clan as he inquired. With regards to those with talent from the younger generation, Hua Taixu was ranked first. At the Yuanfu Realm, he had already dominated Grand Xia for many years.

“Taixu is trying to break through. If nothing goes wrong, he should step into the second level of Heavenly Dipper in a few days time.” A person from the Hua Clan replied with a smile that was laced with faint traces of pride. His words caused everyone to be slightly stunned, no wonder Hua Taixu was ranked first in the Heavenly Fate Ranking, he had already broken through to Heavenly Dipper and was now trying to step into the second level. Undoubtedly, the distance between him and those behind him, were gradually getting further and further away.

“Haha, seems like for the younger generation, Hua Taixu will surely become the leader of the Hua Clan.” The person from the Chen Clan laughed. With Hua Taixu’s radiance, he had long overshadowed those in the same generation as him, and even outshone some of his elders. Hua Taixu would definitely become the clan lord of the Hua Clan sooner or later.

“Isn’t Nephew [Chen Wang](#) the same as well?” The elder from Hua Clan politely stated. Chen Wang from the Great Solar Chen Clan was ranked second in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. His name was Chen Wang (Chen King), and it was rumored that this was not his original name but a name given to him after he’d proved himself through countless combat, ultimately signifying the hope

his clan placed on him.

Chen Wang: Chen is a surname, Wang means King.

“He’s not that good, he’s still in the realm of Yuanfu and has yet to breakthrough.” The elder from Chen Clan laughed as he waved his hands, yet a faint trace of discontent could be seen from his countenance.

“Since Nephew Chen Wang chose to remain at the pinnacle of Yuanfu, he surely has his own plans.” The elder from Hua Clan casually laughed. He received news that Chen Wang already had the ability to step inside Heavenly Dipper quite some time ago, but for some reason, he was suppressing his cultivation base and limiting it to the pinnacle of Yuanfu.

“How about Nephew Shi Po?” The elder from Chen Clan changed the topic as he turned his gaze onto the Shi Clan.

Shi Po, ranked third on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

“Same as Chen Wang, all those ranked behind him have already broken through to Heavenly Dipper yet he’s still at the pinnacle of Yuanfu,” someone from the Shi Clan indifferently replied.

As for the words, ‘those behind him’, the man was referring to the fourth ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, Jing Wu from the Venerate Heavens Sect. “Hehe.” Those from the Chen Clan casually laughed, “I wonder if Emperor Azure, ranked fifth in the Heavenly Rankings has broken through or not. The Azure Emperor Palace has grown increasingly secretive in the last few years.”

“We shouldn’t bother ourselves too much on matters of the younger generations.. We will merely be spectators in the ranking battle at the end of the year,” Luo He calmly interjected, momentarily turning her gaze in the direction of her Pill Emperor Hall after she spoke.

“Luo He is right, the strongest contenders among the younger generations that are participating in the ranking battle are all here today. We only need to spectate in silence and enjoy their battle.” The middle-aged man from the Chen Clan gave a casual laugh, yet despite his attitude, the transcendent powers of Grand Xia all took the battle for positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings extremely seriously.

In Grand Xia, there had always been a saying “The ranking battle for the Heavenly Fate Ranking had a strong connection with the luck and destiny of Grand Xia”. For transcendent powers with outstanding disciples, the higher they were ranked, that stronger their respective groups would be in the future.

For the clans and sects that had been founded by the Seven Grand Clans, they had occupied the core regions of Grand Xia for countless years. And among them, the transcendent powers from Ginkou were the strongest.

“Luo He, i’ve heard that your recently accepted disciple, Mo Qingcheng, has a Seven Apertures Mystical Heart, with a peerless countenance to match. I believe many of us here are curious about her, so why didn’t you bring her along today?” Someone turned to Luo He and asked.



“That lass is focusing on her cultivation and she doesn’t like crowds,” Luo He indifferently waved the comment aside, but an instant later, her countenance stiffened as though she sensed something. She faked a smile and replied, “But today, she’ll be paying her respects to the elders here.”

As the sound of her voice faded, a few silhouettes soared through the air, in the direction of the island. The maiden in the lead was clad in white, with an unmatched elegance and a flawless countenance.

The males in the crowd instantly froze, even elder-level figures stared in silence, awed by her beauty. No wonder even a genius at the level of Hua Taixu would be smitten by her. Such a maiden, with her excellent aptitude and talent, how could anyone not feel goodwill towards her?

How could the hearts of the disciples from the younger generations still be unmoved when even their elders were so affected?

All humans loved beautiful things, regardless if one was a talented genius or mediocre and incompetent. There were no exceptions.

Luo Huan tugged on Qin Wentian’s arms, causing him to smile painfully as he glanced at her. “Senior Sister, please don’t cause trouble.”

“She’s even more beautiful compared to before, could it be true that cultivation has the effect of enhancing one’s beauty? Seems like I need to work harder too.” Luo Huan laughed teasingly. Currently Mo Qingcheng exuded an aura of holiness.

Mo Qingcheng landed and walked towards the direction of the Pill Emperor Palace as she greeted, “Master.”

“Mhm, Qingcheng, quickly come and greet the elders.” Luo He nodded slightly. Mo Qingcheng turned to the crowd and bowed delicately, each and every movement was laced with exquisiteness and elegance, stirring people’s hearts. Countless young men followed her smallest of gestures, as though they had found the woman of their dreams.

“Qingcheng greets the elders,” Mo Qingcheng stated in a low voice. After which, she sat down beside Luo He and turned her gaze in the direction of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. Upon seeing Qin Wentian gazing at her, a mischievous glint of light involuntarily flickered in her eyes. This reaction startled Qin Wentian, as a warmth flowed into his heart. That expression in her eyes brought him back to memories past.

Several young men rubbed their eyes, that reaction of Mo Qingcheng earlier, had they seen wrongly?

“Luo He, congratulations on accepting such a fine disciple. I wonder if she already has someone in her heart? If there’s no one yet, maybe I can introduce some of the Chen Clan’s more outstanding talents from the younger generations?” The elder from the Chen Clan smiled.

Before Luo He could comment, Mo Qingcheng replied, “Elder, I already have someone in my heart.”

“Oh?” The expression on the Chen Clan’s elder face faltered for a second. Could it be that Mo Qingcheng had fallen for Hua Taixu? But taking into consideration Hua Taixu’s talent, both of them were truly a match made in Heaven.

Of course, she could be referring to Zhan Chen. Since both of them were from the Pill Emperor Hall, they could be considered as fellow disciples.

Familiarity breeds fondness, there wasn’t anything strange about that.

“I wonder which young hero has the luck to catch the eye of Miss Mo.” The elder from the Chen Clan laughed.

“All of you will know of him after the ranking battle at the end of the year.” Mo Qingcheng smiled as she replied, her words causing many to break into astonishment. In that case, it wasn’t Hua Taixu?

Not only that, it didn’t even sound like it was Zhan Chen.

“Let’s stop discussing this matter for now,” Luo He quietly commented, feeling a little unhappy.

“Mhm.” The middle-aged elder from Chen Clan nodded. Shifting his gaze in the direction of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, he asked. “Back then Nephew Ouyang proposed an exchange of pointers between the younger generations of the Ouyang Clan and my Great Solar Chen Clan. This was also the reason why I invited all of you here today. Aside from improving relations between us all, we can take a look at the talented elites of our younger generations that are currently not on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.”

Chen Wang, Shi Po and the rest hadn't come today. Evidently, they had no intention of competing for a false glory of any sorts, they wanted to save their trump cards for the ranking battle at the end of the year. That place would be their real stage.

And Ouyang Kuangsheng was only at the seventh level of Yuanfu, if he wished to exchanged pointers, the Chen Clan would naturally oblige him.

“Would all of you be interested in letting the younger generations spar?” The Chen Clan elder smiled as he gazed at the crowd.

“How?” someone from the Wang Clan inquired.

“Since Nephew Ouyang's cultivation base is at the seventh level of Yuanfu, why not all of us select some members of our respective sects or clans and see which among them in the younger generations is stronger? How about it?” The elder from the Chen Clan laughed as he continued, “In any case, exchanging pointers between the younger generations is only to liven things up, there's no need to make matters too serious.”

“Sure, should we have some sort of reward to spur them on?” someone in the crowd asked.

“Why not? How about this, the final victor can propose a request to the other powers. As long as the request isn’t unreasonable, and there’s no objection from that power, we will allow that request. Any objections?” The elder from the Chen Clan cast his gaze around. The leaders of the various powers all nodded, a spar between the younger generations would indeed liven things up. But the Chen Clan’s plan today left no doubts that they wanted the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan to be humiliated.

They clearly knew that in the Chen Clan, other than Chen Wang, there was another demon-level talent currently at the seventh level of Yuanfu.

“Since everyone has agreed, quickly select the combatants. Those who are selected shall fight atop the battle arena.” As the sound of his voice faded, two figures walked out in the direction of the Chen Clan as they proceeded up the arena.

“As expected, it’s [Chen Zhan](#).” The gazes of the crowd turned sharp when they saw whom the Chen Clan sent out. The combat prowess of Chen Zhan was so terrifying to the extent that he could war against someone at the ninth level of Yuanfu. His comprehension, in addition to the power of the Great Sun Universe Art, was too domineering.

Chen Zhan: Chen is a surname, Zhan means battle/war.

“Will you assist me?” Ouyang Kuangsheng gazed at Qin Wentian. For this battle, if Qin Wentian accompanied him, there wouldn’t be any suspense.

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded slightly. After hearing the words from the Chen Clan’s elder, he had already decided that he had to participate in this battle.

He would propose his own request. It was extremely simple, but also exceptionally important to him.

The two of them exchanged glances for a second before breaking out into laughter as they continued forwards and stepped up the battle arena. As for the combatants from the other six powers, they too, advanced forwards.

Wang Xiao naturally was among them. His gaze wasn’t fixated onto Chen Zhan of the Chen Clan but rather, he was glaring at Qin Wentian. He knew that there was a high probability that Qin Wentian was even more terrifying compared to Chen Zhan.

Even before enduring the baptism of the Heavenly Stele, Qin Wentian was already strong enough to injure Situ Po in a duel. Now, after experiencing the Heavenly Stele, Wang Xiao couldn’t even accurately gauge how strong the current Qin Wentian was. The only thing he was sure of was that Qin Wentian would definitely be countless times more stronger when compared to before. It seemed that the Chen Clan’s plans were already destined to fall to pieces.

“Qin Wentian, you dared to kill a member of my Hua Clan. Hmph, I’m going to teach you a lesson today.” In the direction of the Hua Clan, a young man coldly snorted. Qin Wentian couldn’t even be bothered to cast a glance at him.

The combatants, regardless of which power they were from, all exuded a powerful aura. At this moment, as the middle-aged elder from the Chen Clan was about to state the rules...“Ouyang, I don’t wish to waste any more time.” Qin Wentian added in a low voice, his words causing Ouyang Kuangsheng to start. What was this fellow planning?

But Qin Wentian pulled Ouyang Kuangsheng along as he advanced a step forward. “Since, the characters of our generation wish to battle, what’s the point if we don’t aim to be the strongest?”

The countenance of the crowd froze as they stared at Qin Wentian. What did this brat mean?

After which, Qin Wentian continued, “There’s no need for any rules. All of you, just come at us together.”

Ouyang Kuangsheng’s heart trembled. This fellow... but truth be told, to Qin Wentian, fighting against opponents of the same level really didn’t have any meaning to it!

# AGM 345 - Qin Wentian's Request

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After hearing Qin Wentian's serene command, the atmosphere turned so completely silent one could hear a pin drop.

Ouyang Kuangsheng was the one who proposed an exchange against the younger generations of the Great Solar Chen Clan. And for the sparring match today, the Chen Clan wanted to use this opportunity to sorely humiliate Ouyang Kuangsheng. Yet who would have thought that the young man beside Ouyang Kuangsheng was even more brazen than him, arrogantly claiming, you guys come at me together.

Those that stood on the battle arena may have cultivation bases at the seventh level of Yuanfu, but if one wanted to measure their combat prowess, any one of them could jump levels and defeat opponents, easily slaying opponents at the eighth level of Yuanfu.

Of the six transcendent powers, twelve disciples were elected. Among these, some might have missed out on the ranking battle at the end of the year due to their lower cultivation bases, unable to become the blazing suns of their generations this year, they could still showcase their performance here, enabling their respective sects or clans to gain a little glory. Yet, this young man was now completely disregarding them.

“Who might you be?” Chen Zhan from the Great Solar Chen Clan asked.

He wasn't familiar with this person.



And of those present in the crowd, other than the Hua Clan and the Pill Emperor Hall from the Moon Continent, the majority of the people here didn't know who Qin Wentian was.

Perhaps it was because this was the first time he had chosen to reveal himself to the many major powers. And considering his potential, it wouldn't be the last. And at this moment, the people here still didn't realize that from today onwards, the young man standing in front of them would be the embodiment of the raging tempest that would embroil Grand Xia in the future.

“Qin Wentian.”

In a calm voice, he issued out his name, as the radiance of the Great Solar Art flashed upon Chen Zhan's countenance, akin to a flaming ball of fire.

Chen Zhan took a step forward, and the might of this footstep caused the entire battle arena to quake as he bathed in the eye-piercing radiance of the sun. “Arrogant punk, you don't know how high the Heavens are and how wide the Earth is. The two of us from Chen Clan will fight against you two first.”

The others didn't make a move. To them, ganging up on Qin Wentian wasn't some glorious thing, and Chen Zhan's combat prowess was extremely outstanding. Since he wanted to fight, then let him fight first then. Let Chen Zhan ascertain how strong Qin Wentian was before they themselves did anything.

Qin Wentian clenched his fist as he walked forward. At the same time, Ouyang Kuangsheng also moved to the centre of the battle arena.

“Hurry it up.” Swirls of energy gathered around Qin Wentian’s fist, as bursts of demonic qi exuded from him.

“BOOM!” Chen Zhan stepped forwards as he stared at Qin Wentian, unleashing the Great Solar Energy within him, as an overwhelming pressure swept out. Everyone in the crowd could clearly sense the scorching temperature in the surroundings.

Abruptly, Chen Zhan soared up to the sky and stood there. Beams of sunlight cascaded downwards, enveloping him in an armor made of sun-flames. Momentarily, nine Great Solar Universe Swords cleaved downwards with the speed of a raging tornado.

“DIE!”

The Great Solar Universe Swords chopped down, leaving nine trails of light behind them, all targeted at Qin Wentian.

He wanted to let everyone know that he was Chen Zhan, of the Great Solar Chen Clan.

Qin Wentian had a fiend-like smile on his face. He glanced up at Chen Zhan as he flew upwards in the skies as well, disregarding the nine solar swords. He rotated his palms and blasted out, covering the entire skies with his palm shadows, directly destroying the

## Great Solar Universe Swords.

Chen Zhan's countenance fell, but from that display of strength, he still didn't think Qin Wentian was his match.

Instantly, a terrifying gaze penetrated through his eyes. Chen Zhan felt stabbing pains in his sea of consciousness, as though his head was about to split apart. In front of the crowd's gaze, Qin Wentian stepped out and instantly appeared before Chen Zhan. The Great Solar Energy within Chen Zhan's body burst forth, but his attempt at defense was useless; with a single punch, Qin Wentian sent Chen Zhan flying off the arena, who howled madly with pain and rage.

"Plop." Chen Zhan was blasted right into the lake.

"Suppression using pure strength!"

The eyes of the spectators all gleamed with a bright light. They all understood that Qin Wentian used his advantage in strength to overwhelm Zhan Chen.

In front of absolute strength, all other methods were meaningless.

Strength was an irresistible force. One could potentially break all innate techniques, but only with the prerequisite that one had sufficient strength.

Meanwhile, Ouyang Kuangsheng fought against the other young man from the Chen Clan. Similarly, he enjoyed total advantage, advancing towards his opponents step by step before ending things with a single punch.

The Ouyang Aristocrat Clan won an overwhelming victory against the Great Solar Chen Clan.

At this moment all the spectators understood. If they were to compare the younger generations with a seventh level cultivation base, no one would be able to match up against the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

Yet Qin Wentian had no intentions of stopping now. He soared downwards, his eyes fixated on Wang Xiao. “Scram.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Wang Xiao felt a terrifying pressure boring down on him. His countenance drastically changed as boundless sharpness exploded forth from him. Wang Xiao and the other young man from the Wang Clan soared upwards to meet Qin Wentian, only to see Qin Wentian blasting out an incomparably huge demonic ape’s palm. It slammed into their bodies, hurling the Wang Clan duo through the air.

“Bzzz...” A raging wind billowed as five to six silhouettes rushed together towards Qin Wentian, their Astral Souls unleashed. At the same time, the remaining two cultivators also rushed Ouyang Kuangsheng.

Seeing how dominant Qin Wentian was, they knew that if they

continued waiting, none of them would have a chance at all.

In the middle of the air, as he serenely watched the group of people rushing at him, Qin Wentian stood there with his arms crossed, with no intentions of moving aside.

In the next instant, the group of cultivators arrived beside him, and an array of terrifying innate techniques were executed. Qin Wentian indifferently looked on, responding with a single palm strike.

“BOOM!”

An echo of an ancient bell reverberated through the air. Those near to Qin Wentian all felt their hearts pounding violently, almost to the point of getting pulverized. With groans of pain, blood leaked out the corners of their mouth.

“BOOM!”

Another echo reverberated. Qin Wentian’s silhouette flickered as demonic qi shot up the skies and he started to unleash his attacks.

“Bam, bam, bam...”

In a single breath of time, Qin Wentian’s palm strike landed upon all his attackers—none of them could successfully defend themselves from him.

The proud young man stood in the air, emanating an unmatched aura, giving the spectators an impression that they were currently in a dream.

A sentence involuntarily came into the minds of those spectating. “Unrivalled among peers.”

With such combat prowess, Qin Wentian could truly be considered peerless among those at the seventh level of Yuanfu.

The countenance of the major powers all subtly changed, becoming increasingly grave. Only those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan had smiles upon their faces. Apparently, Ouyang Kuangsheng’s was right to make his decision. The young man that dared to abuse Ouyang Ting in her own backyard was truly a character that wasn’t the slightest bit weaker compared to him.

Over there, only Duan Qingshan and Ouyang Ting were unhappy. At this moment, Qin Wentian’s magnificence was like a slap to the face. How did he become so powerful this fast?

In the direction of the Pill Emperor Hall, Luo He’s eyes flashed with a glint of sharpness. This young lad was truly extraordinary. No wonder Qingcheng found it so difficult to forget him.

Qin Wentian had the bearing of a Hua Taixu of yesteryear.

Effortlessly suppressing those on the same level as him,

unrivalled throughout Grand Xia among his peers. There was no suspense, the first ranking of the Heavenly Fate Ranking would undoubtedly belong to him when he stepped into the ninth level of Yuanfu.

Mo Qingcheng's beautiful eyelashes fluttered. If that was the case, she was filled with even more confidence in Qin Wentian, he would definitely be able to defeat Zhan Chen.

Below on the arena, Ouyang Kuangsheng had already defeated the two attackers. But sadly, his radiance was overshadowed by Qin Wentian's.

Qin Wentian landed on the arena and stood side by side with Ouyang Kuangsheng. Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed and stated, "Elders, the request will be made by my brother Qin Wentian. I hope all of you will keep your word."

"If his request isn't too unreasonable, we won't reject it." The countenance of the Chen Clan's elder was ice-cold. After seeing one of the core members of his own clan getting smashed, how could he still maintain a smiling expression?

Only to see Qin Wentian's gaze directed onto Luo He. "Junior's request: I hope that Senior Luo He will allow me to speak privately with Mo Qingcheng for an hour. I believe my request isn't considered too excessive."

Luo He and Zhan Chen's countenance stiffened, and Zhan Chen hurriedly interjected, "Martial Aunt, Junior Sister Qingcheng is

pure as jade, a daughter of the Heavens. How can we let her meet others alone?”

The various powers all displayed expressions of puzzlement on their faces. This young man had gone all out to perform with such dazzling skill, all because he couldn't withstand the temptation of beauty? Acting so arrogantly to prove his strength for an hour's date with Mo Qingcheng. How interesting.

But regardless of how outstanding Qin Wentian was, it was only a fool's dream if he hoped to woo Mo Qingcheng.

“An hour. I don't have any problems with his request, Master.” Mo Qingcheng obediently replied, appearing afraid of the fact that if she rejected, it would make things difficult for Luo He. Yet how could Luo He not understand Mo Qingcheng's true thoughts..

“Senior Luo He.” This agreement was made in the presence and with the approval of all elder-level figures. Now that Mo Qingcheng herself has agreed, I don't see a reason for Senior to continue hesitating,” Ouyang Kuangsheng cut to the chase and interjected. Luo He grimaced as she added, “You are not to go too far from here.”

“Disciple understands.” Mo Qingcheng nodded with a faint smile in her eyes.

Qin Wentian also smiled. “Miss Qingcheng, please come with me.”



After speaking, he turned and walked out, with Mo Qingcheng following behind him. The two of them left the island, under the countless gazes of those burning with jealousy and envy, but could only watch on helplessly at this scene.

That young man fought because he wanted to catch the attention of a beauty, such a method of wooing girls wasn't too bad indeed.

“Hmph, nothing but another horny fellow that lusts after the beauty of Mo Qingcheng,” Ouyang Ting cursed in a low voice. When she met Mo Qingcheng, she too, could feel traces of envy in her heart.

“Since we have all already gathered, we might as well enjoy the banquet,” the Chen Clan elder stated, attempting to soothe the atmosphere.

By then, Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng had already left the island far behind.

Soon after, they arrived at the residence currently occupied by those from the Pill Emperor Hall. Once they entered a Pavilion built next to a running stream, Mo Qingcheng halted her steps. A smile akin to the blooming of a hundred flowers involuntarily appeared on her face as she gazed at Qin Wentian.

“Dumbo, to think that you even thought of such an idea.”

Mo Qingcheng discarded her pretense, instantly melting away

that air of holiness she wore around her. She revealed her true self, the one Qin Wentian had seen back in Chu, where a streak of mischievousness could sometimes be seen flashing in her eyes. If anyone from the Pill Emperor Hall were to see her now, they would surely be stunned by the transformation that had taken over their goddess.

Qin Wentian said nothing, and continued to gaze silently at Mo Qingcheng. After several moments, Mo Qingcheng rolled her eyes, “Why are you looking at me like that?”

“I haven’t seen you for so long now, it’s only natural that I want to look at you more.” Qin Wentian walked up, standing in front of her. Looking into his eyes, Mo Qingcheng’s soft body gently pressed against his, leaning into his embrace as she stated in a voice filled with gentleness, “It must have been hard on you through all this years.”

“I’m fine, look at how strong my muscles are now.” Qin Wentian smiled, he then continued, “How about you, are you faring well at the Pill Emperor Hall?”

“Not too bad, my Master really dotes on me.” Mo Qingcheng pulled Qin Wentian’s hand as she led him to the running stream. She then retrieved a porcelain bottle and passed it over to Qin Wentian as she stated, “These are third-ranked limit-break pellets. After I sensed your perception back then, I successfully concocted them by accident. Sadly, there are only five pellets per concoction, but that should suffice. Anyway, for this kind of medicinal pill, you only need to consume one to enjoy the effects. Consuming two could be said to be a waste of a Heavenly Treasure. Take it, it’s for

you.”

Mo Qingcheng told him the concoction was a casual accident, and Qin Wentian had no reason to doubt her words. He couldn't have known the true cost of concocting this small batch of limit-break pellets—the overwhelming effort it had taken her, and the heavy price she had paid.

# AGM 346 - Love's Obsession

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“Limit-break pellets?” Qin Wentian surveyed the bottle in his hands, feeling shock as he heard the name. “Will these pellets really be able to aid the consumer in breaking through to the next level?”

“Mhm, as long as your foundation level is solid enough in the Yuanfu Realm, there won’t be a problem using this to break through to the next level. I kept one for myself as well, so with these pellets, we can see each other again during the ranking battle at the end of the year.” Mo Qingcheng mischievously winked, as Qin Wentian’s eyes lit up. He leaned closer to Mo Qingcheng, who smiled back in response.

“Such a heaven-defying medicinal pill, I’m sure it wasn’t easy to concoct. Your attainment in terms of alchemy has soared so high in these few years. How did you pass the time during those years?” Qin Wentian leaned his forehead against hers, his gentle voice bringing traces of warmth to Mo Qingcheng’s heart.

It seemed as if he could very well imagine how much effort and suffering Mo Qingcheng had undergone to reach her current level.

“Well, somebody is already a fourth-ranked Grandmaster, how can I lag behind? I myself am already a fourth-ranked alchemist. For some reason, after my Seven Apertures Mystical Heart awakened, my perception and intuition seemed to be enhanced several times over, becoming extremely powerful.”

Mo Qingcheng grinned as she stated in a relaxed manner, “Fourth-ranked Grandmaster with a fourth-ranked alchemist, are we not very compatible?”

As she ended her statement, Mo Qingcheng felt a little weird, Qin Wentian continued to stare at her with eyes that barely concealed a burning passion, and his face... seemed to be inching ever closer to hers.

“What?” Mo Qingcheng felt her heartbeat rapidly quicken, as a faint red blush covered her cheeks. How could anyone stare at someone like that? What did that look in his eyes mean?

Qin Wentian’s closed the distance between them, until his head almost touched Mo Qingcheng’s. The two of them were so close now that they could feel each other’s breath on their faces. Mo Qingcheng froze, as her heart continued pounding furiously.

What is this feeling? She had never been so nervous before. What did this dumbbo want to do?

Slowly, carefully, Mo Qingcheng felt her entire body being pulled into an embrace. Her heart almost leapt out of her chest as her dainty lips were firmly pressed against his. And so a sweet kiss from that pitiful little maiden from Chu was being forcibly snatched away by an evil villain.

Only after several breaths of time did their lips part, and to Mo Qingcheng’s dumbfounded amazement, that certain villain didn’t seem to have enough of it yet. He had to force himself to turn

away, and when he found himself leaning in again, he immediately turned his head to gaze at the running stream, stating in a low voice, “Such beautiful scenery.”

“.....”

Mo Qingcheng fiercely glared at him. Scenery? Too despicable, what a lousy way to change the topic.

Qin Wentian weakly turned his head back, and seeing the soul-stirring eyes of Mo Qingcheng, he grinned weakly. “Qingcheng, what’s wrong?”

Mo Qingcheng extended her hands and placed them on his hips before she started to pinch him furiously.

“Hmph.”

“Qingcheng, I just didn’t want you to scold me and say that I’m a dumbo anymore.” Qin Wentian tried his best to explain. Mo Qingcheng giggled, sparing him as she replied, “Then what do you intend to do to compensate me?”

“Er...” Qin Wentian’s face was filled with black lines. “How... do I compensate that?”

“Dumbo.” Mo Qingcheng’s sparkling laughter filled the air. She brushed her hair to the side, and even her most simplest of movements were filled with such beauty and elegance that it

rendered one speechless. And Qin Wentian was left thunderstruck—Mo Qingcheng's hands were clasped around his neck as she voluntarily leaned in to kiss him, willingly delivering herself into his villainous clutches.

Qin Wentian closed his eyes, losing himself to that feeling of deep, boundless love they shared. His heart melted as he tightly embraced this girl in front of him. They locked lips, sensing the deep emotions they felt for the other calling out in the depths of their hearts.

Their madly thudding heartbeats could be distinctly heard, as though composing a melody of love.

A long time passed before they broke apart the kiss. Mo Qingcheng's countenance was filled with a reddish tinge of shyness as she snuck a glance at Qin Wentian. She leaned her head on his chest, silently watching the flowing stream as she listened to Qin Wentian's heart beat.

A radiant smile beamed on Qin Wentian's face as endless currents of warmth flowed into his heart. All the effort he put in, everything he had undergone, had been worth it.

He reveled in the feeling of holding her close to him as he watched the flowing stream with her. At this point of time, words were unnecessary, they were communicating using their hearts.

An hour flowed by, feeling as short as a single instant. Mo Qingcheng reluctantly left the warm embrace of Qin Wentian, as

her eyes reddened. A tear drop flowed down her face, yet her eyes also flickered with a smile borne of love.

“If only time would stop flowing, and leave us in this beautiful moment, how wonderful that would be.” Mo Qingcheng sighed.

Hearing the lamentation in her tone, Qin Wentian only felt an indescribable pain in his heart. He softly replied, “It’s all my fault, I’m not strong enough yet. I don’t have the strength to keep you by my side.”

When Mo Qingcheng heard Qin Wentian’s words, she stood up and placed a finger against his lips. “You are not allowed to say such things ever again.”

“Fine, I won’t say anything more. But I will definitely work harder, you are my everything.” Qin Wentian saw the traces of tears in the corners of Mo Qingcheng’s eyes, and felt an incomparably intense desire emerge in his heart. Borne from its depths was an obsession to become stronger.

“I believe you, I have always believed in you.” Mo Qingcheng smiled. Just a single smile from her caused the surrounding scenery to increase in beauty.

“For the battle of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, you must defeat Zhan Chen. Master has promised me that as long as you defeat him, she will never again interfere if I wish to look for you.”



“I will.” Qin Wentian nodded. He smiled and continued, “Putting Zhan Chen aside, even if I had to fight against the entire Pill Emperor Hall, I still wouldn’t give a damn.”

“I will wait for you...” Mo Qingcheng slowly stood up, and pulled on his hand as she said, “I will return to the residence first, but you can stay here for a little while longer. At least this way, I can still see you even when I’m up in the pavilion. Even if Master were to find out, she won’t say anything.”

“Right, I will be here then.” Qin Wentian nodded. Mo Qingcheng reluctantly released her grip as she turned and walked back to the pavilion.

Qin Wentian stared at Mo Qingcheng’s departing back as an indescribable feeling of bitterness filled his heart.

Back in his youth when he first experienced this feeling of love, it started from nothing but Qingcheng calling him a dumbo when they were admiring the snowy scenery together. The seeds of love took sprout in his heart right then.

And now, this seed had gradually germinated, growing larger and stronger.

He knew that Mo Qingcheng would forever be in his heart, indelible, unerasable.

Love was something strange and fascinating. An entwinement of

warmth, and sometimes also pain.

“Hu...”

Drawing in a deep breath, Qin Wentian slowly turned back. He continued sitting there, as the obsession in his heart grew stronger and stronger. The tears that streaked down Qingcheng's face were because of his uselessness, it was a terrible feeling. He had to be stronger. He wanted to be stronger.

If he was like that damn old fogey, able to disdainfully look down on all things on the land from the skies, who would bar him from being together with Qingcheng then?

Closing his eyes, that strong obsession fused into his heart sense as it spread out, covering the entire space around him and gushing towards the horizon.

He 'saw' Qingcheng returning back to her pavilion, then lie down on a couch, with a smile on her face as she gazed at his silhouette.

Upon seeing the warm smile on her face, that sense of obsession grew stronger and stronger.

His perception was growing increasingly stronger, frenziedly gushing out. The entire space where his heart sense 'touched', began to look increasingly clearer to him.

He saw the busy activity of the servants in the Chen Clan, being

scolded by their masters.

He saw in a training ground, a young miss from the Chen Clan gazing with contempt at a cultivator she defeated, using words to humiliate the loser.

He saw the members of the direct line of descent, sitting cross-legged in their individual residence, flipping through manuals of innate techniques.

And strangely, this time around, there was actually no one able to sense Qin Wentian's scrying.

Within his heart, the candle flame swayed gently and as it continued to blaze, the mysteries of the world opened up to him. It was as though he could see through the myriad of living things in this world.

Qin Wentian felt his heart sense connecting with the entire world, powered by the obsession in his heart. Unknowingly, he slipped into a marvellous state of epiphany.

Such a state of enlightenment couldn't actively be sought after. There were countless people who went through their entire lives without experiencing it even once.

Mo Qingcheng's peerless countenance, the behavior of the crowd still enjoying the banquet, the numerous lifestyles of those residing in the Chen Estate, the sound of the flowing stream, the sound of

the gusting wind, Qin Wentian could clearly feel and even ‘touch’ the essence of their existence.

“What do the Realms in cultivation really mean?”

Qin Wentian asked himself this very question. He was able to observe the myriad creatures, he could feel and hear the rhythm of the world. Through cultivation and training, he followed the natural order, rising higher and higher. These were the Realms of Cultivation.

“What about Mandates?”

Qin Wentian asked himself again. With the intention of one’s will, releasing the unconscious binding one used to restrict oneself and then establishing a connection with the external forces of the world. This was a Mandate.

In that case, the second level of insights didn’t seem that difficult to comprehend.

Gurgling sounds echoed, as the flowing water of the stream twisted about to rise upwards. It was as though a strange force was being infused into it, achieving this miraculous effect.

Despite being in a ‘solid’ state, the water still flowed vertically upright, taking the form of a liquid pillar.

Qin Wentian slowly stood up and the pillar of water grew

increasingly taller.

“Force is omnipresent.”

Qin Wentian murmured to himself. Immediately, an explosion echoed out as the pillar of water transformed into a geyser, shooting upwards to the dome of Heavens. An instant later, the water came flowing back down with a crash, reverted back to a flowing stream once more.

Turning around, Qin Wentian cast his gaze onto the pavilion. His eyes penetrated through space, staring sweetly into Mo Qingcheng's eyes.

Mo Qingcheng blinked rapidly, in complete awe at the sudden explosion. She exclaimed in delight at the spectacle, and it was if the sound of her sparkling laughter had the power to transform the entire world.

# AGM 347 - Deliberate Hindrance

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Qin Wentian's will of Mandate was able to cause the flowing stream of water to turn into a pillar, before shooting up like a geyser. Mo Qingcheng naturally understood, Qin Wentian had broken through.

His Mandate of Force, had stepped into the second level.

A breakthrough in terms of his Mandate meant a lot to Qin Wentian. He understood quite clearly that in the ranking battle at the end of the year, other than their peak-level Yuanfu cultivation bases, all of his opponents would have their Mandates at the Perfection Boundary of the first level of insights. They had not yet stepped into Heavenly Dipper, but who can guarantee that those in the top few rankings weren't the same as him, similarly comprehending the second level of insights in their respective Mandates.

Comprehending a Mandate to the second level was one of the most crucial prerequisites to stepping into Heavenly Dipper. There were too many Stellar Martial Cultivators stuck at this watershed, spending their lives forever in the Yuanfu Realm.

Hence, Qin Wentian could well imagine the importance and meaning of his breakthrough today. This gave himself a few more degrees of confidence to contend against the other monsters for the ranking battle at the end of the year.

"I'm leaving first." Qin Wentian said in a low voice, Mo

Qingcheng nodded with a sad smile on her face.

“During the ranking battle at the end of the year, I will tell the world that you are my woman.” Contained within Qin Wentian’s calm voice was a vow he made to her and to himself. His words caused Mo Qingcheng to tremble.

Qin Wentian stepped out, leaving the area. His heart had never been this determined before.

After he returned to the island, several flinty looks were directed at Qin Wentian. This fellow actually exceeded the time span of an hour, what kind of interaction did he have with Goddess Mo Qingcheng? But no matter, although Qin Wentian was outstanding, his current cultivation was too low. He had no background and no status. It was basically impossible for him to woo Mo Qingcheng. Just another fool thinking too much, losing himself in his fantasies.

They didn’t understand the feelings between Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng. Maybe only a small group from the Pill Emperor Hall knew of this.

Bai Fei gave a deep glance at Qin Wentian. Back then when she had met Qin Wentian in Chu, she would never have imagined such a day.

After the banquet ended, several cultivators departed from the Chen Estate. And as Qin Wentian and the rest were making their way out, they abruptly felt an eye-piercing blinding light, akin to

the radiance of the sun being directed their way.

As their gaze shifted over, they saw a young man standing on the peak of a certain building, his arms crossed as he stared at them. His eyes gleamed with the light of the sun, as a huge flaming ball that resembled a miniature sun floated behind his back. The light it emitted was incomparably resplendent, causing the entire surroundings to be lit up with dazzling brilliance.

“Great Solar Universe Art, borrowing the power of the sun.” There were those who had expressions of shock on their faces as they stated in a low voice, “That’s the most talented member of the Great Solar Chen Clan in the younger generations, Chen Wang.”

“Ranked second on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, Chen Wang.”

Qin Wentian turned his gaze over, but suddenly, Chen Wang reacted as though he felt something. As his eyes slowly shifted to their direction, a surge of heat shot off.

The orbs in Chen Wang’s eyes were akin to blazing suns.

“What a fearsome temperature.” The crowd felt the temperature in the air rising, and quite a few Heavenly Dippers Sovereigns from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan had expressions of surprise on their face.

Chen Wang of the Great Solar Clan truly lived up to his reputation indeed. A gaze capable of roasting the atmosphere, at



least one of his Mandates should have already reached the second level.

As Hua Taixu would no longer compete at the ranking battle, this meant that Chen Wang of the Great Solar Chen Clan was the one placed with the highest hope and probability to be ranked first in the rankings this time around. He had stayed in the ninth level of Yuanfu for several years, and should have already completed his preparations to step into Heavenly Dipper. No one knew how many of his Mandates had already reached the second level.

“This Chen Wang is truly powerful.” Ouyang Kuangsheng’s eyes flashed with a sharp glint of light. “For the ranking battle that occurs every three years, all the monstrous geniuses would usually choose to wait until the very last moment before making their moves. Many choose to hide their own strengths before that defining moment, and somehow I can sense that the ranking battle this year will be many times more intense compared to the others before.”

“I wonder which members of the various transcendent powers would be able to rank first this time around, and in turn, steal and acquire the flow of luck and destiny in Grand Xia for their respective powers.”

“What? Are things like the luck and destiny of Grand Xia true?”

Qin Wentian didn’t really believe in these kinds of superstitions. Luck was somewhat important on the path of cultivation, because no matter how strong you are, there will always be someone stronger. It would be a person’s bad luck if they managed to offend

someone more powerful than them, because after all, a dead genius is no longer a genius.

But to say that obtaining the first ranking would allow the respective transcendent power to steal away and acquire more luck, Qin Wentian thought this was just bullshit.

“I have no idea, concepts such as luck and destiny are too vague and ambiguous for me to fully believe in them. However, back then the Venerate Heavens Sect must have foreseen that the luck of ancient Grand Xia had been depleted. This must be the reason why they dared to support the rebels in overthrowing the ancient kingdom.” Ouyang Kuangsheng casually smiled, there were no guarantees about matters like this.

As they returned to the place they were staring at, Qin Wentian summoned Ouyang Kuangsheng, Fan Le, Chu Mang and Luo Huan to gather at his own courtyard.

“What’s wrong?” Chu Mang scratched his head and asked.

“I have something good for you guys.” Qin Wentian smiled as he took out the porcelain bottle. “These are third-ranked Limit-break pellets concocted by Qingcheng, able to aid those at Yuanfu in breaking through to the next level. Big Bro Chu Mang is already at the eighth level of Yuanfu, and I, Ouyang and Fan Le are at the seventh level, so as long as we can consolidate our foundations and then consume a pellet, we will definitely have sufficient strength to be ranked on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.”

“Mo Qingcheng could actually concoct the Limit-break pellets?” Ouyang Kuangsheng had a dumbfounded expression on his face. He naturally understood what those were. The medicinal ingredients needed to concoct such pellets were all exceedingly valuable, there were even some that were valued as priceless, unable to be bought even if one had the money. There usually weren’t many alchemists willing to waste their time, effort and money in concocting pills like this with a high failure rate.

“These pellets also require the heart’s blood of alchemists with a special constitution, and draining a person too much of their heart’s blood would undoubtedly wound their vital qi.” Ouyang Kuangsheng stared at Qin Wentian as he continued, “Wentian, Qingcheng is truly too good to you. You better not let her down.”

Qin Wentian froze as he drew in a deep breath. Qingcheng told him that she had succeeded by accident, but instead she’d had to pay such a high price before she could successfully concoct the Limit-break pellets for him.

“I won’t.” Qin Wentian regained his senses as he smiled. Ouyang Kuangsheng nodded. “You’re right, this is a lady with a peerless countenance and an unmatched talent. It would really be strange if you were willing to let her down.

“Senior Sis, there are only four pellets in this bottle...” Qin Wentian stared at Luo Huan, his actions causing Luo Huan to roll her eyes before glaring fiercely back at him. “What sort of person do you take your awesome Senior Sister as? You better put in more effort and be ranked first in the Heavenly Fate rankings. This way, as your Senior Sister, I can walk around in Grand Xia with my head

held high.”

“How difficult it must be to obtain first.” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed. Although he agreed that Qin Wentian was extraordinary, the difficulty of obtaining first was truly too immense.

Those that were currently ranked on the Heavenly Fate Rankings were all monsters of their generations, and for this ranking battle that only happened every three years, there were bound to be many unexpected dark horses. There may be some talents which the transcendent powers had intentionally hidden away, or there may be disciples of powerhouses that wanted to use the ranking battle as their one shot to fame.

The Heavenly Fate Rankings was an event that concerned all Yuanfu cultivators in Grand Xia. Merely being ranked within the three hundred and sixty rankings was already an extremely glorious thing.

And if one were able to step into the top thirty-six rankings, their titles would be known as ‘Heaven’s Chosen’ of the Nine Continents of Grand Xia.

For those in the top ten, their futures would definitely soar as high as the skies.

For those in the top three, as long as they didn’t die, when they stepped into Heavenly Dipper they would definitely become characters that could summon the wind and rain in Grand Xia.

And as for the top ranked, the number one. The entirety of the major powers of Grand Xia would be focused on that person. In the vastness of the nine continents, there was only one cultivator that could be ranked #1—just this alone was sufficient to indicate how shockingly powerful the top ranker was.

The top ranker of the Heavenly Fate Rankings would definitely have the qualifications of being conferred the title ‘King’ or ‘Emperor’ when they entered into the Heavenly Dipper Rankings in the future.

Each of the Heaven’s Chosen were all eyeing the precarious position of the #1. Yet if one really wanted to obtain that, it would be as difficult as ascending the Heavens.

This was the reason why Hua Taixu was so dazzling—his name was something that countless young men of Grand Xia idolised. Even the brazen and proud Ouyang Kuangsheng had always set Hua Taixu as his target.

Qin Wentian distributed the Limit-break pellets around and added, “Big Bro Chu Mang can use this to break through to the ninth level, and as for the three of us, it’s better for us to wait until we step into the eighth level of Yuanfu before consuming this.”

“Mhm, I can already feel that the eighth level of Yuanfu isn’t far away from me. For now, I don’t need the Limit-break pellet.” Ouyang Kuangsheng nodded in agreement. “Furthermore, we’ve withstood the baptism of the Heavenly Stele, so our Mandates and body have been further tempered to another level. It shouldn’t be a problem for us to withstand the tyrannical after-effects of the

Limit-break pellets.”

“I will go and cultivate then,” Chu Mang stated. His combat prowess was extremely fearsome. If he could break through to the ninth level of Yuanfu, he had a decent chance of becoming a ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

“Right.”

Each of them departed, returning to their respective courtyards. The inn they were staying at had been fully booked by the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan for the members that had come to Ginkou for the ranking battle this time around.

This amount of money was nothing to a transcendent power.

It was then that a figure stopped outside the inn, glanced at the signboard to ensure that there was no mistake, before proceeding inside.

Those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan should be residing here. In that case, Qin Wentian should also be here as well.

“Excuse me, are you people from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan?”

At this moment, three silhouettes walked out of the inn, the person in the lead was a beautiful young woman clad in a dress of fiery-red. This person was none other than Ouyang Ting.

Ouyang Ting cast a glance at the speaker. This person was a middle-aged man, with a few streaks of white mixed in his hair. He had a haggard appearance, and was breathing unsteadily. His cultivation base didn't seem to be very powerful as well.

So it was just an extremely ordinary man. Ouyang Ting gazed at him with disdain as she asked, "What's the matter?"

Despite seeing how rude the young lady was, Mustang wasn't angered in the slightest. He had heard rumors about descendants from transcendent powers, and this young lady, with all the pride that she exuded, was most likely a young missus from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

"Miss Ouyang, I wonder if you know of Qin Wentian? I heard that he's here, hence I came to look for him." Mustang's tone of voice was properly apologetic, but when Ouyang Ting heard his words, her brows involuntarily furrowed.

Qin Wentian, it's Qin Wentian again. She couldn't help feeling frustrated every time this name was mentioned.

That young man had long snatched away all the glory that should have belonged to her. Almost everyone in the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan were extremely polite around him, treating him with reverence and respect.

"And who might you be? What's your relationship with him?" Ouyang Ting icily inquired.

“I’m his teacher,” Mustang carefully replied, feeling that something was wrong.

“Teacher?” Ouyang Ting stared at Mustang with contempt. That fellow would have such a weak old man as his teacher?

“This place is the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, how can someone like you have the qualifications to enter? Scram.” Traces of attempted humiliation could be heard in Ouyang Ting’s icy voice.

Mustang’s countenance stiffened. He drew in a deep breath before he continued, “Miss Ouyang, I really need to look for him urgently, would you allow me to pass, please?”

“Fine, if you’re so desperate. Beg for it then.” Ouyang Ting coldly laughed. “If you get down on your knees and plead for my help, I may be merciful and consider allowing you to enter.”



# AGM 348 - Infuriated

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Ouyang Ting's vengeance and hatred for Qin Wentian had never dissipated. Right now, Qin Wentian's status had become increasingly dazzling and inversely, the heaviness upon her heart, weighed more and more.

As a young missus from the direct line of descent, she was blatantly humiliated by Qin Wentian yet she had no way to get her revenge. Now that this damned old man appeared in front of her claiming that he was Qin Wentian's teacher, how could she miss this opportunity to thoroughly humiliate him?

Naturally, Ouyang Ting acted in this manner because Duan Qingshan was just beside her.

Regardless of how outstanding Qin Wentian might be, her surname was still Ouyang! Even though he was very close with Ouyang Kuangsheng, in the end, Qin Wentian was still an outsider. Given Qin Wentian's current level, no matter what aspect it was, Duan Qingshan should be able to suppress Qin Wentian completely.

Duan Qingshan was ranked #25 in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. At the very least, he wasn't someone Qin Wentian could hope to defeat right now. Since this was the case, why did she need to worry about humiliating this weak old man in front of her?

Mustang's countenance grew unsightly, yet thinking again of how critical the matter was, he could only lower himself and bow

deeply, “I’m begging you Miss Ouyang, please allow me to enter.”

“I can sense no sincerity in your begging.” Ouyang Ting laughed. “Who the hell do you think you are, do you even have the qualifications to look at me eye to eye?”

Mustang clenched his fist tightly, his countenance growing extremely ugly to behold. He didn’t think that this Ouyang Ting would be so tough to handle, deliberately making things difficult for him.

“Miss Ouyang, I’m already extremely sincere. Your position is high up and esteemed by all, why do you feel the need to make things difficult for me?” Mustang asked. Although he came from Chu and had an ordinary background, he couldn’t stand to be a spineless coward, humiliated unceasingly by a young lady, even if she was from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

“What? I’m making things difficult for you?” Ouyang Ting’s voice grew even colder as a cruel glint of light flashed past her eyes. “Old man, on what grounds do you have to say that this princess is making things difficult for you? Now, this is no longer a problem of you wanting to enter or not. APOLOGIZE.”

Duan Qingshan who was watching silently at the side couldn’t help but sigh when he saw what was happening. The humiliation caused by Qin Wentian back then had been too great, and still weighed on her heart. Now that someone related to Qin Wentian had come knocking up the door, it might be good for her if she could unleash all her frustrations through this old man.

“Miss Ouyang, when have I ever offended you before?” Anger flashed in Mustang’s eyes. However, as the sound of his voice faded, Duan Qingshan had already stepped forward as a huge burst of pressure bore down onto Mustang.

Mustang inclined his head to look at Duan Qingshan, but at that very instant, he only felt a piercing pain in his eyes. Mustang was overwhelmed with just his aura alone—Duan Qingshan was definitely someone of importance in the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

“Kneel down, and apologize.”

Duan Qingshan calmly stated, in a voice of irrefutable authority.

Mustang’s heart pounded with fear, he knew for a fact that this young man was extraordinary, and was many times stronger compared to him.

“I, Mustang am sorry if I’ve offended the two of you in any way. I humbly seek your forgiveness and will take my leave first.” Mustang clasped his hands together as he gave a low bow, intending to retreat.

“I told you to kneel down and apologize.” Duan Qingshan slammed out with a palm strike, blasting into Mustang’s chest. Mustang felt as though the bones in his chest were about to crumble, he spat out fresh blood as his countenance turned pale white.

Mustang was currently trapped in a dilemma, he could neither advance nor retreat.

“You can kill me, but you cannot humiliate me.” Mustang inclined his head, his eyes blazing with rage as he stared at Ouyang Ting and Duan Qingshan. He had done nothing but to request entry, done nothing to invite such an indignity upon himself.

Although Chu was a small country, Mustang was still an elder of the Emperor Star Academy. Usually, he would guide the juniors and in return, they would hold him in respect—he never had to endure such grave humiliation before. Wanting him to kneel down and apologize to a young lady, with no explanation other than the fact that she was from a transcendent power? Over his dead body.

At this moment, people from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan were still going about their own businesses, entering and exiting the inn. As they heard the commotion here, they involuntarily came closer to see what exactly had happened. It seemed as though this old man had done something to offend Ouyang Ting and Duan Qingshan and was currently being forced to kneel and apologize.

Yet even though he was weak, that old man wasn't a spineless coward. He'd rather die than suffer that humiliation.

“I can kill you easily with a flip of my palm, but that would only stain my hands,” Ouyang Ting icily continued, “But if you still want to be stubborn and refuse to submit, I don't mind killing you myself.”

“I’m just looking for my disciple Qin Wentian, why do you guys want to humiliate me so badly?”

Mustang retorted in anger, sweeping his eyes around the crowd. Momentarily, the expressions of the spectators all faltered. This person was here looking for Qin Wentian? No wonder Ouyang Ting wanted to humiliate him and even force him to kneel down in apology.

Apparently Ouyang Ting didn’t have the capability to seek revenge directly on Qin Wentian for forcing her to kneel back then, and therefore she was resorting to such a method.

But wasn’t this person who claimed to be Qin Wentian’s teacher a little too weak? With his level of power, how could he possibly have anything to teach Qin Wentian, who was so outstanding?

The spectators watched on with a neutral air, this was a matter between Qin Wentian and Ouyang Ting, they didn’t want to seek suffering for themselves.

Mustang felt a chill in his heart as he gazed at the crowd around him.

“What do you think you are doing” At this moment, a voice of extreme coldness drifted out. Two silhouettes stepped out of the inn, these two were none other than Luo Huan and Jiang Ting. When they were introduced, they instantly took to each other and became fast friends. Jiang Ting was the fiancée of Ouyang

Kuangsheng, while Luo Huan was the senior sister of Qin Wentian. As the boys were concentrating on their cultivation, both of them decided to go out for a walk, and who would have thought that they would meet such a situation.

And what made Luo Huan apoplectic with rage was that the person being coerced was none other than her teacher, Mustang.

“Go alert Wentian.” Luo Huan spoke in a low voice to Little Rascal who was in her arms. Instantly, Little Rascal leapt out and transformed into a white streak of blurred shadows, directly back into the inn.

Luo Huan knew that Little Rascal was extremely intelligent and could understand the words of humans. This was why she gave it that command.

She advanced forwards, running to Mustang as she called out, “Teacher!”

“Luo Huan, why are you here?” Mustang stared in shock. Not only that, the young woman accompanying Luo Huan, had an extraordinary aura that didn’t lose out to Ouyang Ting.

Jiang Ting’s eyes flickered, she already understood the gist of it. After which, she turned and departed. Right now, anything she did was useless, she had to find Ouyang Kuangsheng.

“Teacher, I’m here together with Junior Brother Wentian.” Luo

Huan went over to support Mustang as she turned her ice-cold gaze onto Duan Qingshan and Ouyang Ting. “Why are you doing this to my teacher?”

“Is he really Qin Wentian’s teacher?” Luo Huan’s words verified the spectators’ questions. They knew that Luo Huan was Qin Wentian’s senior sister, and both had cultivated in a small sect together.

“You have no qualifications to speak here. This is the territory of my Ouyang Clan, scram!” Ouyang Ting sarcastically retorted. Luo Huan’s expression stiffened as she coldly replied, “We are esteemed guests of your Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. Can your words represent your clan? You better think carefully before you reply.”

“It’s none of your business, I told you to scram right?” A long whip appeared in Ouyang Ting’s hands as she coldly stated. Seeing how the whole thing was blowing out of proportion, she couldn’t help but feel a sense of unease in her heart.

“If you want to spar, I can accompany you anytime.” Another long whip similarly appeared in Luo Huan’s hands. She stood protectively in front of Mustang, glaring at Ouyang Ting.

Duan Qingshan had an extremely unhappy expression on his face when he noticed more and more people joining the crowd.

Meanwhile, Qin Wentian who was quietly immersing himself in his cultivation at his courtyard, suddenly heard urgent sounds of ‘yiyiyaya’ ringing in his mind.

This was the voice of Little Rascal, it wanted to tell him something but was unable to.

Opening his eyes, Qin Wentian saw Little Rascal dashing his way, circling rapidly around him. In a flash, Qin Wentian instantly understood that something had happened.

Opening his eyes again, his powerful heart sense gushed out, covering the entire inn in an instant.

Currently, the inn was extremely quiet, with no commotion whatsoever, yet he noticed something strange, Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting seemed to be rapidly rushing to the inn's entrance.

Qin Wentian's heart sense continued flowing outwards. Instantly, his brows twitched as he discovered Mustang's presence.

"Teacher." Qin Wentian's heart pounded. Luo Huan was standing in front of Mustang, in a confrontation against Ouyang Ting and Duan Qingshan.

"If you refuse to get out of my way, then kneel down with this old rubbish. Maybe I will forget your transgressions." Ouyang Ting's voice drifted into Qin Wentian's ears. "Don't depend on Qin Wentian. This old dog rammed into me and said that this esteemed Miss is deliberately making things difficult. And even if Qin Wentian was here, it'd still be useless."



“BOOM!” Glacial intent blasted out from Qin Wentian’s body. With that sentence, Qin Wentian could vaguely understand what just happened. Mustang must have come here to look for him, and after Ouyang Ting realized that Mustang was his teacher, she must have deliberately pressured him.

“Oh? Is that so?”

A voice even colder than the icy hells of the abyss descended from the heavens. Everyone gazed upwards in shock, their expressions faltering when they didn't see anyone. That was Qin Wentian’s voice, but where was the person himself?

In fact, it was Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting who arrived first. But soon after, the spectators all felt the coldness of impending death brush their hearts.

Inclining their heads, only now did they see a silhouette descending. The cold fury of his anger was palpable amidst the demonic qi that was furiously emanating forth from his body. It was apparent to all, Qin Wentian was truly angered.

His ice-like eyes swept over to Ouyang Ting, and instantly, she felt a bone-chilling cold shuddering her very soul. An overwhelming killing intent gushed right into her body causing it to involuntary tremble. Qin Wentian’s eyes turned fiend-like, appearing incomparably terrifying.

Ouyang Ting’s heart palpitated as she broke into a cold sweat.

Why should she be so afraid of him? She was from the Ouyang Clan and Duan Qingshan was also present. By right, she had nothing to fear.

Today, regardless, she had to humiliate that old fellow.

A raging wind gusted as Qin Wentian landed beside Mustang. The killing intent he was exuding gradually retracted, as flashes of guilt appeared in his eyes when he saw Mustang's haggard countenance.

"Teacher, I'm sorry... you've suffered because of me." Qin Wentian lowered his head.

However, only pride could be seen in Mustang's eyes. He had felt the domineering aura of Qin Wentian and could sense that if the current Qin Wentian were to fight against the vice headmaster of the Emperor Star Academy Ren Qianxing, Qin Wentian would definitely win effortlessly. If comparing auras, Ren Qianxing's was akin to a gentle spring breeze, while Qin Wentian's was more akin to that of a raging cyclone. Within a short few years, his student had actually improved at such a fearsome rate and had grown to such an extent.

"I'm fine." Mustang smiled, feeling gratified in his heart. "I can set my heart at ease now seeing that you guys are safe. You've undergone such a remarkable improvement."

"Teacher, wait for me to settle things here first." Qin Wentian turned as he shifted his gaze onto Ouyang Ting and Duan

Qingshan. An immense pressure burst forth from him, as his ice-cold intent covered the entire area.

“Unforgivable.” Qin Wentian voice echoed in the stillness of the air as his killing intent gushed forwards, enveloping Ouyang Ting within. The sound of an explosion rang out and the crowd heard Ouyang Ting let out a groan. They stared in shock at her appearance; her countenance had turned a ghastly white, with blood seeping from the corners of her mouth.

# AGM 349 - Dueling Duan Qingshan

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Seeing the traces of blood leaking out from Ouyang Ting's mouth, the crowd began to feel uneasy. Qin Wentian didn't move to attack—had his will of Mandate grown strong enough to the point where he could directly injure Ouyang Ting?

Duan Qingshan dashed forth, appearing in front of Ouyang Ting as his own aura blasted out, sweeping over Qin Wentian. “If you dare make another move, don't blame me for being ruthless, even if you are an esteemed guest of my Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, .”

“You truly overestimate yourself.”

Qin Wentian continued stepping forwards. The instant his step landed, a terrifying fluctuation of energy blasted onto Ouyang Ting again. Ouyang Ting grew even paler as her body hunched over, her only response was to cough out even more blood.

She inclined her head, and even the word ‘fury’ was insufficient to describe the look she directed towards Qin Wentian. She wanted nothing more than to tear him into a million pieces, cleansing herself of this shame that she was being forced to endure.

Earlier, she had said that even if Qin Wentian were here, it would still be useless. But right now, Qin Wentian's aura alone was enough to injure her.

A raging wind blew past, Duan Qingshan's silhouette flickered as he soared up to the skies. Under Qin Wentian's provocation, he

finally acted.

Duan Qingshan released two Astral Souls—his second and third Astral Soul all originated from the 4th Heavenly Layer, and they were extremely domineering.

His two Astral Souls were respectively known as the Tempest Astral Soul, and Gigantic Leg Astral Soul.

Duan Qingshan excelled in leg-type attacking techniques, his combat prowess was also similarly overwhelming.

Naturally, legs had an attack power three times stronger when compared to hand-type attacks. The only drawback would be that leg-type attacking techniques weren't as nimble as that of hand-types. Yet by undergoing intense training, one could enable leg-type techniques to reach the nimbleness of hand-type techniques and even further exceed them in terms of the different attacking angles.

Duan Qingshan had already polished his leg-type techniques to an extremely profound level.

And now that he unleashed his Astral Souls to augment his strength in combat, he had to suppress Qin Wentian with style. He wanted to let everyone know that his woman, Ouyang Ting, wasn't somebody Qin Wentian could humiliate, especially not a second time.

At this moment, illusory manifestations of two gigantic legs could be seen underneath Duan Qingshan as he stood in midair, akin to a giant gazing down at the pitiful humans below.

Duan Qingshan lifted one of his feet and stomped it down ruthlessly over Qin Wentian. An overwhelming pressure bore down on Qin Wentian's body—that clumsy-looking unwieldy leg could actually reach such a terrifying speed. At this moment, the spectators only felt an irresistible force pressing down onto them from the Heavens.

“Mandate”

Qin Wentian instantly sensed the will of Duan Qingshan's Mandates. The first level insights for all three of his Mandates were already at the Perfection Boundary; Gravity for his first Mandate, Mandate of Great Earth; Windspeed for his second Mandate, Mandate of Wind; and for his third Mandate, a kind of terrifying suppression power. The last Mandate was one he comprehended from his Gigantic Leg Astral Soul.

Hence, at this moment, Qin Wentian felt two kinds of force—that of gravity and suppression pressing down upon him. The ground beneath his feet cracked, one could see how much pressure he was currently withstanding. Peng...The ground below him shattered, but he fought against the pressure and soared into the air. Lifting his palms, a terrifying dragon imprint slammed out, the two terrible forces collided as the resulting aftermath of energy became a force field that rocked everyone's balance.

Battle!

Both of them were now in the air—Qin Wentian actually wanted to fight against the Heaven’s Chosen, Duan Qingshan, from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

Such a scenario caused the hearts of the spectators to shudder.

Duan Qingshan’s strength couldn’t be doubted; he was ranked 25th and his strength measured among the top thirty-six Yuanfu Realm cultivators in the entirety of Grand Xia.

Qin Wentian only had a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu, yet he actually dared to fight directly against Duan Qingshan?

His cultivation was an entire two levels below that of his opponent.

“Today, I shall make you pay the price for your actions,” Duan Qingshan imperiously stated.

“With your strength?” Qin Wentian coldly laughed. With another glance at Ouyang Ting, she screamed as she directly crumpled, ruthlessly slammed onto the ground.

“You...” Duan Qingshan’s anger reached the boiling point. Qin Wentian was humiliating the woman he loved right in front of his eyes.

With a tremor, both his gigantic legs shifted, about to stomp on Luo Huan and Mustang. Qin Wentian punched out a layer of fist shadows that slammed into the manifestations, disintegrating them effortlessly.

“Impenetrably thick-headed.”

The centre of Qin Wentian’s brow glowed with a golden light as he swept his gaze onto Ouyang Ting once more. Ouyang Ting’s unrelenting screams raised goosebumps for those listening in the crowd, sending a chill down their spines. She was in so much pain that she wished she were dead. Currently, she was in a kneeling position as though she were begging Qin Wentian for him to stop. Members of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan standing beside her made no move to help her. Qin Wentian was too unfathomable, it was as though he could even use his gaze as a source of attack.

Duan Qingshan roared in rage, and with a twist of his body, he swept his legs towards Qin Wentian. Instantly, leg shadows filled the skies, covering the entire space.

Duan Qingshan’s leg-type attacks were too profound, he had mastered the intricacies of both fast and slow, granting his attacks the speed of the wind and the heaviness of a mountain. The towering demonic qi exuding from Qin Wentian soared to the Heavens as his form transformed into that of a demonic one. With a howl of rage the Heavens shuddered while the earth shattered. A screen of demonic qi manifested before him, and despite the ferocity of Duan Qingshan’s attack, the countless leg shadows in the skies were still unable to breach Qin Wentian’s defense.



Considering Duan Qingshan's level of power, to think that his profound leg attacks had no way of breaking that screen—it was proof of how insanely formidable Qin Wentian's defense was.

Yet Duan Qingshan wasn't any ordinary cultivator. His body spun like a tornado as he soared even higher. Like a spinning drill, further increasing the intensity of his attack, he slammed his foot downwards, wanting to stomp Qin Wentian into pieces.

The spinning drill was so strong that even the space around it was distorted, this attack was too terrifying.

Qin Wentian clenched his fist, as a frightening glint of light flashed past. Since Duan Qingshan wanted to play, let's play then. He would show Duan Qingshan the power of a second level Mandate.

A simple fist pressed forwards, aiming for the gigantic spinning foot manifestation. It was like trying to stop a moving truck with the power of a little child. How pathetic did Qin Wentian's counter-attack look? It was just like an ant trying to shake a tree.

How could a common punch defend against Duan Qingshan's sure kill technique?

That tiny fist collided with that incomparably terrifying manifestation of the gigantic leg. And to no one's surprise, Qin Wentian was flung through the air as he coughed out fresh blood.

The strength of that technique was beyond any doubt. Even with Qin Wentian's monstrous physique, he could still feel his internal organs vibrating wildly from the impact. As he wiped the traces of blood away from the corner of his lips, he stared at Duan Qingshan, unperturbed.

Duan Qingshan seemed to be calmly standing there, but in fact, in that instant of their impact, he felt an overwhelming strength gushing into his body, so powerful that it even wounded his vitality.

His blood rushed up into his throat, yet Duan Qingshan forced it back, silently enduring before swallowing it back down. His internal organs had almost ruptured. He stood there, silently trying his best to adjust and calm the roiling qi and blood in his body until a hint of color returned to his features.

Hence, nobody knew that Duan Qingshan was even more seriously injured. They all thought that Qin Wentian, regardless of how outstanding he was, was still unable to match up to Duan Qingshan. But despite coming up short, he was already worthy of pride, being able to fight against Duan Qingshan to this extent with only a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu.

A cold smile hung on his lips when Qin Wentian saw the expression on Duan Qingshan's face. He directed his glance towards Ouyang Ting again as the centre of his brows glowed with resplendent golden light. His killing intent felt like thousands of knives slicing into her brain, her body shuddered violently as she crawled behind some members of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, attempting to hide behind them.

She was truly afraid—this was true terror.

Qin Wentian stepped towards Ouyang Ting, but right at that moment, a cold voice drifted out from the crowd—“Enough.”

A few Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns from the Ouyang Clan appeared, glancing at the surroundings. They already knew what had happened here.

“Ouyang Ting has already received enough punishment. Enough.” An old man glanced at Qin Wentian as he calmly spoke.

“She’s not fit to be a member of our Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.” Ouyang Kuangsheng walked up, asserting his position.

“I have a marriage agreement with Ouyang Ting. Ouyang Kuangsheng, what the hell are you trying to do?” Duan Qingshan retorted. The old man turned his gaze onto the crowd, “Today, this matter comes to an end here.”

After speaking, he glared at Ouyang Ting, “Return.”

Ouyang Ting’s temper had completely faded, like a flame doused by water, yet she couldn’t help feeling resentment in her heart. Duan Qingshan didn’t actually stop Qin Wentian from abusing her to such an extent, allowing her to be humiliated once more.

“See you at the ranking battle!” Duan Qingshan coldly exclaimed, killing intent flickering in his eyes.

“You better pray that you don’t meet me then. If not, I will erase the existence of Duan Qingshan off the face of Grand Xia. That, I guarantee.” Qin Wentian’s voice was icy-cold, causing the hearts of the spectators to pound rapidly. This fellow was truly arrogant, he actually said that he wanted to kill Duan Qingshan?

“We shall see,” Duan Qingshan replied before stepping into the inn. The surrounding crowd dispersed, leaving only Ouyang Kuangsheng and Jiang Ting.

“Ouyang, I’ll be leaving now.”

Qin Wentian calmly stated as he looked to Ouyang Kuangsheng. He knew that Ouyang Ting was still someone of direct line of descent from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. While he Qin Wentian, no matter how outstanding, was still an outsider.

It was impossible to hope that the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan would stand for him abusing Ouyang Ting to such an extent, even though he was Ouyang Kuangsheng’s good friend.

“I understand.” Ouyang Kuangsheng nodded his head. After which, he patted Qin Wentian on his shoulder, “No matter what happens, you will always be my, Ouyang Kuangsheng’s, brother forever.”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded. “Ouyang, let’s work hard together and grow even stronger. You better take control of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan faster, and when I visit your clan by then, there won’t be anymore scenarios like today happening again.”

“Hahaha, when I finally control the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, I wonder if I’ll still be able to invite a god-like figure like you by then.” Ouyang Kuangsheng joked as both of them laughed. Their friendship wasn’t affected by the conflict between Qin Wentian and the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

Qin Wentian wanted to leave, because he didn’t want to live relying on the charity of the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

And after he left, if he met Duan Qingshan and Ouyang Ting again, he had no more reason to hold back. And for the ranking battle at the end of the year, he would do as he promised—if they met there, he would definitely slaughter Duan Qingshan.

As for this, Ouyang Kuangsheng naturally understood. Hence, there was no need for so many words between them.

“Oi!”

At this moment, a voice drifted over from afar.

Qin Wentian’s gaze turned into that direction, only to see two silhouettes appearing in the distance, both staring right back at him.

Upon seeing the two of them, a smile appeared in his eyes.

“Are you ready to dominate the top three positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings?” The female asked cheekily, a fond smile on her face as she met his gaze with equal warmth.

# AGM 350 - Threat From The Nine Mystical Palace

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Qin Wentian beamed, the only ones that knew he was tasked to obtain one of the top three positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings were naturally those from the White Deer Institute.

“Long time no see.” Qin Wentian glanced at Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi. It had already been a year, and neither of them had changed too much. The only thing that differed was that Bailu Yi was somewhat stronger compared to how she was a year ago.

“Seems like you’re doing quite well for yourself.”

Bailu Jing stared at the others at the side of Qin Wentian as he smiled.

Qin Wentian landed on the ground and approached Mustang. “Teacher, let me introduce you. This is Ouyang Kuangsheng from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and his fiancée Jiang Ting. And these two are from the White Deer Institute in Moon Continent, Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi.”

Appreciation flashed in Mustang’s eyes; although Qin Wentian’s level was already far beyond his, the moment his acquaintances had appeared, the first thing Qin Wentian did was worry that Mustang would feel neglected.

And just by seeing the friends at his side, it was obvious that this

young man in front of him was no longer that somewhat gullible young man in Chu. Now, he already had his own piece of sky, for him to soar higher and further than he ever could before.

Everyone greeted Mustang respectfully, but he could only nod his head in response. Although all of them were his juniors, their individual strengths had already surpassed Mustang's. Even that lazy Fan Le had stronger Astral Energy fluctuations from his body compared to him.

"The new replacing the old. Perhaps this is the scenario happening now." Mustang lamented in his heart, yet he was also very happy that all his students could climb up to such a level today.

"Only the two of you are here?" Qin Wentian then turned his gaze onto Bailu Yi.

"Of course not. Don't forget that we're supposed to see if a certain someone can fulfill the criteria set, and also the fact that my brother is here to participate in the ranking battle as well." Bailu Yi smiled, "Several members of the Institute have also arrived, wanna come with us and meet with them first?"

Evidently, the others didn't understand Bailu Yi's words, Qin Wentian was the only one who did. The ranking battle this time around would determine whether the White Deer Institute would give the full reigns of their command over to Qin Wentian. Even if Bailu Jing didn't want to participate, they would still be here to spectate the proceedings as well.



“Sure.” Qin Wentian straightforwardly agreed. The White Deer Institute was different from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, there were too many grand figures within the Ouyang Clan and was too complicated. Other than Ouyang Kuangsheng who was his friend, he had no influence there. On the contrary, White Deer Institute was a place that would be his vassal in the future, and taking into account the bunch of cultivators sent there on Fairy Qingmei’s orders, even if he didn’t obtain the top three rankings, the Institute would still maintain a close relationship with him.

But naturally if that was the case, he wouldn’t be able to control the White Deer Institute entirely.

After bidding farewell to Ouyang Kuangsheng, Qin Wentian and the rest departed the area.

“What’s your current cultivation level?” Along the way, Bailu Yi’s beautiful eyes were staring at Qin Wentian, reflecting her curiosity.

“Seventh level of Yuanfu. I should be able to step into the eighth level before the ranking battle at the end of the year.” Qin Wentian replied. With the limit-break pellet, even if he didn’t step into the eighth level of Yuanfu by the end of the year, he could still depend on that to raise his level. With a cultivation base at the eighth level, only then would he be able to contend against the other monstrous cultivators also aiming for the top three positions of the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

However, Qin Wentian could faintly sense that the ranking battle this time around would definitely be many times more dangerous compared to previous years. He had to increase his strength as fast as possible in order to boost his chances.

“You are still as awesome as before.” Bailu Yi had joy and amazement painted on her face. Before she was acquainted with Qin Wentian, she was someone who could summon the wind and rains within her clan, she had always been told that her talent was outstanding compared to her peers. But after Qin Wentian entered the Institute, she discovered to her chagrin that at most, she could only be termed as above average.

Sometimes, she wondered if she should be blaming this fellow that kept smashing her confidence.

Back when Qin Wentian left the Moon Continent, he'd managed to kill Hua Xiaoyun and even take Shu Ruanyu hostage. If he truly stepped into the eighth level of Yuanfu, wouldn't his combat prowess be even more terrifying?

“Brother, soon you won't be a match for him.” Bailu Yi laughed. Bailu Jing shook his head ruefully as he patted his sister's shoulder, “Your brother is soon going to be surpassed and yet you can still be so happy?”

Upon seeing a smile that was not a smile on Bailu Jing's face, Bailu Yi couldn't help but to give a fierce punch to her brother.

The White Deer Institute had also booked an entire inn for their

residence. Those from the Institute were already acquainted with Qin Wentian, and nodded to him in respect when they saw him. After all, with the Azure Emperor Token in his hands, Qin Wentian was qualified to control them, regardless if they were willing to be controlled by him or not. At the very least, they had to give Qin Wentian the respect he deserved.

Bailu Yi quickly arranged living quarters for Qin Wentian to stay in, and soon after, Qin Wentian and Mustang went alone to a separate courtyard. He knew that Mustang had something confidential to tell him, and had held back from bringing it up as it wouldn't be an appropriate subject while they were travelling.

“Teacher, why are you here in Ginkou?” At this moment, only Qin Wentian and Mustang were present in the courtyard. Qin Wentian couldn't help but ask, because if nothing was wrong, Mustang would most probably still be in the Emperor Star Academy giving his all to guide the new students. There was no way that he'd travel such a vast distance just to witness the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle, after all, to the small and remote country of Chu, none of them would have even heard about the Heavenly Fate Rankings before.

“The Nine Mystical Palace.” Mustang's countenance grew heavy, as he stated to Qin Wentian. “Something happened to the Headmaster.”

Qin Wentian's countenance instantly turned cold. Throughout these years, there was always this matter weighing on his heart. Senior Di Yi, the headmaster of Emperor Star Academy was captured by the Nine Mystical Palace for his sake. He had always

intended to capture and interrogate a disciple from the Nine Mystical Palace during the ranking battle to find out Di Yi's situation. Yet, who would have thought that the Nine Mystical Palace would make the first move?

“Luo Tianya from the Nine Mystical Palace paid another visit to our Emperor Star Academy, looking for me to get your location. Since I didn't know, they brought me along with them and continued investigating. Eventually, they received news that you were in Ginkou, and just when they intended to move and capture you, they discovered that you were together with the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. They didn't dare to antagonize the Ouyang Clan and hence, sent me to look for you first, wanting me to pass on a message. They said, if you don't seek them out, you should be prepared for the consequences.”

Mustang's countenance was incredibly unsightly. The Nine Mystical Palace wanted Qin Wentian to hand himself over to them on a silver platter and if he refused, then Di Yi as well as the Emperor Star Academy could both be easily eradicated by the Nine Mystical Palace. They weren't above employing sinister methods in the dark. Qin Wentian also knew that although he killed Luo Qianqiu in the past, that grudge was purely between him and Luo Tianya. Back then, due to the presence of Qian Mengyu and Ouyang Kuangsheng, the Nine Mystical Palace hadn't dared to stir up trouble over Luo Qianqiu's death, as they would have faced going to war with two transcendent powers stronger than them. But now, everything was different.

The Nine Mystical Palace might have used some unknown methods to obtain the Azure Emperor's Secret from Di Yi.

The reason why the Nine Mystical Palace were so relentless in their search for Qin Wentian was clearly because of the Azure Emperor's inheritance.

As long as they obtained the Azure Emperor's Token, they could easily find someone to impersonate the successor. The temptation of gaining control of the hidden remnants of power of the Azure Faction was simply too great.

"Throughout all this years, Senior Di Yi must have suffered tremendously in keeping this secret."

Qin Wentian sighed in his heart. No wonder the Nine Mystical Palace didn't dare to antagonize the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. A secret of such import, the Nine Mystical Palace naturally didn't want any of the other transcendent powers to know about it. They wanted the Azure Emperor Token for their own.

"Teacher, there's no way I will surrender willingly to their schemes by throwing myself into their trap."

Agony flashed through Mustang's eyes but naturally, he also understood Qin Wentian's point. Currently, his heart was tangled like a pool of muddy water, he had no idea what he should do.

"If I go to the Nine Mystical Palace, only death awaits me. At the time, Senior Di Yi and teacher will probably be killed as well to eliminate any possible source of the secret leaking out." Qin Wentian was very clear that once the Nine Mystical Palace obtained the Azure Emperor's Token, the first thing they would do

would be to remove any potential leaks.

“What should we do?” Mustang stared at Qin Wentian in a panic.

Qin Wentian furrowed his brows as contemplation flashed on his face. Now, there was only a single source of power that could help him.

Fairy Qingmei, Celestial Lake Palace.

“Qing`er!”

Qin Wentian mumbled, he’d really missed that ephemeral Qing`er. She had always been by his side, silently protecting him, but after the matters at the Moon Continent, Qin Wentian had never once seen her again.

And just at this moment, Qin Wentian’s countenance abruptly changed as he coldly stated, “Who?”

As the sound of his voice faded, a silhouette drifted over across the air. She was as beautiful as ever, like a fairy untouched by mortal dust. Her countenance had no hints of any other expressions, nobody knew what she was thinking about.

“I’m here.”

Qing`er’s clear and melodic voice rang out, greatly startling Qin

Wentian. A strange expression appeared on his face when he regarded Qing`er.

How was this possible? Qing`er had always been by his side? Yet with his current level of perception, how could he have missed sensing her presence?

“Qing`er, did you just arrive?” Qin Wentian was blown away by her appearance.

“I’ve always been here, it’s just that you didn’t meet any life-threatening situations,” Qing`er replied. Fairy Qingmei’s orders were exceptionally clear, as long as Qin Wentian was in no danger of dying, there was no need for her to appear. If he was injured to the point where he almost died, he should still be able to handle that on his own.

“Why are you suddenly here?” Qin Wentian smiled, his worried heart loosened somewhat when he saw Qing`er again.

“Aren’t you the one who called my name?” Qing`er gazed at Qin Wentian causing him to smile in disbelief. He then asked again, “How did you hide yourself so well to that extent that even my perception couldn’t discover your presence?”

As he looked at Qing`er, it felt that he could hold no secrets from her!

Qing`er quietly stared at him in silence. But seeing her celestial-

like countenance, Qin Wentian could only smile resignedly yet again.

“Qing`er, I’ve an extremely important thing that I need your help with,” Qin Wentian spoke.

“Tell me and I will pass on your message to the Celestial Lake Palace,” Qing`er lightly replied.

“Mhm, help me inform the Celestial Lake Palace that the Nine Mystical Palace has already caught wind of the Azure Emperor’s secret. They want to use the Emperor Star Academy as well as Senior Di Yi’s safety to threaten me. For now, I need the Celestial Lake Palace to ensure that the Nine Mystical Palace won’t dare to make any reckless moves during this period of time.” Qin Wentian believed that the Celestial Lake Palace would definitely aid him in this, this wouldn’t be a difficult matter for them.

“Okay. I will ask them to do this.”

Qing`er nodded as she agreed, with a note of certainty in her voice.

Qin Wentian stared at Qing`er in gratitude, “Thank you, Qing`er.”

“Master said that you better have a good ranking on the Heavenly Fate Rankings after this year ends.” Qing`er looked at Qin Wentian as her beautiful lashes fluttered. After a moment, she added again,



“I too, hope that you’ll obtain a good ranking.”

Qin Wentian smiled as he nodded heavily. “Fine, I promise you, I definitely will.”

Qing`er nodded as her silhouette abruptly flickered, vanishing from sight. Qin Wentian couldn’t help but shake his head helplessly, Qing`er had always been like this, appearing and disappearing so suddenly without a trace.

Mustang at this moment was completely dumbstruck. This fellow had so many peerless beauties by his side. Bailu Yi, Mo Qingcheng and now, a celestial-looking beauty like Qing`er.

“Teacher, I will go into closed-door seclusion and make final preparations for the ranking battle at the end of the year,” Qin Wentian announced, with a smile on his face. He had full confidence in Qing`er— if she promised to do something, then the matter would be done. He would wait till the ranking battle was over, before figuring out how to settle things with the Nine Mystical Palace once and for all.

# AGM 351 - Mu Feng

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More and more cultivators from Grand Xia gathered in Ginkou, the main topic being discussed throughout the continent were all related to the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Only three more days remained before the start of the pilgrimage to the Ancient Kingdom. This also marked the commencement of the battle for the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Currently, in the air space above Ginkou Continent, several demonic beast mounts and powerful experts could be seen whistling through the air. The sheer number of cultivators rushing to Ginkou was so massive that it seemed like the line of visitors would never stop.

Countless silhouettes congregated in the vast land outside the Ancient Kingdom of Grand Xia. They stared at the entrance of the Ancient Kingdom, at the sky-reaching pillars that ascended all the way to the clouds, supporting a total of ninety-nine azure dragon stone steps. They converged upwards, serving as a sacred path for the pilgrimage to the Ancient Kingdom. It exuded an imposing feeling of prestige, full of majesty. This flight of stairs was none other than the entrance to the Ancient Kingdom.

Currently, there were several talented heroic youths from the younger generation present. They stared at the ancient sacred pathway, as boundless anticipation filled their hearts. The desire they felt was so strong that they couldn't wait to battle, right there and then, achieving fame in a single shot.

How many of the younger generations had painstakingly cultivated just for today's battle? If they could succeed, their names would be ranked within the Heavenly Fate Rankings in a single battle. Their future would be incomparably bright, and much smoother to traverse. The various transcendent powers would also go all out to invite talented young cultivators to join them, nurturing them with effort. Among the successful ones, some might even be given the chance to become core disciples.

Naturally, there were also some who fought for no other reason than to measure themselves with other talented cultivators of the younger generation, tempering themselves to their limit, always pressing forward without looking back.

“Legend has it that within the Ancient Kingdom, there still exists the Emperor's Destiny within. If one performs outstandingly, they may even acquire the Emperor's Destiny, thereby changing their future fate and fortune, improving it by a huge margin.” A young man and woman stood together in discussion, with voices filled with anticipation.

Also, there were some who came for entirely different purposes. For example, Shu Ruanyu from the Moon Continent. She stood alone at an inconspicuous corner, with traces of coldness on her countenance.

Back then she'd been engaged to Yang Fan, and it was naturally because of her outstanding talent that she had been chosen to wed into the Star-Seizing Manor. But who would've known that after being abducted by Qin Wentian, things would begin to change. The Star-Seizing Manor suspected that her chastity had been taken and

even Yang Fan began to avoid her. Under a fit of rage, she initiated their breakup, destroying the marriage agreement between them.

Even now, she had no way to unleash that turbid breath she kept suppressed. She wanted to avenge herself on Qin Wentian, yet she didn't know where he'd gone to. Hence, she made a guess and went to Ginkou in hopes of seeing if Qin Wentian would be there as well.

Shu Ruanyu gazed at her surroundings and soon noticed two silhouettes, one old and one young, standing near her. Both of these men had an extraordinary demeanor and at this moment, the older-looking man asked, “Di Feng, are you ready for the ranking battle?”

Di Feng gazed at the Ancient Kingdom ahead, feeling a rush of hot blood. Brimming with tremendous self-confidence, a smile appeared on his face as he stated in a low voice, “I only came here to contend for the number one position.”

“You stayed hidden for so many years, all just to shock the entire Grand Xia with this one battle. The ranking battle holds extraordinary meaning to you—if you can obtain first place, your position shall henceforth be unshaken, and they will know who you are.” The older man murmured as he calmly continued, “Don't forget your opponents this time around are monsters as well. Chen Wang, [Shi Potian](#), both of them suppressed their cultivation to prevent themselves from stepping into the Heavenly Dipper Realm. They will be your greatest opponents.”

Shi Potian石破天 - Shi (surname) Po(break) Tian(heavens). Shi, Breaking the Heavens

Di Feng nodded, yet the confidence he exuded never wavered.

“We will come again in three days,” the old man quietly stated, before leaving here with Di Feng. Their words caused a strange glow to flash past Shu Ruanyu’s eyes. What boastful words, saying that he wanted to acquire the position of number one. And that old man seemed extremely confident that only Chen Wang and Shi Potian could contend against Di Feng.

In the top few rankings of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, the #1 Hua Taixu and the #4 Jing Wu, had already stepped into Heavenly Dipper. The strongest remaining rankers were undoubtedly Chen Wang, Shi Potian, as well as Emperor Azure.

It seemed that this man Di Feng, didn’t even care about Emperor Azure.

But of course, she didn’t know that Di Feng was actually Emperor Azure. They were one and the same, the most mysterious man on the Heavenly Fate Ranking.

As Shu Ruanyu’s gaze shifted away, her beautiful eyes froze as she saw something strange occurring. Di Feng and the old man also halted their steps as they gazed to their right.

Beside them, two extremely weird-looking silhouettes appeared.

One was a female clad in ragged robes, stained with mud and a headful of coarse hair matted with dirt. Her eyes were the only

thing lively about her, filled with depth and clarity. Occasionally, as she turned back to look at the person behind her, traces of worry could evidently be seen in those clear eyes.

The young woman looked to be extremely young and was currently pulling a tattered bed made of bamboo, with a person riding on top of it.

His face was mottled with a blackish hue, as though he were dying from poison and yet, the aura he exuded was chillingly sinister. For that reason, the surrounding passersby found themselves involuntarily staying away.

“A cripple like him also dares to participate in the ranking battle?” A person nearby suddenly stated. There were those in the crowd who also had expressions of disgust and mockery on their faces.

The young woman in ragged robes frowned as rage suffused her features, “You are not allowed to talk about my Feng [gege](#) in this manner, he’s not a cripple.”

gege 哥哥 - elder brother. I used this here instead of Brother Feng as it conveyed the tone better.

“This beggar girl seems pretty feisty. Feng gege? Calling him in such an affectionate manner? How old are you little girl? Are you his lover?” The person from earlier sarcastically remarked, yet the young man sitting on the bamboo bed showed no signs that he’d heard his words. He was incomparably silent, not even his eyelids twitched.

“Get lost.” That young girl couldn’t help but curse in a low voice—the person had intentionally moved to block her way.

“Yo, such a huge temper. Although you look somewhat dirty, I’m sure you’d be a beauty after a bath and a change of clothes. Why don’t you take a bath together with me?” That person who was mocking the cripple earlier burst into raucous laughter, accompanied by his two companions.

Suddenly, the eyelids of the cripple finally twitched as he opened his eyes and stared at them.

The mocking person and his companions continued teasing the young girl, when abruptly, they felt their entire bodies violently shuddering in uncontrollable spasms. Their foreheads turned dark as they gasped for air, before white froth gurgled, leaking out of their mouths as they slumped over, dead.

Such a scene caused the spectators to feel unconsciously tense. What just happened?

No hints of vitality could be sensed from the bodies on the floor, their faces had turned entirely black.

Shu Ruanyu paled as a thunderstruck expression appeared on her face. The young man on the bamboo bed was too terrifying, with a twitch of his eyes, those hooligans teasing the young girl had died, just like that?

“Feng gege, don’t be like this, okay?” When she saw what had happened, the young girl turned her head and glanced in a pitiful manner at the young man. She couldn’t help feeling pain in her heart when she witnessed the death of those men.

“I’ve already arrived. You can leave now.”

The young man finally spoke. His voice was extremely cold, and held a piercing frigidness that could chill people to the bone.

“I’m not leaving, I won’t let you drive me away.” The young girl pouted, full of unwillingness.

“Scram.” The young man lifted his head as a terrifying light flashed past his eyes. Yet the young girl held no trace of fear in her eyes when she stared back at him. “Regardless of how you’ve transformed or what state you’ve become, I will never leave you. I love you, even if you kill me I will never leave.”

The eyelids of the young man twitched, yet his countenance was as cold as ever, no one knew what he was thinking about.

“Poison, this person uses poison. He must have practiced some venom arts.”

At this moments, loud exclamations of shocks could be heard, the corpses on the ground had totally turned black—a sure sign of death by severe poisoning.



Turning their gazes on the crippled young man once again, no one else dared to mock or belittle him, there were only traces of terror in their hearts.

“Could it be him?” A memory flashed in Shu Ruanyu’s mind, her heart couldn’t help but shiver when she thought of that person.

Mu Feng, the most infamous person on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, ranked #7. Rumors stated that he was one of the youngest cultivators ever to be ranked among the top thirty-six, and had an extremely high degree of attainment in the use of poison. His master was none other than the Poison Monarch, whom everyone feared, another monster on the Heavenly Dipper Rankings.

There were too many news reports and rumors regarding Mu Feng.

There were people saying that even though this man was proficient in the poison arts, there was no better friend one could make. His character was heroic and straightforward, and extremely upright, to the point that on those occasions when his master, the Poison Monarch, wanted him to kill people to practice his poison arts, he would refuse. If it weren’t for the Poison Monarch being awed by his talent, he would have long died at the hands of his master. Everyone in Grand Xia knew that the Poison Monarch was an extremely ruthless man.

Yet, somehow, the crippled young man on the bamboo bed didn’t

match the descriptions of Mu Feng. A sinister look unceasingly flickered in his eyes, as an aura of death constantly exuded out from him. Also, allowing a girl as young as her to pull him all the way to Ginkou? This didn't fit in with Mu Feng's character at all.

At this moment, Shu Ruanyu abruptly stiffened, her eyes narrowing as she casted her gaze over to the horizons.

It was him, that fellow finally appeared. Qin Wentian, as well as that damnable fatty who kept threatening to take off her clothes when she was a captive.

Qin Wentian and the others contemplated the ancient sacred pathway in front of them. His heart couldn't help but feel awed. Indeed, this place was the same as his memories the damn old fogey left for him, the Ancient Empire of Grand Xia.

However at this moment, it was as though he sensed something. Turning around, he sought the source of the stare he felt, and a strange glow couldn't help but flicker in his eyes when he noticed Shu Ruanyu.

What a coincidence, that woman actually came here too. After one year, Shu Ruanyu had already broken through to the ninth level of Yuanfu.

At this moment, Qin Wentian felt another pair of eyes staring at him. Shifting his gaze in another direction, he noticed Mu Feng sitting up on his bamboo bed. He was staring at him with eyes filled with endless malice, as though he couldn't wait to tear him

apart.

Such maliciousness, caused even Qin Wentian to feel a chill in his heart.

“What’s going on?” Qin Wentian frowned, he wasn’t acquainted with this man, this should be the first time they met, yet why was Mu Feng gazing at him as though he was looking at his mortal enemy? “Careful,” Qin Wentian warned in a low voice. Those beside him also noticed the presence of Mu Feng.

“QIN WENTIAN!”

A voice that rang from the depth of hells echoed, Qin Wentian was greatly stunned. It seemed as though the other party truly knew him. Mu Feng’s eyes, other than an icy coldness, were also filled with traces of blood. He appeared extremely fearsome to look at.

“You are?” Qin Wentian asked, bewilderment appearing on his face.

“You actually pretend not to know me? Laughable, how laughable.” Mu Feng’s killing intent shot to the skies as a terrifying black qi gushed forth from his body. Qin Wentian only felt his entire body going cold as the powerful poison of Mu Feng seeped into him.

# AGM 352 - Fearsome Poisonous Blood

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Qin Wentian stared at Mu Feng in surprise, he could clearly feel the hatred and anger Mu Feng had in his gaze. It was as though Qin Wentian was nothing less than his most hated enemy.

“Are you mistaken? I believe this is the first time we’ve met,” Qin Wentian continued, he had no memories of Mu Feng at all.

Mu Feng’s aura hadn’t abated and soared to even greater heights after Qin Wentian words. The killing intent flickering in his eye grew more and more intense, seemingly burning like an undying flame.

“You guys leave first,” Qin Wentian added in a low voice. Right now, he felt exceptionally uncomfortable. The poisonous qi exuded by Mu Feng had already funnelled through his body, corroding him from within. Indeed, poison-users were truly fearsome opponents to fight against.

At this moment, Bailu Yi’s face began to darken. Upon seeing this, the killing intent that burst out of Bailu Jing wasn’t any less intense than that of Mu Feng. “STAY YOUR HAND!”

Qin Wentian glanced at Bailu Yi before his features also blackened with anger. He felt an intense fire raging in his heart, he truly wasn’t acquainted and didn’t know of Mu Feng, yet Mu Feng had directly used poison, affecting the innocents around him.

In Grand Xia, poison-users were all to be feared. Even if their

cultivation bases were lower, they were still capable of killing people stronger than them.

The name of Poison Monarch was a taboo throughout Grand Xia. His infamy was such that even some transcendent powers would choose to avoid him as they were unwilling to antagonize him.

In the history of Grand Xia, the most ruthless annihilation of an entire sect had been carried out by none other than the Poison Monarch. Legend has it that when the Poison Monarch was still young, he too originated from a great clan. He was handsome, with a sunny disposition and worked extremely hard in his cultivation. However, before his wedding, his fiancée was captured and abused to death. When his clan went to seek revenge for this act of transgression, they were all wiped out, leaving him as the only survivor. After that, Poison Monarch went into closed-door seclusion for many years, only coming out after attaining mastery in his venom arts. When he appeared once more, anything that had the faintest trace of connection with his enemy were annihilated completely, sparing none of the children, women or livestock. In a fit of insane rage, he single-handedly annihilated a major power of over ten thousand in number, wiping them from the face of Grand Xia.

From that moment onwards, the Poison Monarch became a taboo existence in Grand Xia with none daring to offend him.

Against poison-users, one had to be extremely careful. Any lapse in attention would result in death, or worse.

The killing intent radiating from Qin Wentian grew increasingly

colder when he noticed Bailu Yi had been poisoned as well. His palm wavered as the young girl near Mu Feng let out a miserable scream. Qin Wentian coldly stated, “If you continue, I shall kill her right now.”

Mu Feng coldly stared at the young girl in front of him as he commented, “Didn’t I tell you to scram earlier?”

After speaking, he turned his gaze back onto Qin Wentian, “Fine, don’t target her. I will only kill you.”

“You guys retreat.” Qin Wentian warned the others as they gave him a wide berth. In that circle of space, only Qin Wentian and Mu Feng on his bamboo bed were facing off against each other.

A black-colored wind gusted, and even though Qin Wentian held his breath, the blood in his body unconsciously surged up.

“Mandate of Blood.” Qin Wentian mused, his opponent’s combat prowess was truly terrifying.

Mu Feng’s body lightly floated up in the air, and in the next moment, he sliced open a slight wound on his palm, as black-colored blood oozed out.

The blood mixed in with the wind as Mu Feng flew towards Qin Wentian with a speed as fast as lightning. Qin Wentian felt a burning pain in his eyes, and the skin from his entire body beginning to corrode. He felt extremely miserable, this pain was at

a hellish level of agony. Opponents who comprehended the Mandate of Blood and incorporated it with the essence of venom arts were exceedingly dangerous to deal with.

Right now, his blood gurgled as his bloodline limits awakened, the demonic qi exuding from him reached the skies, as a scaly demonic armor took form and enveloped his entire body. A fearsome spiral of energy gathered in his palm, which he ruthlessly blasted out as Mu Feng approached. The energy took the shape of a dragon imprint, imbued with overwhelming strength, which then manifested demonic dragons that howled with wrathful roars that echoed from the void.

Mu Feng's eyes remained ice cold as he spat out another mouthful of black blood into the black whirlwind. The black whirlwind swirled and concentrated into gusts of wind, covering his entire fist as Mu Feng, standing strong against that overwhelming pressure, landed next to Qin Wentian and punched out, matching Qin Wentian's palm, hit for hit.

Qin Wentian retreated of his own accord. He usually never retreated voluntarily when it came to a clash of strength against strength. Yet this time around, he had chosen to do so. His opponent's body was covered entirely in poison, so he had to be cautious.

Other than the Mandate of Blood, Mu Feng had also comprehended the Mandate of Wind. Windspeed, his first level insight into the Mandate of Wind, was already at the Perfection Boundary, granting him an enhancement of movement speed by a factor of sixteen.

A ruthless glint of light flickered in Qin Wentian's eyes when he saw how fast Mu Feng was. The Divine Energy within his Yuanfu bubbled and was then channelled right into his arms, together with the power of his bloodline limit.

Abruptly, Qin Wentian dashed forwards instead of continuing his retreat. His hands metamorphosed into the claws of a golden dragon, imbued with an invincible force.

Peng...

Both terrifying forces of impact collided together as their palms met in mid-air. Mu Feng spat out another mouthful of black blood at Qin Wentian when he neared, while Qin Wentian sidestepped, dodging the worst of it. Yet the windforce controlled by Mu Feng enabled some droplets of black blood to sizzle into Qin Wentian's palm. Instantly, Qin Wentian felt a powerful sensation of corrosion frenziedly eating into his flesh, gradually spreading to all parts of his body.

In that single instant, it seemed as if Qin Wentian's body reservoir of red blood had turned black. His internal organs were all corroding as the color of his face grew darker and darker.

Qin Wentian's countenance drastically changed. Using the force of the collision, he sprang back in retreat, then involuntarily sat down as he stared at Mu Feng in shock.

Mu Feng wasn't any better off, Qin Wentian's strength was



beyond his expectations—the bones in his arms which he used to meet Qin Wentian’s palm had totally shattered, and he felt his inner organs vibrating violently from the force of impact. His entire body was flung through the air, slamming ruthlessly into the ground as his blood soaked the earth around him.

“Feng gege.”

The young girl in front of him was so afraid when she saw Mu Feng in this state that her tears started to flow unceasingly down her face. She ran over, huddling over Mu Feng as her tiny frame shivered uncontrollably.

“Wentian!” Bailu Yi and the rest similarly rushed to Qin Wentian’s side, their countenances were all incredibly ugly to behold.

“He’s Mu Feng, ranked #7 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Although his combat prowess is somewhat inferior compared to those on the same level as him, his venom arts are exceedingly formidable.” Bailu Jing had an expression of worry on his face. “Wentian must have been afflicted with his poisonous blood.”

The black qi within Qin Wentian circulated throughout his body. Mu Feng’s venom arts were extraordinary indeed. Even a Heavenly Dipper would be in a similar state as Qin Wentian if they were to be struck by his poison.

“I have no vengeance with you, I don’t even know you. Why are

you doing this?”

Qin Wentian stared straight at Mu Feng, Mu Feng should understand how terrifying was it to face one of his attacks head on. In addition, Qin Wentian’s companions were all by his side—if the poison ended up killing Qin Wentian, Mu Feng wouldn’t be able to escape death as well.

He didn’t understand why Mu Feng hated him so much.

“No vengeance between us? Why am I doing this? Qin Wentian, I treated you as a brother, you bastard. Not only did you seduce my younger sister, you even killed her after raping her. My parents, my whole family, they were all tortured into insanity before you released them into death.” Mu Feng howled, spitting out each word with force, all the while glaring fiercely at Qin Wentian. At this moment, the anger he felt was so overwhelming that it overshadowed the pain from his injuries.

He couldn’t forget that horrible scene, witnessing the naked body of his sister, whose eyes were still filled with a horror that not even death could wipe clean. He couldn’t forget the bodies of his parents, both mutilated into several parts. He treated Qin Wentian as his brother yet had been stabbed in the back. How laughable and ironic to think that he once made a promise with Qin Wentian to come to Ginkou and fight in the battle to determine their rankings, together as brothers.

Qin Wentian’s countenance grew incredibly unsightly to behold. He had never done any of the things Mu Feng mentioned. Yet seeing Mu Feng’s appearance, he didn’t seem to be lying.

But what the hell, he had never even met Mu Feng before, and because of this supposed grudge, both of them were already in dire straits from exchanging blows with each other. What was going on?

“I will only say one thing. I don’t even know who you are, and I’ve never done any of those things you mentioned.” Qin Wentian closed his eyes, at this moment, his face had already turned completely dark. The black-colored qi within his body circulated about, bringing him closer and closer to the boundary that separated life and death.

It was unknown when Qing`er appeared, but when she did, her face was pale and she was trembling as she glanced at Qin Wentian.

“I didn’t know.” Qing`er had an expression of self-reproach on her flawless features. She had no idea that a single clash would injure Qin Wentian that badly, almost to the point of death.

“Qing`er, don’t blame yourself.” Qin Wentian opened his eyes, and squeezed out a smile before shutting them again.

At this moment, Fan Le and Chu Mang roared in anger, they lost all reason as resplendent Astral Bows appeared in their hand, locking their arrows onto Mu Feng. Their killing intent was extremely terrifying.

“DIE!” Fan Le howled.

“NOOOO!” The young girl beside Mu Feng stood in front of him with her arms outstretched. She gazed at Fan Le and Chu Mang with a pitiful expression on her face as she implored, “Please, I’m begging you two, please don’t kill him.”

“Get lost.” Mu Feng stated in a heavy voice, yet the girl adamantly shook her head, with tears flowing relentlessly down her face.

“Even if he dies, I want him to die with the truth.” Fan Le glared at Mu Feng as he asked, “You said my brother did all those things to your family? When did this happen? And where were you then?”

Mu Feng icily stared back at Fan Le, maintaining his silence. The young girl in front of Mu Feng sobbed, “It was half a year ago, in the Spirit Continent. Because of this, the poisonous qi from Fenggege’s venom arts attacked his heart because of qi deviation, which resulted in his body being crippled. After that, he chose to cultivate even more toxic venom arts, all for the sake of revenge. Why is your whole group so heartless? Your friend is so cruel yet you’re still set on helping him.”

“Bullshit. Half a year ago, the whole lot of us have been cultivating in the Unmatched Realm in the Azure Continent. Immediately after leaving the Unmatched Realm, we challenged the Heavenly Stele Steps and then rushed straight to Ginkou. Are you saying that we know teleportation? Stop your malicious lies.”

Fan Le retorted in rage. “Scram, he has to die. If you insist on getting in our way, don’t blame me when my arrow sends the both of you to hell.”

“This matter was witnessed by countless people in the Azure Continent. You can ask around if you don’t believe us,” Chu Mang added. Upon hearing their words, the young girl’s countenance paled, “Impossible, how can this be?”

“I can be a witness too.” Qing`er walked up. Looking at Qing`er’s aura that was untainted by the world, the young girl’s intuition told her that Qing`er wouldn’t lie. And even if she did, at this point was there even a need to lie when they had already outnumbered her and Mu Feng?

“How can this be? I’ve interacted with him for so many days, how can I mistake another person for him?” Mu Feng coughed out a mouthful of blood when he heard their words. After the poison qi attacked his heart back then, he’d almost died. After surviving from that ordeal, he practiced a kind of terrifying venom art that allowed the poison elements within his body to integrate with his blood fully. The toxicity within him were all held back at a boiling point with the entirety of his strength. He didn’t even have the energy to do anything else—he could only make it here because the girl in front of him had pulled him all the way from the Spirit Continent.

With a bated breath of venom, he’d contained all the poison within him just to kill Qin Wentian when he met him again. How could it be a case of mistaken identity?

Qin Wentian had no words to reply when he heard that. Given how crazed Mu Feng's attacks were, he definitely wasn't lying. In that case, there was only a single possibility left. There was someone masquerading as him, wanting to harm him to the extent of even luring Mu Feng from thousands of miles away to poison him to death.

And right now, as the poison within Qin Wentian's body came into contact with that candle flame, the poison had no way to extinguish it. In fact, that candle flame was counter-devouring the poison instead, causing Qin Wentian's eyes to light up.

His second bloodline granted him invulnerability to poison?

He was saved, yet Qin Wentian couldn't help but heave a sigh of relief. What a close shave. Given Mu Feng's proficiency in the venom arts, even the top few rankers above him on the Heavenly Fate Rankings would fear him. Nobody would dare guarantee they would win or even retreat unharmed if the opponent they were facing was Mu Feng!

# AGM 353 - Using Poison Against Poison

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Chu Mang and Fan Le didn't care for Mu Feng's word. Be it a case of mistaken identity, or just a misunderstanding, nevertheless, Mu Feng must die.

“SCRAM!” Chu Man roared at the young girl in front of Mu Feng. Fan Le's arrow had already broke the space apart, fired forth at a speed akin to lightning.

“Wait.” Suddenly, Qin Wentian's voice drifted out. Fan Le's countenance faltered, and the trajectory of the fired arrow was shifted at the last instant. Fan Le had a puzzled look on his face when he turned to glance questioningly at Qin Wentian, but upon seeing a hint of color returning to Qin Wentian's darkened features, his eyes couldn't help but widen in surprise.

“Don't kill him first.” Qin Wentian's eyes were still tightly closed, the golden strands of blood were currently circulating around his body, cleansing away the black-colored poisonous blood, and slowly rejuvenating Qin Wentian. Gradually, the darkness on his countenance dissipated, to the great joy of Bailu Yi and the rest.

Qin Wentian had recovered—he had fully neutralized the corrosive poison within his body.

“Hu...” Qin Wentian spat out a mouthful of foul air as he opened his eyes. Qing'er, who was staring at him with concern, couldn't mask the fleeting happiness that flashed past her eyes when she

saw that he'd recovered. It was as though she was sincerely happy for his well-being.

But when she noticed Qin Wentian staring back at her, her face immediately reverted back to its normal state, with no fluctuations to her expressions.

“Qing`er, you look really nice when you smile.”

Qin Wentian laughed. Qing`er's brows twitched, yet she remained silent, purposely shifting her gaze towards another direction, paying no mind to his comment.

As to her behaviour, Qin Wentian was long used to it. In fact, if Qing`er were to constantly maintain a smiling expression, that would truly be abnormal.

Standing up, Qin Wentian walked towards Mu Feng, who had an expression of dumbfounded astonishment on his face. How was this possible, Qin Wentian had survived the onslaught of his blood's poison?!

“Are you certain that I am the person who killed your entire clan?” Qin Wentian looked directly at Mu Feng, as he stood right in front of the young girl between them, allowing Mu Feng to look clearly at his features.

Mu Feng seriously contemplated Qin Wentian from head to toe, focusing specially on Qin Wentian's eyes.



“There’s something wrong, this.. this is impossible. You have the same features, yet your aura is clearly different. Your physique as well, how can this be? What’s happening?” Mu Feng turned pale, the impact of his mistake caused a rush through his brain as he involuntarily coughed out even more black blood.

“Other than the Azure Continent, I’ve spent the past year here in Ginkou. It’s impossible for me to have killed your clan, and earlier when we were fighting, I didn’t even know why you wanted to kill me. If you’re not lying, it means that the Qin Wentian you knew must have been someone else impersonating me. What was his cultivation level?”

Qin Wentian wanted to clear this up, he wanted to know who had impersonated him and implicated him in all those atrocities. That conniving bastard was the one that deserved death.

“I’ve only exchanged blows with him briefly, but I could tell that he was truly powerful. His cultivation level is the same as mine, at the ninth level of Yuanfu.”

“I’m still at the seventh level of Yuanfu.” Qin Wentian released his aura, “Regardless of friend or foe, everyone is aware of this.”

“Shu Ruanyu, you should be able to verify this point for me. A year ago when I was still in the Moon Continent, my cultivation base wasn’t even at the fifth level of Yuanfu yet.” Qin Wentian stared at Shu Ruanyu, who stood nearby, his sudden words causing her to be stunned. Initially she wanted to seek Qin Wentian out for

revenge, but upon witnessing his fight, she understood clearly that she had no way of matching Qin Wentian's strength.

Not only that, even Chu Mang and that fatty had grown many times more powerful compared to before.

When she realized Qin Wentian had discovered her presence, her countenance momentarily grew somewhat unsightly to behold.

“Mu Feng, you were tricked by someone. This man might be a worthless cad, but I can attest to the fact that he's not some demented freak. When I was held captive, he didn't touch me inappropriately in the slightest. And besides, just look at how beautiful his female companions are, why would he resort to mistreating your sister?”

Shu Ruanyu stared at Mu Feng as she spoke, surprising Qin Wentian with her words. Why was this woman suddenly so kind-hearted and then willing to help him out in this situation?

Back then, her hatred for him reached her very bones, but after pondering it for a moment, Qin Wentian understood why she suddenly changed her attitude. It must be because rumours had spread after her capture, and thus she needed him to clear her name.

Mu Feng cast a glance at Luo Huan and Bailu Yi. All of them were women of remarkable beauty. Although his sister wasn't bad looking, she still couldn't be compared to the two women currently standing in front of him. And when he turned his gaze

onto Qing'er, even someone of his steely will could feel his heart being moved by her beauty.

In that case, had he really been fooled by someone else?

Thinking of this, an expression of agony flashed through Mu Feng's face. Who was his enemy then?

He didn't mind sacrificing his life to kill Qin Wentian, but the problem now was that he'd almost killed the wrong man. Not only that, he didn't even know the true identity of his enemy, the man who'd reduced him to his current state. Hatred was too small a word to describe the emotions he was currently feeling in his heart.

Thinking of this, the last bit of strength that was used to suppress his poison qi dissipated, causing noxious fumes to gush out of him. In an instant, his body was being ravaged by the poison, turning his skin completely black as the poison began to devour him in its backlash.

Upon witnessing the sudden scene, the spectators all retreated far away with none daring to approach the group. Their hearts were still pounding with shock—they never expected Mu Feng to come all the way here, using a single breath to hold back the venom in his blood. Now that it was totally spent, the seal of strength he used had collapsed.

In order to kill Qin Wentian, he didn't mind sacrificing himself to the poison as well.

“Feng gege!” The young girl’s countenance turned pale-white as she rushed forwards. With a wave of Qin Wentian’s hand, a powerful source of strength enveloped her, restricting her movements.

Qin Wentian appeared beside her and pulled her back. “If you go any nearer, you will definitely die.”

“If Feng gege dies, I will die with him.” The girl’s tears flowed uncontrollably as she looked to Qin Wentian and sobbed, “I’m really very sorry about what happened, I hope you can forgive us. Feng gege may be a practitioner of the venom arts, but he’s not a bad guy! Otherwise, he would never have been fooled by that monster. The whole incident had too much of a psychological impact on him, and so in order to gain more power, he chose to cultivate a venom art, even though he can’t control it completely. He was planning to end his life once he killed you, which was why he kept chasing me away. I knew that he was acting fiercely to make me abandon him, this was all because he didn’t want me to follow him to the grave!”

Qin Wentian stared at Mu Feng as he sighed in his heart. Although Mu Feng had nearly killed him, he couldn’t blame him for it. So long as one was human, they would definitely go raving mad if such a thing had happened to them. Who could be so ruthless, willing to go so far to destroy both Mu Feng and him?

Not only that, that person had known that he would definitely come to Ginkou to participate in the ranking battle. This must be the reason why the imposter made an agreement with Mu Feng

back then, saying to come to Ginkou together to fight as brothers. It was because of this that Mu Feng, with one bated breath of venom, traveled over a thousand miles to kill him.

And if their battle hadn't ended with both him and Mu Feng on the brink of death, this matter would have never been resolved. It would have ended with either Qin Wentian's or Mu Feng's death. That imposter in the shadows was truly someone crafty and sinister.

"Let me take a look at him for you." Qin Wentian placed the young girl into Bailu Yi's care as he walked towards Mu Feng. At this moment, the poison qi in Mu Feng's body had already run amok, yet he was still clear-minded.

"You cultivated the venom arts, yet why are you in this state now?" Qin Wentian asked.

"In a moment of impatience, I chose the most tyrannical of all venom arts to cultivate. However, I have no way to fully disperse the poison qi in my body, I can only use my strength to temporarily suppress it, allowing it to seep inside my bloodstream." Mu Feng's voice was extremely weak as he spoke to Qin Wentian, "I almost killed you. I don't need forgiveness, yet I will never be at peace unless I kill that man with my own hands. If you discover the imposter's identity, promise me that you'll kill him for me. And don't think too badly of Lumi, she's young and has the heart of an angel. I hope that you won't make things difficult for her."

"I know of a set of needle techniques that can ignite one's

potential, allowing every part of your body to return to its most vibrant state of activity. However, this technique is exceedingly dangerous—if you can't withstand it, it may even lead to death. Do you wish to give it a try?" Qin Wentian gazed seriously at Mu Feng.

Mu Feng stared back at him, silently studying him. At this moment, Qin Wentian could kill him as easily as a flip of his palms. He didn't need to use such a roundabout method.

"Life and death are determined by the Heavens. Since, I'm already approaching death, what do I have to fear?" Mu Feng spoke in a low voice, as Qin Wentian lightly nodded his head in agreement.

Squatting in front of Mu Feng, Qin Wentian retrieved a set of silvery needles before he pierced one into the centre of Mu Feng's brows, the back of his ears, his temples, his chest, his arms... Very swiftly, Mu Feng's body began to tremble, as an expression of utter agony flashed on his face.

"You are right. Live or die, let's leave it to the Heavens. Although the probability of death is higher, if you want revenge, you'd better survive this." Qin Wentian spoke calmly, as though talking about a very ordinary thing. This set of needle techniques, named the Limit-Exhaustion Needle Art, had been taught to him by Uncle Black. Its main purpose was to ignite the potential of humans, allowing all their organs, and even their blood to shift to their most active state. If one couldn't handle the burden of this technique, they were at risk of death via implosion. And even if they survived, they would still be in an extremely weak state after the enhancement effect ended.

This set of needle techniques were considered to be extremely dangerous, but since Mu Feng was close to being completely counter-devoured by the poison qi, the only remaining option was to use poison against poison.

After executing his needle technique, Qin Wentian withdrew, leaving Mu Feng's body to convulse in silent pain. The needles inserted in him glowed with Astral Light as they transmitted Astral Energy into the various critical parts of his body.

“Feng gege.” The girl Bailu Yi was holding couldn't help but sob at the sight. She wanted nothing more than to rush over to accompany him, yet how could Bailu Yi let her go? Several spectators stood afar as they watched on impassively.

The poison qi fog that surrounded him spread further outwards, and even Mu Feng's countenance turned increasingly wretched. The pain was so intense that one would rather prefer death instead. Lumi's tears dripped in an unbroken stream, stricken with worry as she stared on. Despite the involuntarily intense convulsions, Mu Feng was still holding on. No matter the pain, he would never give in.

Although blood-curdling screams echoed out from him, a heart-freezing look of determination could be seen in Mu Feng's eyes. He had to live, he couldn't die before finding out the identity of his true enemy. “The disciple of the Poison Monarch, the one ranked #7—Mu Feng's in such a terrible situation where he could die at any moment.” Some in the crowd lamented.

“If he really did die, that just means one less fearsome competitor for the top three positions. This is a huge advantage for those contenders.”

Some among the crowd wished for Mu Feng’s death—if he died, there’d be no need to fight him. As a disciple of the Poison Monarch, Mu Feng was undoubtedly someone to avoid fighting against.

“ARGHHHHH” Finally, Mu Feng let out a earth-shattering roar. The poison qi that permeated the atmosphere around him was being frenziedly sucked back into his body. After which, his head slumped to the side as his struggles ceased.

“Is he dead?”

The expression on the crowd’s faces froze. Mu Feng died, just like that?

Qin Wentian walked forwards—he could sense Mu Feng’s breathing, he was still alive.

Qin Wentian squatted down, extended his hand and placed it on top of Mu Feng’s. However in an instant, he immediately retracted it when he realized that his entire hand was coated with a blackish-qi.

Qin Wentian’s heart pounded, it seemed as though the poison qi in Mu Feng’s body was even more terrifying compared to before.



it was then that Mu Feng opened his eyes. He stared at Qin Wentian, his gaze was still extremely cold, like that of death.

His body spasmed slightly before he managed to climb to his feet. Mu Feng swept his gaze over their surroundings before regarding Qin Wentian intently. After which, he walked away, his gait unsteady as he departed the area. “Feng gege.” Lumi rushed forwards, supporting him with her body. Qin Wentian noticed Lumi was unaffected by Mu Feng’s poison qi. This observation caused Qin Wentian to draw in a deep breath, Mu Feng’s attainment with poison just shot up by another level. It seemed that using poison against poison was an effective solution, and hadn’t weakened Mu Feng at all. In fact, he seemed to be stronger compared to before, to the extent that he could even walk on his own.

He had survived through this because he had a heart of steel, and a thirst for his unsated vengeance. He couldn’t die here.

His silhouette gradually walked further and further away, and eventually the crowd also dispersed. No one knew that in the future, this young man would become a character on the scale of the Poison Monarch, able to drive terror in the hearts of others. Not only that, he was even more terrifying compared to his master!

# AGM 354 - Who's The Controller

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Qin Wentian stared silently at Mu Feng's departing back. He understood that the calamity that befell Mu Feng's family had completely caused his temperament and personality to change.

Mu Feng's heart was even stronger compared to before, and even that fearsome poisonous qi hadn't managed to kill him. Instead, under the stimulation of another poison, both toxins complemented the other by counteracting the other, achieving a balance in his body.

Shifting his gaze aside, Qin Wentian stared at Shu Ruanyu once again as he smiled, "Were you dumped by Yang Fan?"

Shu Ruanyu instantly frowned when she heard that. She glared at Qin Wentian before gritting her teeth and replying, "No, I was the one that proposed the breakup."

Qin Wentian nodded, it seemed that his guess was right. The transcendent powers were all extremely mindful of their reputation. Although he didn't do anything to Shu Ruanyu, she was still his captive for quite a long period of time. Such a scenario would definitely give rise to countless gossips, which eventually led to the break up between Yang Fan and Shu Ruanyu.

"Earlier, you tried every possible method at your disposal to kill me, and that was the only reason why I chose to capture you instead. Let the grudge between us come to an end here, and if you still want to make trouble for me, you can try but I guarantee that

you won't be let off so easily," Qin Wentian faintly stated, while Fan Le beside him burst out into despicable-sounding laughter. "Careful that I don't catch you and have you warm our beds."

Shu Ruanyu bit her lips, glaring fiercely at Fatty. After a moment of silence, she finally turned and left with reluctance.

Qin Wentian put aside all thoughts of Shu Ruanyu. He leisurely advanced forwards, arriving at the entrance to the Ancient Kingdom.

Ahead, ninety-nine azure dragon stone steps congregated into the sacred pathway, exuding an imposing and majestic aura. Located in front of the first step was a nine-sided gigantic drum. At the beginning of the sacred path, the drum's reverberations must echo nine times before one is deemed worthy to set foot on the ancient path, before one can even be qualified to fight for a position on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

On both sides of the azure dragon steps, was a separate winding pathway that could be used by the spectators to ascend upwards, following the route of the ancient sacred path.

Rumour had it that the two winding paths were used back then for the Royal Clan and Grand Clans to inspect the Grand Xia's troops.

But now, these two winding paths were used by the spectators to witness the contenders trying to wrest the luck and fight for positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings for the audience's

delight.

How many heroes of the younger generations had fallen because of ascending the steps, sounding out the drums, fighting for the rankings.

The sacred pathways were all extremely cruel. On the road of this pilgrimage, only a total of 360 cultivators would be able to rank among the Heavenly Fate Rankings. The others would all be dead or injured seriously to the point where they were no better off alive than dead.

And out of the 360 rankers, only the top thirty-six would gain the title of Heaven's Chosen.

Countless geniuses were obliterated every three years.

Qin Wentian stood there, gazing at that ancient pathway.

The Grand Xia was unimaginably vast, and here the geniuses were as common as the clouds. All of them had spent years cultivating bitterly before coming here for the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle. Every individual had their own stories, their own dreams—all to allow their names to resound throughout Grand Xia and stand at the pinnacle of Yuanfu.

He didn't know how powerful his opponents would be, he also didn't know the extent of the danger he would face. He only knew that his determination wouldn't waver and his heart had never

changed.

Before he could dominate Grand Xia, he needed to control the White Deer Institute, and therefore he needed this battle to climb up into one of the top three rankings. This was a starting point for him.

He needed this battle so he could defeat Zhan Chen, so that Luo He wouldn't interfere with his relationship with Mo Qingcheng.

He needed this battle to allow his name to echo throughout Grand Xia, to let them know who exactly was Qin Wentian.

Closing his eyes, Qin Wentian entered into a meditative state. The gentle wind breezed past his ears as countless streams of voices entered his ears.

At a certain location, an aged figure gazed at the young man beside him as he stated, "Son, your talent is extraordinary. With your preparations throughout the years, this battle will be the one to catapult your name into endless fame."

At another location, a young man was smiling as he faced his clan members, "Father, Mother, Grandpa, don't worry about me, I will do my best."

There was also a young lady cheering her elder brother on, with her fist pumping into the air, "Brother, you have to do your best! There may be many beauties falling in love with you after this, so

you'd better find me a good sister-in-law."

The words of the elders, their friends, as well as the individual contenders all merged together.

Some among them were from ordinary backgrounds, while others were from the major powers. There was no doubt that the vast majority among the contenders this time around would either be eliminated early on or fall at the later stages. This was the baptism of destiny. If one wanted to contend for the luck, they had to face this cruel ultimatum.

Fan Le walked up, glancing at Qin Wentian and seemed as though he was preparing to say something. Suddenly, he saw Luo Huan waving her hands, signalling for him not to disturb Qin Wentian.

Chu Mang sat down beside Qin Wentian, quietly gazing at the ancient pathway as well.

Luo Huan had a beautiful smile on her face when she glanced at the countenance of her favourite Junior Brother. No matter if he failed or succeeded, she would still feel proud of him.

This wasn't the Jun Lin Banquet, this place wasn't Chu. This time around, the opponents Qin Wentian would face possessed the most monstrous talent among the younger generations in Grand Xia.

Qing'er also glanced at Qin Wentian. A bright light flashed past

her eyes but it was unknown what she was thinking about, she stared at his features for a moment longer before departing the area.

The Bailu siblings stared at the ninety-nine azure dragon steps ahead of them, as boundless anticipation and yearning bloomed in their hearts.

The surrounding crowd gradually increased in number. All of them were here waiting for the commencement of the ranking battle.

Countless scenes flashed past Qin Wentian's mind, he felt he had only been here for an instant, yet somehow, it also felt like an eternity.

Three days of waiting passed by like a fleeting dream.

Upon waking, he felt that this sensation of passing time was extremely mysterious.

He felt as though he had somehow touched upon something, yet that thing remained as fuzzy as smoke. He was unable to get a clear grasp on what he'd faintly gained an insight into.

Whistling sounds rang out as the silhouettes in their surroundings all started to step upon the platform before the ninety-nine steps of the ancient sacred pathway.

Among these people, Qin Wentian spotted many familiar faces, such as Luo He from the Pill Emperor Hall, as well as the leader from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan. Those representing the transcendent powers of Grand Xia had arrived.

In the centre of this group were undoubtedly the respective leaders of the nine supreme-level transcendent powers: Great Solar Chen Clan, Venerate Heavens Sect, Shi Clan, Wang Clan. Pill Emperor Hall, Hua Clan, Yan Swallow Swordsmen, Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, and Skydemon Sect.

Three of the powers stood directly in the middle of this group; on the left was the Chen Clan, on the right was the Shi Clan, with the experts from the Venerate Heavens Sect standing between.

These three powers were located in Ginkou and could be considered the ‘leaders’ of the pilgrimage. From the Venerate Sect, was an old man who rose into the air, he exuded a faintly discernable mist-like aura. Qin Wentian could see the reverence and respect on the faces of the crowd when they looked at the old man.

Because, this old man was the person currently in charge of the Venerate Heavens Sect—[Old Man Tianji](#).

天机老人(Old Man Tianji): Direct TL” Heavenly Secrets Old Man.

天机 Tianji, stands for Heavenly Secrets

Old Man Tianji was skilled in the arts of reading the movements of constellations, observing the luck and destiny of Grand Xia. He could peer into the future, gaining knowledge of heavenly secrets.



Although the Venerate Heavens Sect wasn't proficient in combat, no other transcendent powers dared to belittle them. They were the one who set Grand Xia's rankings, including the Heavenly Fate and Heavenly Dipper Rankings.

Old Man Tianji waved his hands at the crowd below him, an amiable smile on his face.

At that instant where he waved his hands, the countless numbers of silhouettes started to part all the way to the sides, opening up a space in the centre for him. Very swiftly, the left and right areas on the platform were filled, and there were even people getting pushed off because of the lack of space. Gradually, the region below the platform was devoid of those who wanted to compete, leaving only the spectators. Everyone on the platform, be it the young ones, the middle-aged or even the old, they were here to fight the ranking battle for a position on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

The atmosphere turned solemn as people waited for Old Man Tianji to speak. Qin Wentian glanced at the crowd, before glancing back at the old man. He was paying attention to how those from the supreme transcendent powers would act.

All of them were only thinking of one thing. Who among them would obtain first and be able to have his name resound throughout Grand Xia.

Each of the cultivators' gazes were strewn in different directions, with each of them staring at those on the platform that they felt had the highest chance of ranking at the top.

For people like Chen Wang and Shi Potian, the amount of attention they garnered was the greatest. They were ranked only after Hua Taixu, and now that Hua Taixu was gone, they stood the highest chance among all in occupying the top spot.

“Junior Brother, do your best.” Luo Huan walked in front of Qin Wentian, giving him a huge hug before exiting the platform. Her soft and supple body caused his heart to pound rapidly, Qin Wentian could only smile awkwardly in response.

Bailu Yi hugged her brother Bailu Jing before walking up to Qin Wentian, giving him a hug as well, making him feel slightly overwhelmed from all the love he was getting.

“I’ll be waiting to see your name among the top three rankers after the battle,” Bailu Yi whispered before walking away together with Luo Huan.

Qin Wentian, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Bailu Jing, Chu Mang and Fan Le all stood together in a group, yet no one really paid much attention to them. After all, they were all relatively unknown compared to the top rankers on the previous rankings. Also, for those that gathered here, all of them were talented geniuses from all corners of Grand Xia. This was also the reason why no one paid much attention to Qin Wentian and his group of friends.

As for Mo Qingcheng, with her unmatched countenance, she would garner attention wherever she went. At this moment, she wasn’t that far away from Qin Wentian. Zhan Chen followed

closely behind her, his eyes flashing with a sinister looking light as he cast a glance at Qin Wentian and the rest.

Luo He, who stood in the air, reacted in a similar way—when she noticed Qin Wentian, a frown plastered over her face as a cold light flickered in her eyes.

“That maiden is so beautiful...” The hearts of the crowd sighed when they noticed Mo Qingcheng. There were countless beauties in Grand Xia, but the lone charms of Mo Qingcheng were enough to overshadow all the rest.

“Who is she?” Somebody among the crowd couldn’t help but ask.

“Mo Qingcheng from the Pill Emperor Hall. Indeed, the rumors are true, even a character like Hua Taixu was moved by her beauty and wanted to woo her.”

“The one behind her is Zhan Chen. There were rumors saying that he cultivated an extremely terrifying cultivation art. Being in the top ten should be no problem to him, and he might even have a chance to contend for the top three. Regretfully, I heard that he’s been wooing Mo Qingcheng for ages but is always met with utter rejection.”

The countless people here all had boundless amounts of thoughts running through their minds. The spectators all hoped that time would pass faster, allowing them to view the newly crowned legends of the refreshed rankings.

Finally, those who wanted to participate in the ranking battle, all stayed away from the empty space in the centre.

Old Man Tianji gazed at the contenders below as he slowly spoke, “A few thousand years ago, in this very location, the Ancient Grand Xia fell, and the Empire fragmented into nine pieces. In spite of this, the Ancient Kingdom continued to focus their efforts and gather the luck, destiny, and spiritual qi of Grand Xia. Hence, every three years, the talented geniuses from all corners of Grand Xia gather here once more, to set off on a pilgrimage to the Ancient Kingdom. The battle to wrest away the luck and destiny shall belong to no other than the strongest, therefore becoming characters on the Heavenly Fate Ranking.”

“I’m the one that observes the destiny of Grand Xia. Omens are showing, signs are already foretelling that one among you will reunite Grand Xia under one banner once more. We can only wait for the advent of such an individual, the one destined to change the world as we know it. Who then, among you, will be the one to control the future of Grand Xia?

# AGM 355 - Trial Of The Battle Drums

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The voice of Old Man Tianji cut through the entire space and resounded in everyone's minds. The hearts of everyone in the crowd couldn't help but to pound furiously when they heard what he'd just prophesized.

Even the spectators could feel hot blood coursing through their veins. The destiny of Grand Xia had already taken form? And would be orchestrated by one among the current contenders taking part in the ranking battle?

Who exactly would control the future of Grand Xia?

Old Man Tianji's features remained composed as he gazed downwards at the countless silhouettes looking up at him. This batch of contenders who wanted to participate in the ranking battle, who wanted to wrest away the luck and destiny, numbered over ten thousand. They were the same as countless other cultivators in the past.

The majority of these ten thousand cultivators all had a cultivation base at the ninth level of Yuanfu. Without having substantial power, they would never be confident enough to participate in the ranking battle.

Although ten thousand may sound like a huge number, in the perspective of Grand Xia, ten thousand people was just like a grain of sand in the endless desert.

Not only that, many among these ten thousand would be eliminated. They would first need to prove that they had the qualifications to step upon the sacred pathway.

At this moment, Old Man Tianji spoke once again, “All of you can now begin, if you are unable to sound out more than nine echoes from that gigantic drum, don’t waste time and just forfeit.”

The drum was the first barrier, designed to eliminate their numbers.

It was of immense difficulty to make the nine-sided gigantic drum echo out even once. The criteria was this: if one couldn’t get the drum to echo nine times, they didn’t have the qualifications to step into the Ancient Kingdom.

Not only that, the contenders were allowed to channel their attacks unceasingly onto the drum. Yet if the echoes were cut off halfway, it was useless even if they continued on.

The ten thousand contenders advanced forward, stepping on the ninety-nine azure dragon steps one after another. The atmosphere grew increasingly solemn. None were allowed to soar in the air, they had to walk up all ninety-nine steps, each successive step an indication of their respect for the sacred pathway.

And right now, the first contender was advancing towards the nine-sided gigantic drum situated in the centre of the first step. The long robes covering his body fluttered as a mighty aura exuded from him. Maintaining the distance of a single step away from the

drum, several armor-type divine weapons covered his body, adding to the sharpness of his aura. It seemed as though he himself was a divine weapon, instead of a human.

“It’s Wang Jue. As the first contender, is he trying to tell the others that he’s here today to contend for the position of the top ranker?” The gaze of the spectators landed onto Wang Jue.

Wang Jue, a Heaven’s Chosen from the War Continent’s Wang Clan, ranked #6 in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. He’s definitely qualified and might even be one of few combatants here with the strongest chance of ranking within the top three.

At this moment, Wang Jue’s fist turned a silvery white as he punched out, slamming his fist into the drum. An instant later, booming sounds of reverberations echoed out and shook the heavens.

The fearsome afterwind fluttered Wang Jue’s hair, as the booming sounds continued without pause, all the way to the ninth echo. A terrifying rebound force momentarily landed onto him, yet Wang Jue stood there unmoving, as sturdy as an ancient tree.

“Since we’re contesting for the rankings, how can I lose out to others right on the first test.” Wang Jue’s voice rang out, and before the nine echoes faded away, his fist slammed forth again, containing within them an incomparably terrifying sharpness.

The drum reverberated three more times, and by the last echo, the afterwind was so fierce that it almost lifted him off his feet.

Gritting his teeth, he took another step forwards as he unleashed a flurry of blows onto the drum. Regardless of how terrifying the afterwind was, he refused to be budged.

Standing beside Wang Jue, the next contender watched on in stupefied amazement, as though he had forgotten his purpose there.

Finally, Wang Jue sounded out eighteen echoes, the sound lingering for long moments as it rang throughout the Heavens and Earth.

“A total of eighteen echoes... According to the past records, anyone who managed to sound out eighteen echoes were all eventually ranked within the top ten rankings.” Several in the crowd silently mused, this Wang Jue had stolen the show by letting the world know of the determination in his heart with his eighteen echoes.

Those from the Wang Clan all had smiles on their faces accompanied by looks of satisfaction flashing in their eyes. Going all out from the very first test, this was Wang Jue’s determination.

Contending for positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings? In that case, one should go all out right from the start.

After Wang Jue, the contenders tried the drums in successive fashion. The majority of those after him could only manage to sound out fourteen echoes and below. Only a few were able to



sound out a fifteenth echo, but those people were already rankers on the previous Heavenly Fate Ranking. No one else managed to sound out eighteen echoes. There was only one attempt every three years, everyone didn't dare to slacken when it came to the first test.

Right from the start, the sense of competition in the air could already be felt emanating forth from the contenders.

Naturally, there were also many others who couldn't even sound out nine echoes. Reality was harsh, the truth was often cruel, and so they could only retreat with heavy reluctance and try again in three years time.

After this, another name caused a stir in the crowd. This person was Li Yu, from the Thousand-Jue Alliance.

“There are actually so many failures, how fearsome is this nine-sided gigantic drum?” Fan Le gazed at the giant drum ahead as he silently mused. This first test had already eliminated more than half of the ten thousand contenders. This elimination method couldn't help but invoke a chill in the hearts of everyone who had yet to step up.

After all, those who dared stand here today were all the extreme geniuses of their own locations. Each of them had an unwavering belief and confidence in their own power. “Nineteen echoes...”

At this moment, an earth-shattering resounding boom echoed through the air. Fan Le stared at the silhouette with his mouth

wide-open. Over half of the ten thousand contenders failed to make it past the nine echoes, yet this man in front of them sounded out a total of nineteen. How terrifying was that?

“Di Feng!” Qin Wentian stared at the familiar silhouette in the air.

“It’s [Emperor Azure](#).” The rest of the crowd caught on to his identity as they exclaimed in wonder. Ranked #5 on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, Emperor Azure (Wang Cang). His surname was Wang as well, yet he had surpassed Wang Jue, eclipsing his earlier glory of eighteen echoes. Yet the vast majority of the crowd had no idea that Emperor Azure wasn’t surnamed Wang. “Emperor Azure, how powerful. I wonder if anyone else can break his record?”

Di Feng’s alternate title is known as the Emperor Azure (opposite of Azure Emperor). Emperor Azure is also read as Wang Cang in mandarin, hence people thought his surname was Wang.

“Ouyang Zheng also went up, yet he could only sound out seventeen echoes.”

Those beside Di Feng, despite the fact that seventeen echoes was already extremely impressive, were all overshadowed by him.

Ouyang Zheng was a Heaven’s Chosen from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, ranked #10 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Although the number of echoes couldn’t determine one’s ranking, but it in itself was also a kind of competition. Especially when Wang Jue opened with an astounding eighteen echoes, the

rest of the contenders weren't willing to appear weaker compared to him.

After which, a series of powerful characters made their moves.

Yang Fan from the Star-Seizing Manor, sixteen echoes.

Zhao Lie from the Sky Ember Sect, sixteen echoes.

Hua Feng from the Hua Clan, fifteen echoes.

Duan Qingshan, sixteen echoes.

“Shi Potian is making his move.” At this moment, the gazes of the crowd were all focused on a single person—Shi Potian from the Shi Clan.

Shi Potian sounded out twenty echoes, refreshing the record.

“As expected of someone from the Shi Clan. The ancient primordial beast blood flowing through his veins is truly fearsome indeed.” The spectators silently mused.

For the ranking battle this time around, there were no doubts that the loudest cheers belonged to Chen Wang and Shi Potian.

Great Solar Chen Wang, and Shi Clan, Potian (Breaking the

Heavens). Who could contend against these two monsters?

“Huh, that black-robed figure?”

At this moment, Qin Wentian’s eyes couldn’t help but flicker when he noticed a familiar black-robed figure appearing next to the drum. Wasn’t this the fellow that cultivated the Devil Arts?

Devil-might coated the entire body of the black-robed figure, as he blasted out with a palm strike that caused the drum to violently vibrate. In quick succession, he sounded out nine echoes with impending booms still on the way.

However, this didn’t quite capture the attention of others, and it was only when the black-robed figure had reached a total of fifteen echoes before people began focusing on him.

As the sixteenth and seventeenth echoes reverberated, the black-robed figure finally halted his attacks. It was obvious that he still had strength remaining, yet he chose to give up at the seventeenth echo, seemingly indifferent about the results.

“He’s actually a cultivator of the devil path, who is he exactly? I have never heard of such a person, could he be a dark horse?”

“Maybe that he is a she, notice how he stayed cloaked in black? He must be hiding his identity.”

“Chen Wang, Great Solar Chen Wang is finally making his

move.” Chen Wang took a step forward, as the crowd burst out into crazy cheers. Ranked #2 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, without Hua Taixu, he was the person most likely to obtain the top ranking this time around.

The light from the sun was incomparably resplendent, Chen Wang didn’t disappoint his supporters. Similar to Shi Potian, he sounded out a total of twenty echoes.

“Mu Feng is here as well, although I heard that he was grievously injured just three days ago.” The gigantic drum sounded out nine echoes before Mu Feng walked away, ignoring the opinions of others.

Although this was the case, no one dared to belittle Mu Feng. Even Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns would fear his poison.

Regardless of Chen Wang, Shi Potian or Mu Feng, none of these three should be underestimated.

After which, there was another name worthy of attention. That person, was Situ Po, a Heaven’s Chosen from the Sword Extinction Sect.

At this moment, Qin Wentian turned his gaze over. Mo Qingcheng perceived his actions and as he finally stepped out, a mischievous smile flashed past his eyes.

Qin Wentian and the rest mirrored her actions, all of them

stepped onto the sacred pathway and moved towards the nine-sided gigantic drum. “Zhan Chen is finally making his move. I heard that his infatuation with Mo Qingcheng hasn’t lessened despite the countless rejections he’s faced.”

“Who’s that maiden? She’s actually so beautiful, almost on par with Mo Qingcheng.” The spectators all exclaimed in awe when they noticed Yun Mengyi. Although Yun Mengyi was famous in the Unmatched Realm, not many outside that area knew of her.

“Xuan Yan, Xuan Yan went up as well.”

“So many beautiful girls, this is just like a feast for our eyes in a banquet of beauty.”

Mo Qingcheng, Yun Mengyi and Xuan Yan went up at the same time.

Zhan Chen had yet to act.

Other than these, the ones remaining were none other than Qin Wentian, Ouyang Kuangsheng, Chu Mang, Fan Le and Bailu Jing.

A total of nine contenders coincidentally matched up with the nine-sided gigantic drum.

“Fatty, I want to see how many echoes you can manifest,” Xuan Yan spoke in a low voice. Evidently, she was talking to Fan Le.

Fan Le was lacking a little in confidence, the situation this time around was different from the past.

And what was interesting was that these nine contenders all made their moves at the same time. In the next instant, the nine-sided gigantic drum echoed out in unison.

The total power unleashed created a chaotic stream that devastated the surroundings. Qin Wentian's strike was beyond overwhelming, sounding out nine echoes with a single strike. Yet in spite of this, no one noticed him because the main focus of everyone's attention was Zhan Chen and Mo Qingcheng.

Occasionally, the gazes of the crowd would also turn to Yun Mengyi and Xuan Yan.

The crowd only saw Zhan Chen immersed in a golden light as countless fearsome sharp swords lacerated outwards. Momentarily, he had already sounded out the fifteenth echo yet it was extremely clear that he wasn't done yet.

Mo Qingcheng had already halted her attacks, she stopped the moment the ninth echo rang out. Although she still remained there, nobody complained, it was an enjoyable thing to steal a few more glances at her before she retreated.

Eventually, Fan Le, Chu Mang, Ouyang Kuangsheng and Bailu Jing all halted their attacks. Among them, the ones with the greatest number of echoes, were Bailu Jing and Chu Mang, with a

total of sixteen echoes each.

Xuan Yan gathered her strength and sounded a total of seventeen echoes, awing everyone in the crowd.

Yet they discovered that there were still three people who hadn't halted their attacks. The beautiful maiden akin to a snow lotus on the right actually sounded out eighteen echoes. The sword technique she executed appeared simple and elegant, yet contained a mystery of such profoundness that it could rival the grandness of the Heavens.

“What's going on, why is this group of people so powerful?”

Xuan Yan sounded out seventeen echoes while Yun Mengyi sounded out eighteen echoes.

Zhan Chen and Qin Wentian had already reached the eighteenth echo mark, yet both of them were still going strong. Among the drum reverberations, a strong sense of enmity could be felt.

With a cold laugh, nine swords combined into one as Zhan Chen pierced forth. The nineteenth echo was born—it seemed as though he had no intentions of stopping, he wanted to challenge the record today, to reach the twentieth echo.

Yet the rebound force from this echo contained an overwhelming strength, the wind-force was so strong that Zhan Chen couldn't even keep his eyes open.



Qin Wentian's countenance looked extremely solemn, his blood gurgling within his body as he imbued his fist with unparalleled strength. He punched out once again, incorporating within his fist the rhythm of the world's boundless energy, blasting all out upon the surface of the drum. "BOOM!" The nineteenth echo, reverberated.

"How is this possible?"

Within the crowd, several had expressions of incredulous disbelief etched on their faces. This was the first time they had witnessed two contenders both surpass the eighteenth echo in a direct confrontation with each other. And not just anyone, the unknown young man was contending against Zhan Chen!

# AGM 356 - Chaotic Battle At The River Of Life And Death

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Who was that person?

As the gazes of the crowd landed on Qin Wentian, bewilderment filled their hearts. The majority of them had never seen nor heard of this young man before.

Not only that, the aura Qin Wentian was exuding was only at the seventh level of Yuanfu.

There was no need to doubt his determination, seeing how he managed to sound out a nineteenth echo. Along with a heart of steel, one's attack must also possess tyrannical might as well as have strong individual defenses to ward off the rebound force.

Zhan Chen's countenance turned chilly as he turned to stare at Qin Wentian. The golden light emitting from him flared even more brilliantly. At this moment, he was aware of Mo Qingcheng still spectating from the side. Not only that, with the attention of the crowd focused onto him, how could he lose to someone with a cultivation base merely at the seventh level of Yuanfu?

Even though this was only the sounding of the drums, he mustn't lose out to Qin Wentian.

Releasing his Astral Souls, a terrifying golden-colored wind surrounded Zhan Chen, before it slowly coalesced into the shape of

a Heaven Punisher Ancient Sword. With a roar, he brandished the sword and slammed the drum once more.

“BOOOOM!”

As the twentieth echo reverberated, the terrifying rebound force shattered the golden armor on Zhan Chen’s body. The impact rushed directly through his body, causing his heart to pound violently. He knew that if he tried to sound out the twenty-first echo, he would undoubtedly be seriously injured.

The sound of his twentieth echo lingered through the air as he turned his cold stare once more onto Qin Wentian.

Yet, he only saw Qin Wentian driving a single finger forwards onto the drum. An overwhelming destructive strength broke apart the space, causing the twentieth echo to ring out as it slammed onto the surface of the gigantic drum.

“BOOOM!!” The Heavens and Earth trembled. He too, achieved twenty echoes. As the sound of that echo reverberated, it felt like the hearts of the spectators were physically impacted. When that terrifying rebound force gushed intensely against Qin Wentian, his body didn’t even tremble in the slightest, his heart was as still as water. It was as though he could see the ending of Ancient Grand Xia once again, that day where blood and tears had mingled, the dissolution of a magnificent dynasty—all the countless streams of will converged together, shooting straight into and rumbling his mind. This was too terrifying.

Zhan Chen hesitated for a moment, and the sound of the previous echo he created dissipated. A moment's hesitation had cost him his chance but even so, twenty echoes was already amazing. He was on the same level as Chen Wang and Shi Potian, and although the sounding of the drums didn't affect the competition results, at the very least, it allowed people to see Zhan Chen's domineering bearing.

“How can your petty heart win against my undying determination?”

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian stabbed forth with another finger. The boundless force of the world concentrated into a spiral, infusing his finger as he drove it onto the drum yet again.

“BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!”

Twenty-one echoes—he broke the record. The sound of this reverberation melded together with Qin Wentian's voice and rumbled through the air, rocking the hearts of the spectators.

This person had just challenged Zhan Chen with this final provocation.

How can your petty heart win against my undying determination?

The first elimination test was merely a formality, using the drum echoes to sift the weak from the strong. But, in terms of pride, the

test was a form of challenge for the various geniuses attending. Let alone the fact that Zhan Chen went up together with him, Mo Qingcheng was also watching by the side, so how could he still lose to Zhan Chen then?

Stepping up, Qin Wentian advanced forwards. Smiles suffused the features of his companions around him as they too, proceeded onwards.

This young man was extraordinary, yet sadly his cultivation base was still too low. Provoking Zhan Chen with a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu was too brazen and foolhardy.

Presently, most of the contenders had already taken the drum test, with only a few of the weaker ones yet to step up.

Moving forward, the remaining contenders set off on their way.

The nine-sided gigantic drum test had eliminated more than half of the original ten thousand participants.

The next test would be even more dangerous: the contenders would face the River of Life and Death.

The River of Life and Death was truly a life and death experience; those who passed it would live, and for those who failed—only death awaited them.

From ages past till the current era, it was unknown how many

heroes of Grand Xia had fallen into the River of Life and Death.

Qin Wentian and the rest ascended the azure dragon steps, and when they reached the top, they could see the River of Life and Death in front of them. Or maybe, it would be better to term it as a lake of Life and Death.

The width of the River of Life and Death was as wide as the first step—the stage for the gigantic nine-sided drum—easily able to accommodate thousands of people. As for its length, it measured at about ten thousand metres long, a distance that was considered relatively short for Stellar Martial Cultivators. Any one of these geniuses were able to ford the river in a remarkably short period of time.

However, it wasn't going to be so easy with a few thousand people fording the river while fighting against each other at the same time.

But, more than the opponents they would face, the river water was the most perilous part of the test—contained within it was a will of corrosion. Without a doubt, all Yuanfu-level cultivators would die if they fell into it.

At this moment, the crowd saw Old Man Tianji and those in-charge of their respective transcendent powers rising through the air, flying past the River of Life and Death. They landed on the other side, then opened the Kingdom's gate before standing upon the Ancient Kingdom's city wall.

This River of Life and Death was once a heavenly moat that served as the first line of defense for Ancient Grand Xia. With this defensive setup, the pass could be guarded by just one man, against ten thousand.

Old Man Tianji's gaze stared ahead. Right now, all the contenders were already facing the River of Life and Death. Although the distance of ten thousand metres might not seem far, this place was already destined to be the grave for several contenders about to take the test.

Old Man Tianji then lit up a candle. This candle was short and thin, indicating a time limit of a mere hundred breaths for the contenders to pass this test.

The difficulty of this could well be imagined with so many people advancing at the same time. There would bound to be some who would make a move against others, using them as stepping stones to get across. The situation would be rife with chaos.

"The candle is already lit. Before the candle flame burns out you are to arrive at the end of the river. Failure means death," Old Man Tianji then calmly continued, "Move out."

"GO!" Qin Wentian roared, the few thousand contenders moved at the same time, with a speed as fast as lightning, jostling the others who got in their way.

A single candle to traverse the distance of ten thousands metres, they had to grab hold of all remaining time and proceed forwards

with their fastest speed before they could pass.

The thousands of contenders frenziedly rushed ahead, their momentum created an after-wind so powerful they could lacerate anything into pieces. What a terrifying sight, the scene was too visually stunning.

The auras of the few thousand contenders burst out, adding to the chaotic scene. Several had already started fighting amongst themselves in an effort to press ahead at the expense of others.

“SCRAM!” A person behind Qin Wentian shouted, slashing forth with an ancient sword at lightning speed. At the same time, that person stepped on a flying sword, trying to get ahead.

“I’ll take the rear, you guys go on ahead.” Qin Wentian hollered, flipping his palm to blast backwards with a terrifying demonic palm imprint, colliding directly against the ancient sword. His eyes flashed with incredible coldness as his hands moved about in the air, performing runic gestures. Momentarily, a number of great rocs materialized, and they rushed out to block the pathway of the attack.

Similarly, there was also people who were in front of Qin Wentian’s group turning back to unleash attacks in order to block their path. Even when Qin Wentian and the rest soared up into the air, they were met with people already above them in the middle of hurling attacks downwards, wanting to knock them into the river.

Chaos, the situation right now was utterly chaotic.



With a loud splash, someone finally fell into the river. Miserable gut-wrenching screams rang out as his body corroded at visible speed, quickly dissolving into white bones, before the bones themselves eventually dissolved into nothingness.

Qin Wentian swept a glance at the scene as his heart involuntarily shuddered slightly. This was merely the first test after the nine-sided drums. How ruthless, and how tragic was this competition between geniuses?

“Qingcheng.” Qin Wentian glanced at her with worry in his eyes. Given how chaotic it was, where everyone focused only on rushing ahead, he couldn't help worrying about Qingcheng. But luckily he discovered that she was fine. Maybe it was because of her beauty, but there was no one willing to act against her. This was an innate advantage all beauties seemed to possess.

Without an especially strong grudge or hatred, as long as Mo Qingcheng didn't take the initiative to antagonize others, those experts wouldn't make a move against her. Chu Mang and Fan Le stood at the frontline of their group with their Arrow Astral Souls released. Fan Le completely unleashed his bloodline limit, immersing himself in golden flames and looking akin to an Empyrean War God, exuding an imposing and mighty aura.

“Peng!” Somebody ahead of them acted out, trying to block their path as Chu Mang and Fan Le both coldly snorted and loosed an arrow at the target rapidly dashing ahead. That person flipped his palms, making an attempt to destroy the arrows, only to see the feathered bolts suddenly shift their trajectories, causing his

countenance to drastically change. An instant later, piercing sounds rang out as the flaming arrows punched through his head, before his corpse fell into the river.

For their group, they wouldn't take the initiative to kill others but for those people who wanted to block their paths, they would show them no mercy.

After Chu Mang consumed the Limit-break pellet, his cultivation base had already broken through to the peak level of Yuanfu. How could his attacks not be overwhelming?

“BOOOOM!”

Right at this moment, a terrifying pressure bore down on them as manifestations of mountains after mountains slammed down from the skies towards their group. Not only that, there were even mountains appearing before them, blocking their path ahead.

“Situ Po.” Qin Wentian inclined his head. He saw Situ Po soaring in the skies, enveloped within an armor of starstone, raining attacks down onto them.

Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as he too soared into the skies. With a punch, he shattered the manifestations of the mountains, when suddenly a sharp sword cleaved down his head. It was none other than Situ Po's technique, the Life Extinction Swordplay.

At the same instant, a domineering suppression force pressed

down onto them. The manifestation of a gigantic leg stomped downwards from the Heavens, containing heaven-shaking power within.

“Duan Qingshan.”

Qin Wentian’s countenance turned ice cold, Situ Po had actually allied with Duan Qingshan to make this sneak attack against them.

They were both extremely powerful, Duan Qingshan was ranked #25 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, while Situ Po’s combat prowess was also at a similar level.

Chu Mang’s great axe cleaved towards them as Ouyang Kuangsheng’s body blazed, releasing flames of ember and thunder, interweaving into thunderfire.

How could Zhan Chen miss out on this excellent opportunity to gang up on Qin Wentian? He clasped his palms together, pointing them forward and stabbed out as a gigantic golden sword materialized, piecing directly towards Qin Wentian.

At this moment, Qin Wentian and his group were being besieged by enemies from both the front and back.

Yet, in the next instance, a domineering devil-might descended, as a black-colored devil spear penetrated through the void, aiming for Zhan Chen. Zhan Chen’s countenance faltered as he roared in rage. “IT’S YOU AGAIN!”

Yun Mengyi also acted, dashing towards Situ Po as her glacial intent caused the atmosphere in the surroundings to turn into ice and snow.

Chaos, this was complete and utter chaos. Attacks were all wildly unleashed, the contenders taking this test could only depend on their luck as they continued rushing ahead.

Other contenders noticed this scene and they couldn't help but feel astonishment in their hearts. To think that young man who broke the record of the drum echoes would have such influence—so many friends as well as so many enemies.

Those that were hunting him down were all extraordinary characters of their generation—Zhan Chen, Duan Qingshan and Situ Po.

And at this moment, yet another Star-Seizing Palm Imprint was thrown in the mix. The expressions on the spectators' faces stiffened yet again. That was an attack that originated from the Star-Seizing Manor—it seemed that Yang Fan, alongside with one of his lackeys wanted to join in the fun as well.

# AGM 357 - Blasted Into The River

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Qin Wentian's gaze was as fierce as lightning, filled with a terrifying glint of cold light. The bloodline limit in his body erupted forth, as the centre of his brows began to glow resplendently, as though a third eye were taking form.

“Yun Mengyi, freeze this space.” Qin Wentian's voice was ice cold. With a single draw of her sword, Yun Mengyi's frost intent enveloped everything.

Qin Wentian halted his group advancement, and instead, he chose to directly battle above the River of Life and Death. This scenario caused many to be taken aback—wasn't Qin Wentian worried about the passing time?

Zhan Chen, Yang Fan and the rest frowned as well. Although they wanted to kill Qin Wentian, obtaining a good ranking on the Heavenly Fate Rankings was more important to them. They didn't have time to play around with Qin Wentian.

“Erase Duan Qingshan.”

Qin Wentian's voice was as cold as the depths of hell. He had once said that if he were to meet Duan Qingshan ever again, he would definitely kill him. And yet Duan Qingshan still dared to make a move against him.

Since he had chosen this path, the price for his actions would be his life.

The black-robed figure held back Zhan Chen, while Chu Mang fought against Situ Po. Bailu Jing and Ouyang Kuangsheng were engaged in battle against Yang Fan and his lackey from the Star-Seizing Manor. Yun Mengyi turned her gaze onto Duan Qingshan as a coldness of absolute zero erupted forth towards him. Ice formed on his body, the chill so penetrating that it cut deep into his bones.

Abruptly, a formless energy blasted into his body, as a terrifying will wormed into his sea of consciousness. As he lifted his head and stared at Qin Wentian, the expression on his face was incredibly unsightly. A fearsome primordial beast took form in his mind, howling in rage as it tried to devour his consciousness. That violent impact felt as though his mind was being torn apart.

Qin Wentian's will of Mandate could actually attack the sea of consciousness of his opponents directly.

Fan Le's arrows fanned out, as Duan Qingshan's countenance turned ashen. He rapidly retreated backwards, while aiming a powerful kick at Qin Wentian and the others. With a mere wave of his palms, he directed the formless energy to destroy the manifestation of the giant leg, and then carried on forward, blasting into him once again.

"This can't be, his Mandate, it's at the second level!" Duan Qingshan's eyes widened in fright. How was this possible? Qin Wentian was only at the seventh level of Yuanfu, how could he comprehend second level Mandates? That was the prerequisite of stepping into Heavenly Dipper!

Yun Mengyi's speed was extremely fast, as she too, had comprehended the Mandate of Wind. Her Mandate of Icesnow was slowing down Duan Qingshan's movements, and so her current speed was faster than his. When she clashed against him, a sword slashed downwards as a beam from the heavens cascaded down with frightening force and terrible beauty. Duan Qingshan paled—everyone who entered the Unmatched Realm knew of Yun Mengyi's prowess.

Duan Qingshan gave a howl of rage as his Astral Souls exploded forth.

However, he only saw Qin Wentian madly rushing over, with terrifying killing intent blasting out from him.

At this moment, Qin Wentian only had a single thought in his mind, the death of Duan Qingshan.

Duan Qingshan stared blankly at Qin Wentian sending out a palm, pressing forcefully against the space in front of him. In the next instant, a terrible force slammed into him, akin to a blow from a desolate beast at full-strength. That overwhelming force directly ignored his pathetic attempts at defense and forcefully pushed him downwards in the direction of the river.

Gushing sounds rang out, the sounds of the waves in the River of Life and Death.

“No...” Duan Qingshan glanced at the river, his countenance as

white as a sheet of paper. Qin Wentian's palm still pressing onto the empty space, ignoring everything in order to push him downwards.

“I said before, I would kill you if I met you here.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian sent out yet another palm, as a towering strength forced the air downwards, pushing Duan Qingshan directly into the river.

“Plop,” Duan Qingshan instantly transformed into bones, before flowing along with the river currents.

Duan Qingshan had fallen.

The spectators on both banks watched on as the white bones drifted past them, with intense shock rocking their hearts.

That was Duan Qingshan, someone ranked within the top thirty-six of the Heavenly Fate Ranking. He was forced into the river by someone whose cultivation base was two levels lower than his?

What a cruel test, how intense was the competition for the Heavenly Fate Ranking?

At the same time, this also made the others seriously contemplate this young man.



Who exactly was he? He had several allies by his side, as well as several enemies.

And in the case of the first test, he even broke the record, sounding out a total of twenty-one echoes.

Back then, none of the spectators thought it meant anything. After all, his cultivation was obviously one of the weaker ones here. Yet, he killed Duan Qingshan, and now there was no need to doubt Qin Wentian's actual strength. If he was weak, it would have been impossible for him to blast Duan Qingshan down into the river.

When they witnessed this scene, those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, all had incredibly ugly expressions on their faces.

Thoughts of revenge filled their heart. Qin Wentian set off a wave of commotion when he stepped into the Ouyang Clan. Back then he was still weak, with nothing noteworthy about him, yet now, he even had the strength to kill Duan Qingshan, and was also a good friend of Ouyang Kuangsheng. They couldn't do anything to him.

As for Ouyang Ting, her countenance paled—she was frightened out of her mind.

How can this be? HOW CAN THIS BE? Duan Qingshan was slain by Qin Wentian.

Her eyes turned red as she gazed helplessly around, her mind telling her that this was impossible. Yet with the truth in front of her eyes, there was no way her heart could deny the same thing.

How had it come to this? Shouldn't it be the opposite, where Duan Qingshan killed Qin Wentian instead?

All of this occurred in the space of a few seconds, yet a few breaths of time had indeed felt wasted because of that. In the next moment, Qin Wentian soared up to the skies as he surveyed his earlier attacks.

Zhan Chen, Situ Po and the rest knew that they couldn't afford to delay any longer. They flew even higher up, unwilling to entangle themselves by fighting with Qin Wentian at length. "Quickly, let's go as well." Qin Wentian and the others madly rushed ahead. There were others still fighting in front of them, as contenders after contenders fell into the river. Such a scene made the spectators feel a chill in their hearts.

The contenders were all rare geniuses, of one-in-ten thousand, yet they had fallen here.

The candle was about to burn out, and the contenders continued to arrive at the end of the river, passing through the city gates.

A raging wind billowed, Qin Wentian and the rest also managed to reach the goal. The candle flame completely extinguished itself when they landed on the other bank, causing all of them to sigh in relief. Who would have thought that the River of Life and Death

test would be so dangerous. Luckily, all of them made it through, without even a single casualty.

“Let’s go.” As they passed through the city gates, they met Zhan Chen and their earlier attackers again. Their gazes collided against each other, incomparably sharp as killing intent permeated the air.

“Consider it your good luck.” Zhan Chen’s eyes gleamed with a golden light as he coldly stated. After which, he turned his gaze onto the black-robed figure. This person had already spoiled his plans more than once.

Qin Wentian also glanced at the black-robed figure as he lightly nodded in gratitude. “Many thanks.”

The eyes of the black-robed figure flickered, giving people a sense of their elegance. It caused Qin Wentian to suspect—could this devil path practitioner be a female instead?

The tyranny of the Devil Arts was more terrifying than anyone could imagine. It was extremely dangerous, yet how strong the heart of the practitioner must be if they were willing to cultivate the devil path?

Yet these were merely his musings, he wondered if the black-robed figure was listed among the Heavenly Fate Rankings and more importantly, why was he or she helping him?

Over another half had been eliminated after the River of Life and

Death. Currently, there were still many contenders, the one remaining were all elites of the elites.

For the battle over the positions in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, luck was sometimes required. For example, Duan Qingshan had the strength, and had been one of the thirty six Heaven's Chosen. Yet he still died, even before making it past the test at the River. This indicated that his luck was pretty awful.

And in the course of the ranking battle, many would fight prematurely because of their individual grudges. Hence, even as an elite, if one was unlucky, they would also be one of the fallen.

In spite of the dangers, this was the grueling test that made the Heavenly Fate Rankings so sacred in the eyes of Grand Xia.

The great waves emerging from these tests were sifting through the sand in their quest to find gold. By the end of the competition, only those with sufficient strength and luck would remain. It was impossible to persist onwards if a cultivator was missing either one of these factors. At this moment in front of the contenders, there were several battle platforms.

Old Man Tianji and the other leaders leisurely walked on the air as they gazed downwards at the contenders.

On the left and right, countless spectators began to fill the winding paths, tightly squeezed together. They had all come up in hopes of a better view for the next test.

“This was where Ancient Grand Xia drilled its troops. Step up on the battle platforms, and an illusory opponent similar to your current strength level will appear. For those who can’t even get past the yellow-colored battle-robed warriors, they will immediately be eliminated. Let it begin.” Old Man Tianji gazed at the contenders as he calmly instructed.

As the sound of his voice faded, Chen Wang from the Great Solar Clan immediately moved—like a resplendent blazing sun, he stood on the centre-most platform. The platforms weren’t large in size, so if one was blasted down by the illusory opponents, they would be eliminated.

A burst of light inundated the area as an illusory figure took form in front of Chen Wang. This figure was clad in a red battle robe with a terrifying aura similar to Chen Wang’s at the peak of the ninth level of Yuanfu.

“Bzzz!”

The illusory warrior heaved a spear as he dashed out, instantly stabbing towards Chen Wang.

Chen Wang’s eyes flashed, it was as though a ball of flame was burning in his eyes. An instant later, the illusory warrior went up in flames. It was devoured into ashes before shattering, and then transformed into a stream of light shooting into Chen Wang’s body. Momentarily, a red battle robe appeared on Chen Wang’s body.

After which, two more opponents appeared. These two were clad in orange-colored battle robes.

Chen Wang took a step forwards, unleashing the Great Solar Universe Art to its extreme, blasting forth with two palms and then instantly incinerating the two manifested opponents. Momentarily, the color of Chen Wang's battle robe turned orange. "Battle-robed Warriors. The manifested opponents will grow stronger and stronger as time goes by. The level of their ranks can be classified into red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet. In fact, there were people who once passed through all stages, fighting against platinum-colored battle-robed warriors."

Ouyang Kuangsheng explained in a low voice for Qin Wentian's benefit. By the end of this test, the battle robes that appeared on one's body would have the color most fitting of their strength!

# AGM 358 - Chen Wang's Strength

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Chen Wang's strength was extremely fearsome. He instantly defeated three yellow-robed warriors as his own battle robe took on the color of yellow.

“Those three yellow-robed warriors have a cultivation base at the peak of the ninth level, with their Mandates at the Perfection Boundary. Truly terrifying to fight against,” Qin Wentian murmured as he took in the scene. The initial three rounds of battle allowed him to understand that the number of manifested warriors would shoot up by one after each round, but their strength levels were all the same. When it came to the Yellow-ranked, the three warriors complemented each other movements and weaknesses perfectly, it wasn't as easy as it seemed to defeat them.

The fourth round, a manifested warrior clad in green battle robes appeared on the platform Chen Wang was at.

Its cultivation base was at the pinnacle of Yuanfu, yet its spear arts were even more formidable compared to the three yellow-ranked warriors. Chen Wang's Great Solar Universe Art erupted forth, shining with a blazing light. Not only that, he also unleashed his second level Mandate, but in spite of this, the green-ranked warrior managed to neutralize it. Evidently, the Mandate of the green-ranked warriors, was already at the second level of insights.

Eventually, however, it was still defeated by Chen Wang.

Thereafter, the contenders started to jump up on the platforms, directly starting their battles with the first level red-ranked warriors.

For those that couldn't even pass the yellow-ranked warriors, they were directly eliminated. This meant that all of them had to win three rounds at the very least.

The hearts of several of the contenders couldn't help but pound in shock when they witnessed the supremacy of Chen Wang.

By then, Chen Wang had already defeated the two blue-ranked warriors. These two manifested warriors were opponents whose insights into their respective Mandates were at the second level.

And now, Chen Wang was facing off against three indigo-ranked warriors.

All three of his opponents were at the pinnacle of Yuanfu, with their Mandate at the second level of insights. And although their weapons were all spears, the second level Mandates each of them comprehended were different from each other. This allowed them to synergise and complement each other, to the extent that their joint outputs were even greater than the sum of all three their attacks. How could anyone defeat them?

“This battle platform must have been something left behind by the Ancient Emperor, how fascinating.” Qin Wentian mused. Chen Wang was more formidable compared to him—evidently, all three of Chen Wang's Mandates had already reached the second level.



But this was only to be expected, back then Chen Wang was already the second strongest in the Heavenly Fate Ranking. Using only a span of three years, he climbed from the initial state of the ninth level to his current achievements; at the pinnacle of Yuanfu, in addition to attaining second level of insights in his respective Mandates. Chen Wang was a true genius, so even though the Heavenly Dipper Realm was a major watershed to most, it was nothing to him. He was one of those monsters that could cross over to Heavenly Dipper any time he wanted.

Not only that, the instant Chen Wang stepped into Heavenly Dipper, he would already be capable of slaying ordinary Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. This was what it meant to be a Heaven's Chosen—this was what it meant to be a core member from a transcendent power.

“Victory?” The spectators all gazed on, thunderstruck. Chen Wang defeated the three indigo-ranked warriors as the battle robe on his body also turned a shade of deep indigo, projecting an extremely imposing aura.

At this moment, a violet-ranked warrior manifested on the battle platform Chen Wang was standing. Its countenance was extremely solemn, and merely meeting its gaze was sufficient to strike deep fear in the hearts of the most stalwart.

“Chen Wang is so powerful.”

“The first level of Martial Mandates can be classified into the

Initial, Advanced, Transformation, Perfect Boundary, serving as the foundation before breaking through to the second level of insights. Similarly, the second level of insights are also classified into those four Boundaries. Since the three indigo-ranked warriors earlier all had second level Mandates at the Initial Boundary, I wonder how strong this violet-ranked warrior will be.”

Qin Wentian was analyzing Chen Wang and his opponents. Fighting on the platform would enable him to roughly calculate the level of combat prowess the respective contender had.

His own Mandates, the Mandate of Force, Mandate of Dreams and Mandate of Demons were all already at the Perfection Boundary of the first level. Not only that, his Mandate of Force had already broken through to the second level. At the Perfection Boundary of the first level, the Mandate of Force granted him an enhancement in his strength by a factor of 16, but now that he had already stepped into the second level, his Mandate of Force could even make use of vibrational waves in the air. Force was omnipresent, so he could even attack someone through space without directly landing a blow on them. This was his power of the second level insight he gained into the Mandate of Force, Void Vibration.

In addition, since the second level insight he gained surpassed the first level, the might of his vibrational waves already included the sixteen-fold strength enhancement from the first level insight, Strength.

Countless gazes were fixated onto Chen Wang—everyone wished to witness his true power with their own eyes.

Chen Wang didn't disappoint the spectators—he went all out from the start and utilized the Great Solar Energy to cover his entire body in sun flames, transforming into a ball of fire akin to the sun.

Those from the Great Solar Chen Clan all nodded in satisfaction when they saw Chen Wang's performance.

Only in this state would Chen Wang be able to fully unleash the might of the Great Solar Universe Art, allowing the Great Solar Energy to circulate internally and cover his entire body externally.

“An opponent at the ninth level of Yuanfu?” Those from the Chen Clan coldly laughed. Leaving those at the ninth level of Yuanfu aside, even rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings might not even dare to touch Chen Wang in his current state. Even if Chen Wang himself were to casually allow them to freely attack him right where he stood, they wouldn't dare. The Great Solar Flames covering his body would incinerate everything near it—this was an art of absolute power.

Under the thunderstruck gazes of the crowd, Chen Wang defeated the violet-ranked warrior as the color of his battle robes turned violet.

“Chen Wang's Mandate of Flames has actually reached the second level, Flames Solidification. He's even surpassed the Initial Boundary all the way to the Advanced Boundary. Who would still dare to touch him? Who could still contend against him?”

This was the first time the public had seen Chen Wang's true power. With the highest ranked battle robe, he was more than qualified to contend for the number one position on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

After Hua Taixu, he Chen Wang, was the strongest in the Yuanfu Realm. Now that Hua Taixu had stepped into Heavenly Dipper, who among Yuanfu would still be his match?

Chen Wang won another round, defeating two manifested warriors at the violet-gold-ranked. And right now, a total of three platinum-ranked warriors appeared, staring disdainfully at Chen Wang. The auras they exuded were all immeasurably powerful, overshadowing even the illustrious Chen Wang.

Finally, Chen Wang could no longer continue his winning streak. Yet even though the three platinum-ranked warriors had defeated him, his achievements were already beyond outstanding.

The color of Chen Wang's battle robes were that of violet-gold. This color was a symbol of supremacy, no one else should be able to surpass him. Now all that was left was to wait and see if Shi Potian would be able to reach this level, similarly manifesting a battle robe of the violet-gold color.

The blood of the other contenders surged with a wave of heat. For this test, for those unable to exhibit the ability to defeat opponents stronger than themselves would be doomed to fail here. The battle robes on one's body must be at least the color of yellow.

The majority of the contenders had already taken the test, the weakest among them had the combat prowess necessary to fight against opponents at the pinnacle of Yuanfu, whose first level insights had reached the Perfection Boundary. One could very well imagine how fearsome the remaining contenders were.

After Shi Potian stepped on the battle platform, intense anticipation and excitement rocked the hearts of the crowd once again. Eventually, Shi Potian similarly obtained a violet-gold battle robe, indicating that he stood on the same level as Chen Wang.

Chen Wang and Shi Potian were too powerful, their strength far surpassed that of their peers in Yuanfu.

Emperor Azure, Wang Jue and the rest were knocked off the platform after they defeated the indigo-level, they couldn't even defeat the violet-ranked warriors let alone violet-gold. Comparing them to Shi Potian and Chen Wang, their combat prowess was off by an entire level.

After all, the violet-ranked warriors were already terrifying existences that had already comprehended more than one Mandate at the second level, it wasn't strange to be defeated by them. Of course, if they truly put their lives on the line and went all out, they might be able to win. But then again, maybe not.

But since their battle robes were of the indigo color, this indicated that Emperor Azure and Wang Jue had also comprehended second level Mandates. If not, it was impossible for

them to defeat the indigo-ranked warriors.

“Is everyone already starting to display their true capabilities? This ranking battle has definitely proven to be many times more exciting to spectate compared to previous ones.”

The hearts of the crowd involuntarily trembled, so Emperor Azure and Wang Jue were also monsters that had comprehended second level Mandates while in Yuanfu.

Qin Wentian stood there watching the battles of the other contenders. He couldn't help but feel excitement, as well as a sense of psychological pressure acting on him.

It seemed as though he had still underestimated the difficulty of the battle that determined the Heavenly Fate Rankings. For the previous Heaven's Chosen ranked below the 10th position, they were existences that left people like Duan Qingshan far behind in their dust. Probably, Duan Qingshan wouldn't even be able to last more than a few moments when fighting against them.

They were all Heaven's Chosen, yet the distance between them was incomparably vast.

“Top three of the Heavenly Fate Rankings!” Qin Wentian drew in a huge breath. To him, this was a challenge of incredible difficulty.

“How much hidden strength and trump cards does Zhan Chen still possess?” Qin Wentian mused. Three years ago, Zhan Chen

was already ranked #11 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Now that he obtained the cultivation art of the Gold-Element Ascendant, how much had his level of power grown by? How strong was he now, exactly?

Qin Wentian discovered that Zhan Chen intentionally allowed himself to be knocked off the platform after his battle robes turned the color yellow. Golden light gleamed sinisterly in his eyes, he didn't give a shit about the opinions of others concerning his actions.

“Zhan Chen is obviously hiding his strength.” Many in the crowd speculated.

The majority of the contenders were either eliminated or only had battle robes of the yellow-ranked. After all, it wasn't so easy to defeat an opponent with second level Mandates.

This also showed the contrast between them and Chen Wang and Shi Potian. How difficult it was to obtain the violet-gold battle robes.

The next contender drew the attention of the crowd. This figure was clad in black, with their features obscured. Yet currently, the figure's black robes were enveloped by an illusory blue-colored battle robe.

“His cultivation base is at the eighth level of Yuanfu, hence his opponents are all also at the eighth level. Yet, in spite of this, during the first three rounds, their Mandates were already at the

Perfection Boundary, and for the fourth round, the opponent's Mandate was at the second level. There are no differences in terms of will of Mandates, the only differences are the realms of cultivations, which reflects the cultivation level of the person currently taking the test.”

“That black-robed figure cultivates the Devil Arts, so his attacks are all extremely tyrannical. Even though his manifested opponent has second level Mandates, he should still be able to defeat them.”

The crowd discovered to their surprise that the black-robed figure seemed to become more stronger the more he battled. This was the terrifying point about Devil Arts, and his performance was such that even Old Man Tianji and the rest of the leaders took notice of him. That art he was cultivating....Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil.

This lost inheritance—how had he obtained it? And in spite of its inherent dangers, he still dared to cultivate it? Wasn't he afraid of losing himself to the devil?

Eventually, the black-robed figure was clad in illusory battle robes of an indigo color. Other than Chen Wang and Shi Potian, he was one of the most dazzling contenders here.

“It seems like I have a huge advantage.” Qin Wentian laughed. With a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu, this meant that his manifested opponents would similarly only be at the pinnacle of the seventh level.



His silhouette flickered as Qin Wentian stepped onto one of the battle platforms. As his feet landed, a burst of light inundated the platform as his opponent manifested.

With a single punch. Destruction.

After which, two more opponents appeared. Qin Wentian's silhouette flashed, punching out twice in unison. Destruction.

The third round, three punches. Destruction.

“What speed, this crazy fellow!” The spectators finally noticed Qin Wentian. This was the young man who broke the drum echoes record, as well as the person who killed Duan Qingshan during the test at the River of Life and Death. Who would have thought that his strength would be so insanely overwhelming? He could insta-kill opponents at the same level.

And right now on the battle platform, a green-ranked warrior finally appeared.

“Second level Mandate?” Qin Wentian coldly smiled. His opponent was only at the seventh level of Yuanfu, so what if it could use second level Mandates?

Qin Wentian flickered as he instantly closed the distance, and with domineering force directly exploded the long spear in his opponent's grasp. A terrifying fluctuation of vibrational waves drifted out and, in front of the eyes of the crowd, that green-

ranked warrior imploded to death.

The illusory robe around Qin Wentian's body instantly turned a brilliant green!

“This...” The expressions of the spectators stiffened. It was almost a given that Qin Wentian should have no problems turning the color of his battle robes indigo!

# AGM 359 - Violet Battle Robe

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The green-ranked warrior had the same cultivation base as Qin Wentian, as well as a second level Mandate.

And yet, when it directly clashed against Qin Wentian, the green-ranked warrior was totally annihilated in a single breath. How tyrannical were his attacks? In the same level, Qin Wentian was unrivalled, regardless of whether his opponent had a second level Mandate or not.

“Since this person could kill Duan Qingshan, his combat prowess has definitely reached the peak of Yuanfu. Although the green-ranked warrior’s second level Mandate is stronger than his, it’s not at all surprising that he could suppress it.”

“I wonder who is he, how can he have such an overwhelming attack strength? What a pity that he’s only at the seventh level of Yuanfu. If his cultivation was at the ninth level he would definitely be able to contend for the top five positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. But putting that aside, with his current strength, there shouldn’t be a problem for him to rank within the top thirty-six.”

More and more people started to notice Qin Wentian, from the sounding of the drums to now, Qin Wentian gathered the spectators’ attention little by little. First was the drum record, second was the slaying of Duan Qingshan during the River of Life and Death test and third, his outstanding performance on the battle platform.

At this moment, another two manifested opponents appeared. Clad in blue battle robes, they exuded a fearsome aura.

“Bzzz!” A raging wind kicked up as both of the warriors dashed forward and stabbed their spears at Qin Wentian, one taking the left and another taking the right, intending to entrap Qin Wentian in a pincer attack.

However, the spectators only saw Qin Wentian twisting his body, using exquisite footwork to dodge their attack. Slamming out with both his palms, he aimed for their spears as demonic scales covered his arms, by virtue of his Mandate of Demons. The demonic scales were further reinforced by his Mandate of Force. The vibrational shockwave travelled through the spears, entering the bodies of the blue-ranked warriors as both of them imploded into pieces.

“This strength...” The spectators started to seriously contemplate Qin Wentian. Such an attack was too insidious.

Qin Wentian’s attack incorporated his second level insights into the Mandate of Force, Void Vibration. This, coupled with his already terrifying attacks, there was no way the two manifested opponents could resist.

Strength, what he excelled in was strength. Regardless of what tricks or methods opponents used, he would directly counter with absolute strength. When that opponent realized his mistake, everything was already too late, they could only wait to be destroyed.

After which, three indigo-ranked warriors appeared.

“Indigo-ranked warriors this time, so if he wins again, other than Chen Wang and Shi Potian, he’ll be ranked among the strongest contenders who’ve managed to obtain the indigo battle robes.”

Mustang, Luo Huan and Bailu Yi didn’t participate in the ranking battle, they were squeezed somewhere within the crowd spectating. Their hearts couldn’t help but feel agitation when they heard people around them discussing Qin Wentian.

“Luo Huan, tell me do you think that I’m really useless as his teacher? I didn’t even teach him anything, yet he’s already surpassed me by so much in a mere few years.” Mustang sighed, Qin Wentian’s cultivation speed was insanely fast, he felt as though he had wasted his life away just watching how talented his disciple was.

“Teacher, everyone has their own encounters and Wentian’s innate talent is incomparable. Back then in the Sky Harmony City, who could ever predict that he’d reach this level today? Back then, you ignored the objections of some of the elders in our Emperor Star Academy to aid him, and that was already an act of great kindness towards Junior Brother Qin. I believe that he is a man who values his relationships, so he will naturally show you the respect you deserve. Although you might not have taught him any powerful techniques or cultivation arts, your advice steered him clear and you were always there when he needed you most, Teacher, so you shouldn’t keep thinking about things like that. We should all be happy for Wentian.”

Luo Huan consoled him, yet she knew that as a teacher, when one was stronger than one's disciple, the feeling of prestige would naturally be there. But when one's disciple grew stronger and stronger to the extent of far surpassing the teacher, how could the teacher not feel unworthy of his disciple? Even though Qin Wentian was not that kind of person, there would be a gap in the relationship. That was why Luo Huan wanted Mustang to stop thinking about this matter even though she understood that it was only human of him to do so.

If not, the distance between teacher and disciple would only increase further and further.

“Right, I will do as you say. Oh, by the way, even that lazy bum Fan Le is now stronger than you, so you'd better work hard to catch up.” Mustang laughed, Luo Huan hugged his arms as she smiled, “No worries, my glorious future will be dependent on my lovely junior brothers then.”

Mustang could only smile wryly in response. Bailu Yi who was by their side found the conversation extremely illuminating. It seemed like Qin Wentian had many enriching experiences, and both his teacher and senior sister weren't as powerful as him. And just as Qin Wentian had told her, he was from a small and remote country named Chu, he had what he had today all because of the effort he put in, walking on the cruel path of cultivation step by step until today.

“I'll pray that you'll get a good ranking as proof of your efforts. As for Mo Qingcheng, where is she now? Her results should be as exemplary as yours, and only then will they see what a perfect

match the both of you are. The people of Grand Xia, the Pill Emperor Hall, they will all bear witness to the union of this immortal couple.” Bailu Yi’s silently prayed in her heart, hoping for Qin Wentian’s success.

“She’s really so beautiful... Maybe only someone like her can match up with Qin Wentian.” Bailu Yi smiled, but somehow she felt a bittersweet feeling in her heart. Yet, that feeling soon faded, to be replaced by one of happiness for them.

Because of Mo Qingcheng, Qin Wentian went all the way to the Moon Continent, risking his life to slay Hua Xiaoyun. This was already sufficient to prove the depth of his affections for her. No one deserved to be together as much as they did.

Qin Wentian, who was currently still in combat, naturally didn’t know of Bailu Yi’s thoughts. At this moment, the illusory battle robe on him had already turned a deep indigo, this meant that he had already defeated the three indigo-ranked warriors.

“Violet is next, Qin Wentian is going to fight against a violet-ranked opponent next. And if he manages to win, he’ll become the person underneath Chen Wang and Shi Potian but above all the other contenders. But, can he win?”

Among all the battle platforms, Qin Wentian’s platform drew the most attention—over 50% of the spectators were looking in his direction.

The violet-ranked warrior finally manifested. It also had a

cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu, together with second level Mandates. However, its second level Mandate was at the Advanced Boundary instead.

The weapon of the manifested warrior was also still a spear. Qin Wentian stared at the violet-ranked warrior, he didn't know which second level Mandate this opponent possessed, and its exact level of strength.

For this battle, he had to win—this was his conviction. Only by fighting against this the second level Mandates of this manifested opponent would he then be able to roughly evaluate the power level of Chen Wang and Shi Potian.

“Chi, chi...” Piercing sounds echoed, Qin Wentian saw terrifying lightning sparks around the spear head of his opponent's weapon.

“Mandate of Lightning.”

Qin Wentian's countenance faltered for a moment. The explosive power of the Mandate of Lightning was extremely fearsome, even when at the first level of insight, Eruption. And this time, opponent had a second level Mandate of Lightning...

As he thought of this, the blood in Qin Wentian's body surged up as he morphed into his demonic form, appearing like an ancient primordial beast. In that instant where the warrior attacked, a lightning dragon howled as it spiralled through the air, crashing right into Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian groaned in agony, the qi and blood in his body were violently stirred up and flowing in disarray,



in total chaos.

“This...” Qin Wentian’s frame was burned as a charred smell drifted from him. If it weren’t for his monstrous physique, he’d be nothing but charred piece of charcoal by now.

This was the power of lightning, the power of heaven’s wrath. It was simply too terrifying. Not only that, the opponent’s strongest attack had yet to be unleashed. A lightning dragon coiled around the spear of the manifested warrior as a powerful force of destruction penetrated through the void, aiming right for Qin Wentian.

The Divine Yuan Energy within Qin Wentian’s body exploded forth as his palms sent out draconic imprints incorporated with the shockwaves of his Void Vibration, colliding directly against the dragon. The impact from both attacks created a gigantic explosion that formed giant fissures in the air.

Both of them had a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu, and although Qin Wentian had the advantage in terms of strength, his second level insight into the Mandate of Force was only at the Initial Boundary. On the other hand, his opponent’s Mandate of Lightning was already at the Advanced Boundary, and further complemented its attack style.

A massive wind kicked up, Qin Wentian’s palms contained enough strength to topple the mountains and overturn the oceans. His demonic qi towered to the skies and forcefully halted his opponent’s spear just before it could burst into motion.

“DIE!”

Qin Wentian’s speed was breathtakingly fast, and despite being at the same cultivation level as him, the warrior’s speed couldn’t match his. Garuda Wings appeared behind his back as Qin Wentian inched closer to the lightning-might that enveloped his opponent’s body.

The palm of the warrior slashed out, like a thunderbolt issued from the Heavens. How could Qin Wentian retreat now that an opportunity was right in front of his eyes? His entire strength erupted forth, colliding together towards the palm slash of the violet-ranked warrior.

“Peng...!”

The arms of the violet-ranked warrior completely ruptured from the vibrational shockwaves. Qin Wentian’s silhouette flickered as he appeared in front of the warrior, before smashing his palms together with astounding force, aiming for the temples of his hapless opponent.

The violet-ranked warrior was annihilated.

“Hu....”

“Violet-colored battle robes. Other than Chen Wang and Shi Potian... the most magnificent battle robes belong to....”

Astonishment and disbelief suffused the features of the crowd.

With a cultivation base merely at the seventh level of Yuanfu, what level and boundaries had Qin Wentian's Mandate reached exactly?

No one could tell by just spectating, because Qin Wentian used the Mandate of Force which was directly incorporated into his attacks. Other than an opponent who had exchanged blows with Qin Wentian, no one would be able to gauge his true level.

But regardless, the color of Qin Wentian's battle robe turned a vivid violet.

This clearly was a testament that Qin Wentian was unrivalled in the seventh level of Yuanfu.

Currently, he was only considered below the other two with their violet-gold battle robes.

Following which, two violet-gold-ranked warriors manifested. And as his opponents took form, even more pairs of eyes shifted towards Qin Wentian's direction.

Could he win this battle? If Qin Wentian could win, he would be on the same level as Chen Wang and Shi Potian and the violet battle robe on his body would turn a dazzling violet-golden color. But, that should be a tall order because after all, this time around,

his opponents were two violet-gold-ranked warriors who could complement each other flawlessly, thus removing their weaknesses and boosting their strengths.

Qin Wentian's gaze turned heavy, he wanted to win this battle.

As long as he won, he could prove that in terms of combat prowess, with the scaling of cultivation level, he didn't lose out to Chen Wang nor Shi Potian. And if that was the case, when he broke through to the eighth level, he would be capable of exchanging blows with both of them.

Even if he couldn't defeat them, he had to ensure that they were the only ones that could overpower him in battle.. Otherwise, he would have next to no chance of ranking within the top three. That was his bottom line.

Yet, how could he settle for his bottom line? His true objective was to surpass Chen Wang and Shi Potian.

Hence, for this next battle, losing was not an option!

# AGM 360 - Platinum Battle Robe

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The two violet-gold-ranked warriors projected an overwhelming aura with their spears held out, pointing at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's countenance stiffened, he didn't know which Mandates these two warriors had comprehended. He could only hope that lady luck was on his side, and their Mandates weren't too abnormal.

It could be said that there was no concrete method to determine the 'best' Mandate in terms of strong and weak, however, there were still visible differences between them. For example, the differences between the Mandates of Wind, Flames, Lightning and Great Earth. Each of them had their strong points, so one couldn't really argue that a particular Mandate was stronger than the others. Usually it depended on the cultivator's comprehension level, and therefore different people might have different levels of strength, even when it came to using the same Mandate. There should only be very slight differences when it came to the first level insights, as they served as the foundation—they were the same for all cultivators that comprehended them. But when it came to second level insights, the comprehension would vary between individuals and therefore resulted in variations of the same Mandate. And for cultivators of the same level, these variations further illustrated their differences even more..

And there were those who somehow comprehend the more elusive Mandates, like the Mandate of Space. Although one couldn't say that the Mandate of Space was superior to that of the Mandate of Flames or Lightning, Space definitely had a certain advantage over the others. This was especially true if the

opponents had insights at similar levels and boundaries.

But even so, you can't say for sure that Space was superior to Flame. What if it was a different opponent? An example would be that for some cultivators, the second level insight they comprehended for the Mandate of Flame was Burning Heart, enabling them to incinerate the hearts of their opponents upon contact. Such might was something the Mandate of Space wouldn't be able to achieve.

The key still depended on the comprehension of individuals.

Qin Wentian's second level of insight into the Mandate of Force was Void Vibration. He could create vibrational shockwaves and attack from afar, and if he were to fight in close combat, his strength would be even more terrifying—capable of ignoring his opponent's defenses and going straight for their internal organs. Hence, despite the reinforced defense the battle robes granted the manifested warriors, they still imploded to death.

A massive wind kicked up as the two violet-gold-ranked warriors moved—one of them had comprehended the Mandate of Wind.

At the same time, a heavy pressure pressed down onto Qin Wentian. This was the will from the Mandate of Great Earth.

“How swift.” Qin Wentian retreated as he saw a figure closing in on him with rapid speed, stabbing out with attacks imbued with the speed of the wind. Such a speed was too quick for the naked eyes to follow.

Qin Wentian hurriedly raised his palms to defend—sounds of shattering rang out as its long spear pierced into his scaly armor. The terrifying spear head spun about like a drill in the air, chasing after Qin Wentian who was knocked backwards by the force of the strike. His opponent wanted to break his defenses, so each of its attacks were aiming at Qin Wentian's critical spots.

The other violet-gold-ranked warrior descended. His spear was filled with an imposing heaviness and the spear attack hadn't even reached Qin Wentian yet the impending momentum already caused him to feel as though his body was about to break apart. If that strike had hit him, he didn't dare imagine what would have happened after that.

“It's the end.” Many of the spectators mused when they saw that strike. One of the manifested warrior excelled in speed, his spear attacks relentlessly chasing after Qin Wentian on that small battle platform they were on. Coupled with the cooperation of the violet-gold-ranked warrior who excelled in heavy attacks, Qin Wentian would soon have nowhere to run to.

Indeed, a few moments later, Qin Wentian was already forced to the boundaries of the platform. Many people lamented, it seemed that the violet battle robes was already his limit.

Only Chen Wang and Shi Potian were qualified to wear battle robes of the violet-gold color.

Finally, it seemed as though Qin Wentian's silhouette had

already disappeared from the battle platform.

“Something’s wrong...”

The spectators realised that Qin Wentian had totally disappeared from sight, he wasn’t on the ground below the battle platform nor the area where the other contenders were gathered.

“Over there! How is he this fast?” The crowd finally spotted Qin Wentian who reappeared next to the violet-gold-ranked warrior who comprehended the Mandate of Wind.

“Success.”

Qin Wentian’s heart pounded with joy. Back then in the Unmatched Realm, he had studied the eighty-one demonic techniques engraved upon a wall.

And one of them, Roc Flash, mimicked the movement of a great roc, granting the user a massive boost of momentum in short-distance bursts. Although Qin Wentian had practiced this technique back then, he still lacked the necessary insight to master it. Now that he was forced to the edge of the platform, he’d barely managed to pull it off.

The violet-gold-ranked warrior sensed that something was wrong and instantly turned to the side. But despite its superior speed, there was no longer sufficient time for it to dodge any longer—Qin Wentian’s attack had already landed, bypassing its defenses.



After the violet-gold-ranked warrior (wind) was destroyed, Qin Wentian's feet stomped heavily on the ground as he rushed towards the other violet-gold-ranked warrior that comprehended the Mandate of Great Earth. His demonic form surged forwards, as a terrifying light gleamed in his eyes. Sadly, these were all manifested opponents, so they didn't have a heart. If not for this, he could have used his [Heartbreak Echo] technique against them.

Now, they could only compete based on pure strength.

Qin Wentian clashed against that violet-gold-ranked warrior, the impact from their collision manifesting a whirlwind of destruction. Despite being in his demonic form, he felt as though his arms were about to shatter from the rebound force. Groaning, the rebound force travelled into his body, causing Qin Wentian to cough out a mouthful of blood. His opponent's second level insight into the Mandate of Great Earth was somewhat similar to his Void Vibration, causing Qin Wentian to feel as though his body was about to break apart.

However, the defense of the violet-gold-ranked warrior wasn't as terrifying as Qin Wentian in his demonic form. He was only an illusory manifestation, and with both their cultivation bases at the peak of the seventh level as the standard, even when it came to an equal exchange of blows, the one to lose out would definitely be the violet-gold-ranked warrior.

Qin Wentian's violet battle robe flashed with a brilliant light, turning into the color of violet-gold, granting an imposing presence to his already impressive aura.

“Violet-gold Battle Robes!”

The gazes of the spectators froze when they stared at Qin Wentian. The combat prowess of this guy...bordered on the unbelievable, he could even defeat two opponents with comprehensions into second level Mandates.

“His own Mandate must surely have already reached the second level by now. It must be hidden from our sight because its will was directly incorporated into his attacks.”

Someone in the crowd speculated.

Chen Wang and Shi Potian also stared in shock. This was the third contender after them that had the qualifications to don the violet-gold battle robes. Not only that, it was someone with a cultivation base only at the seventh level of Yuanfu.

There were many faces twisted in displeasure. Naturally, Zhan Chen was incensed to see Qin Wentian’s exemplary performance. But no matter, in the ranking battle the contenders wouldn’t be suppressing their cultivation bases to fight with him on equal grounds. Qin Wentian could be considered lucky—this round was different.

On the battle platform, three silhouettes clad in platinum-color robes appeared.

Their platinum battle robes conveyed their majesty, as though they were robes worn only by kings and emperors.

Both Chen Wang and Shi Potian failed when it came to this final round and now, Qin Wentian was the third person to challenge the platinum-ranked warriors.

Would he be able to obtain victory?

In the air above, Old Man Tianji and the rest had their gazes fixated onto Qin Wentian. Despite Qin Wentian's performance, no expressions of shock and surprise could be seen on their faces—it was as though they were merely watching a play.

Luo He cast a glance at her disciple, Mo Qingcheng, and upon noting her yellow battle robes, she couldn't help but frown in disappointment. It was obvious Mo Qingcheng hadn't gone all out, and didn't even seem to care about the ranking battle at all. More accurately, it could be said that she joined the ranking battle for one objective only—to interact with Qin Wentian.

“Master, didn't Junior Sister Qingcheng successfully concoct the Limit-break Pellets?” Bai Fei stood behind Luo He as she asked in a low voice.

“I know.” Luo He's voice was ice-cold. Of course, Luo He knew that Mo Qingcheng had sacrificed many valuable ingredients, in addition to her own heart's blood, in the process of concocting the Limit-break Pellets, all because she wanted to give them to Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian's cultivation base was the same as the last time she met him, but Luo He knew that if he took one Limit-break Pellet right now, Qin Wentian would immediately step into the eighth level of Yuanfu.

Qin Wentian at the seventh level already possessed such overwhelming strength, so how much stronger would he be when his cultivation base grew to the eighth level? There shouldn't be any problems for him to fight against opponents at the ninth level of Yuanfu, it was almost a given that he would be ranked among the top thirty-six.

But, Mo Qingcheng wanted him to win against Zhan Chen? It was still impossible.

Zhan Chen's actual current strength was far beyond what people thought it was. He may even match or surpass Chen Wang and Shi Potian.

It has been a long, long time since the Pill Emperor Hall had anyone from their sect with a truly astounding position on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Although Zhan Chen was ranked #11 three years ago, he still wasn't in the top ten. This matter, was actually not a matter of glory for the Pill Emperor Hall.

Hence this time around, the Pill Emperor Hall had placed all their hopes on the shoulders of Zhan Chen. They had to be the one to wrest the ancient luck away.

On the battle platform, Qin Wentian and the three platinum-ranked warriors were already engaged in combat. A terrifying maelstrom gushed over, attempting to devour Qin Wentian. It was obvious to the crowd that this was a battle where he had no hope of victory.

The three platinum-ranked warriors attacked together, one from the front and two from the sides as resplendent golden light glimmered, forming a seal that froze the entire space. The will of their respective Mandates coated their attacks as they rushed in, locking on to Qin Wentian. There was no way Qin Wentian could dodge their blows, no road to fly up to the heavens, no door into the earth—he was at the end of his rope.

“Dangerous. An attack of such degree, were the manifested warriors really programmed to kill?”

Astonishment flashed on the faces of the crowd, would Qin Wentian be the first to die in this test?

He was one of the only three to make it to this stage, but an attack of this degree was basically impossible to defend against.

“This...” Qin Wentian’s countenance also changed, yet he didn’t have any time left for hesitation. A terrifying glint of light flickered in his eyes as he stabbed out with a single finger. The demonic qi he was exuding towered to the heavens. Swirls of demonic qi were being channelled into the tip of his finger, as it landed on one of the platinum-ranked warriors, causing instant destruction. Simultaneously his steps inscribed runic imprints of third-ranked ancient shield Inscriptions, causing them to spring

out and envelope his body.

“Ka Cha!”

How powerful were their spear strikes? Even though the ancient shields were peak-tier, third-ranked Inscriptions, they were still easily broken through. The only purpose the shields served now was to slow the attacks of the platinum-ranked warriors.

As the spears penetrated the shields, Qin Wentian side-stepped slightly, his palms transforming into claws of a golden dragon. He then viciously grabbed the head of one of the platinum-ranked warriors, crushing it with a snap of his claws. He was putting his life on the line for this attack!

And indeed, in the time it took for him to slay the second platinum-ranked warrior, the spear of the last guy already ran through him. Fresh blood spurted out of his wounds as an almost maniacal laughter could be seen in his now fiend-like eyes. He grabbed hold of the spear embedded in him and used it as leverage to push it even further into his body, thereby shortening the distance between them. With a demonic grin on his face, Qin Wentian stabbed forth with yet another Heaven Breaking Finger, aiming for the heart of his opponent and instantly annihilating him.

In that instant, time seemed to halt as the gazes of the entire crowd landed on him. That finger attack was too overwhelming, and the way he fought was simply too crazy.

Qin Wentian won, and he only used an extremely short amount of time to do so.

The violet-gold battle robes shimmered as it turned into a dazzling platinum. To the spectators, Qin Wentian appeared so radiant that they weren't aware of his injured state, and overlooked the amount of energy he'd used up for the two consecutive Heaven Breaking Finger attacks. Their whole attention was entranced by the shining platinum battle robe on Qin Wentian's body.

Not even Chen Wang and Shi Potian had accomplished that!

# AGM 361 - Vermilion Bird Formation

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Qin Wentian's battle robe became the focus of everyone in the area. On the platform, no other manifestations appeared, indicating that Qin Wentian had defeated the test.

The platinum battle robe—other than him, there was no one else.

Sadly, he joined the ranking battle at the wrong time.

“What a pity.” Many mused, if given a year or two Qin Wentian's cultivation level would be either at the eighth or ninth level of Yuanfu. By then, his will of Mandates would have advanced another level or boundary, thereby granting him an even chance of contending against Chen Wang and Shi Potian for the top position in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

But right now, although his performance was outstanding and earned him a battle robe of the platinum color, in actuality, the distance between him and the other two hadn't lessened at all.

Regardless in cultivation level, or will of Mandates, or even in the aspects of innate techniques, Qin Wentian would be sorely suppressed by the two of them. There was no competition at all.

Or he could follow the steps of Chen Wang, tolerating three more years and rising to prominence then.

Qin Wentian walked down the platform, the spear strike of that



final warrior was coated with the Mandate of Gold, and even it interfered with his recovery. He sat down cross-legged by the side, trying to adjust the flow of qi in his body when suddenly, a medicinal pill was thrown his way. Without even thinking, Qin Wentian caught hold of it and ingested it—the scene causing many to flash looks of curiosity at Mo Qingcheng.

That medicinal pill was from her, she actually wanted to aid Qin Wentian in his recovery.

Could it be that she felt a favourable impression towards him because Qin Wentian attained the platinum robes? But that couldn't be the case right? Mo Qingcheng had no lack of talented suitors. Even Hua Taixu was rejected—how could a mere Qin Wentian replace the illustrious Hua Taixu? She must have helped him out of compassion because he was injured, there was no other explanation.

Yet Qin Wentian didn't even show any signs of gratitude. After ingesting the pill, he continued his process of recovery without even a word of thanks.

For the remaining contenders, they continued the test at their own pace. The majority of them were of the yellow robes rank and the only one among them worthy of notice was a stranger whom nobody had ever seen before. In the end, the stranger obtained a final evaluation of violet-gold battle robes.

One could well imagine the strength of his combat prowess after seeing the color of his battle robes. Yet strangely, he wasn't someone on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. This man's name was Si

Qiong, and nobody had ever heard of him before nor knew anything about his back ground.

And after him, there were also a few others who had been keeping their true strength hidden and choosing to erupt forth only at this moment, thus causing the others to look at them in a different light.

And finally, the only person who obtained the platinum battle robes was Qin Wentian.

There were a total of three who obtained the violet-gold battle robes: Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong.

Other than this, there were a total of five who obtained the violet battle robes: Yan Cheng, Leng Hong, Qin Zheng, Yao Jun and Hua Shaoqing.

Three of those five had gone beyond the expectations of others, although Yan Cheng and Yao Jun's results weren't all that surprising. After all, Yan Cheng was the Heaven's Chosen from the Swallow Swordsmen, ranked #8 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings while Yao Jun from the Skydemon Sect, was ranked #13 in the past Heavenly Fate Rankings. It wasn't so surprising that they had the power to obtain the violet robes.

Yet no one expected Leng Hong, Qin Zheng and Hua Shaoqing to obtain such results.

Leng Hong was similar to Si Qiong in the fact that no one knew of his background. There were whispers among the crowd that he was a drifter that roamed Grand Xia, and it was unclear whether he was from any of the major powers.

Qin Zheng, was also somewhat unknown in Grand Xia—only those who've been to the Unmatched Realm of the Azure Continent would have heard of his name before.

And lastly, Hua Shaoqing was naturally someone from the Hua Clan. Many had thought that other than Hua Taixu, the next strongest in the younger generations of the Hua Clan would be Hua Feng, but evidently, they thought wrong.

This caused many in the crowd to mutter in low voices, it seemed like Hua Clan had been hiding this talent all along. This just goes to show that the Hua Clan wasn't lacking in ambition. After Hua Taixu wrested away the ancient luck three years ago, they wanted another member of the Hua Clan, Hua Shaoqing, to do the same this time around.

Naturally, the combat prowess of Si Qiong, Leng Hong, Qin Zheng and Hua Shaoqing were overwhelmingly powerful, and the four dark horses of this ranking battle.

For this test of combat prowess, the elimination rate was extremely high. There was only less than a thousand contenders left behind. For those that remained, the lowest ranked of all the yellow battle robes all had at least a single Mandate at the Perfection Boundary, with the majority of them having a cultivation base at the ninth level of Yuanfu.

In the ranking battle, for the heroes of Grand Xia, the elites of the elites, they all gathered in Ginkou.

For this test, most of the contenders went all out, showcasing their true abilities. But naturally, there were also some who wanted to remain in the shadows, only exploding forth with their true strength in the later tests.

Sounds of discussion flooded the spectators on the winding pathways, they knew that the following test would be even more brutal.

The next test would rank those qualified to be on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, a total of 360 positions.

The next test was an extremely crucial turning point for all contenders—it was the test to plunder Grand Xia's ancient luck.

Old Man Tianji's gaze swept across the crowd, eventually landing on Qin Wentian as he stated, "As the one with the platinum battle robes, you will be awarded the right to enter the ancient gate first."

"The luck of Ancient Grand Xia lies behind that gate, all of you will be given the chance to wrest the luck for yourself and away from others. Only when a total of 360 contenders acquired the ancient luck would this test be concluded."

Qin Wentian's gaze stared straight ahead, right past the hundreds of battle platforms and landed onto an ancient-looking gate.

Standing up, Qin Wentian readjusted his body back to its peak condition, and then proceeded to advance forward.

“Wait.” At this moment, a heavy voice drifted out, causing Qin Wentian to halt in his steps.

Turning his head back, Qin Wentian stared at the person who spoke—it was Chen Wang.

“You are unsuitable to be the first to enter the ancient gate,” Chen Wang calmly spoke, looking straight ahead. He didn't even bother to look at Qin Wentian.

With his battle robes at the violet-gold color, he originally thought that no one else would surpass him.

Yet Qin Wentian actually obtained the platinum robes, snatching away his chance to enter the ancient gate first.

“What do you mean?”

Chen Wang still didn't look at Qin Wentian, he turned his gaze onto Old Man Tianji and inquired, “Senior, according to the rules, the priority of entry depended on the color of one's battle robes. But as long as the person is willing to relinquish the priority to enter, there shouldn't be any problem, is that correct?”

“Yes,” Old Man Tianji spoke after a pause, “If it’s of his own volition.”

Those from the Great Solar Chen Clan had smiles on their faces—Chen Wang wanted to be number one, he wanted to be the first person stepping past the ancient gate, the first person whom the ancient luck would be granted to.

The spectators all had expressions of interest on their face, wondering what choice Qin Wentian would make. Everyone knew that Chen Wang was aiming for the first rank, he had to be the one that wrested the most amount of ancient luck away.

Although Qin Wentian had platinum battle robes, his cultivation was too low, which made him unworthy in Chen Wang’s eyes.

To be honest, the priority of entry wouldn’t affect things that much, but Chen Wang wasn’t willing to take any chances. He wanted to be the first to enter.

Because being number one held a different meaning compared to the other rankings.

“You will give up the priority, right?” Chen Wang’s eyes finally landed on Qin Wentian as he serenely stated.

Qin Wentian was also looking at him in silence.

“There’s a sealed formation past that ancient gate. During the plundering of ancient luck, one is also allowed to plunder the lives of others away,” Chen Wang continued speaking, the meaning in his words obvious to all.

Chen Wang was blatantly threatening Qin Wentian.

“Your robe is violet-gold.”

At this moment, Qin Wentian finally spoke, his words causing Chen Wang’s brows to furrow. Did Qin Wentian mean what he thought he meant?

“While mine, is platinum,” Qin Wentian continued, as he turned and proceeded his way forward. Instantly, an overwhelming killing intent gushed forth from Chen Wang as an extremely cold light flickered in his eyes.

Qin Wentian ignored his threat, insisting on being the first to enter the ancient gate.

“Violet-gold robes, next.” Old Man Tianji turned his gaze onto the three of them. Chen Wang was trembling in anger, what was the use of entering second? There was no meaning to it.

Qin Wentian pushed open the gate and stepped within. As a bright light flashed, he was astonished to find himself standing atop an ancient mountain

Was this place a space formation? He could sense the fluctuations of spatial laws when he entered the gate earlier.

In the skies, a terrifying mighty aura pressed downwards, causing Qin Wentian's body to stiffen. He didn't have time to survey his surroundings yet. He then lifted his head, and turned his gaze towards the skies.

The next moment, his gaze froze at an incredible sight.

Above in the air was a shimmering veil of light that covered the entire dome of Heavens. Within that veil, fire qi could be seen flowing and circulating about, tracing the outline of an immense demonic beast. It blotted out the sun while floating in the air, gazing imperiously downwards at him.

The tip of its fiery golden wings seemed to shine with a dark scarlet light, that gave it a sense of terrible beauty, further increasing its appearance of majesty.

The demonic beast had a total of nine tails, with an incomparably immense body size. The entire formation was situated below it as though it were the true soul of this formation.

Its eyes had an incredible sharpness to it, able to see through others. And a single look caused Qin Wentian to feel as though sharp knives were piercing into his consciousness, the pressure rendering him breathless.



Divine beast, Vermilion Bird.

The totem beast of Ancient Grand Xia.

In ages long past, the citizens of Grand Xia took the Vermilion Bird as a divine spirit and revered it as their totem.

But now, after a few thousand years, the current Grand Xia was no longer the Grand Xia of that ancient era. Hence, the devotion towards the Vermilion Bird gradually decreased, deteriorating to the extent that the majority of those living in Grand Xia had no idea of its significance.

The Vermilion Bird in the air was like a real living being. And now, it was currently staring right at Qin Wentian.

“The first person to enter is actually someone at the seventh level of Yuanfu.” A cold and imposing voice rang out in Qin Wentian’s mind, the pressure almost forcing Qin Wentian to his knees.

“I will bestow upon you the ancient luck of Purgatory.” The Vermilion Bird’s beak opened as a beam of light shot straight into Qin Wentian. An instant later, a faint illusory silhouette of a Purgatory Vermilion Bird appeared behind his back!

# AGM 362 - Plundering Ancient Luck

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Qin Wentian stared at the gigantic Vermilion Bird, feeling waves of shock rocking his heart.

Ancient luck, the purpose of the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle was to wrest away luck. There was actually ancient luck!

At this moment, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird that appeared behind him wasn't that big in size, yet it emitted a terrifying baleful aura akin to that of Purgatory. Varying hues of crimson and black interweaved, giving people a sense of breathlessness when witnessing its beauty.

In the air above them, the Vermilion Bird turned its glance in other directions, and only then did Qin Wentian begin to survey his surroundings. He was currently within a mountain range, and far off in the horizon there was a city made from spatial laws. He was sent here by virtue of the concept of space, and had stepped into a world created within a formation.

This world was ancient and desolate, giving people a sense that it hailed from a primordial era. Perhaps this was a piece of land left behind from Ancient Grand Xia, one that had been incorporated within a formation. Qin Wentian wondered at the level of power a person must have to accomplish such a feat.

“Yi!”

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird let out a low screech, as though it

wasn't an illusory manifestation but a real existence instead.

Qin Wentian's formidable heart sense scanned the area as he soared into the air. He wanted to have a clear idea of the layout of this land. However, after a few moments, he turned his head and glanced in a certain direction, with a brilliant light glimmering in his eyes.

"That place..." Qin Wentian instantly turned and flew towards that direction. After a few breaths of time, he stood before a mountain wall that appeared to have a terrible fluctuation of energy gushing forth from it. Embedded in the wall was a gigantic axe. It was unknown how many years this axe had been here—it exuded an archaic air and looked extremely crude yet, no hints of corrosion appeared to mar its surface. Qin Wentian could even feel his heart clenching at the aura of power emanating from it.

"What a powerful Divine Weapon."

Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered as he appeared right before the gigantic axe. He clasped his hands around the handle and summoned his strength to try to pull it out, yet the axe remained motionless, even in the face of his overwhelming strength.

"What is inside this mountain wall?!" Qin Wentian felt shock in his heart. Even just by standing near, he could sense that the will of the axe wished to cleave him into two.

Qin Wentian stepped back as large garuda wings appeared behind his back—he decided to come back here later. He first wanted to

check out what kind of place this world inside the formation was.

Soaring through the skies, Qin Wentian eventually reached a vast body of water, landing atop a huge reef. A hellish coldness seemed to emanate forth right in front of him; its source was a spatial spiral that seemed to lead right underneath the ocean, yet Qin Wentian didn't attempt it. He wouldn't take a risk for things he wasn't absolutely confident in—he could feel danger abounded everywhere inside this world.

However, he faintly understood why some people couldn't make a breakthrough to Heavenly Dipper, despite having cultivation bases already at the ninth level of Yuanfu, comprehended second level Mandates and had no lack of cultivation resources available. Although such people were truly few in number, they still existed—those top few rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Qin Wentian faintly understood that in this world, there were things that they wanted to acquire. And one could only do so in the Yuanfu Realm.

Inclining his head, Qin Wentian gazed upwards. That immense Vermilion Bird was still there, as though it were the sovereign of this entire world.

By the sea's coastline, a middle-aged man could be seen slowly making his way forward. His age was evidently greater compared to those taking the test. And despite his age, he still hadn't made a breakthrough to Heavenly Dipper, which could only mean that his talent was average at best. Yet, this didn't mean that his strength at the Yuanfu Realm was weak—after all he was also a ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, with a position among the top

hundred ranks.

Behind him was also the illusory manifestation of a Vermilion Bird, yet this one was totally different from the one behind Qin Wentian—it was just an ordinary Vermilion Bird. The color of that middle-aged man's battle robe was yellow.

That middle-aged man seemed to be stalking someone, moving slowly as he tried to retain the element of surprise. Qin Wentian followed his gaze only to see a familiar silhouette further up ahead. It was none other than Li Shiyu from the Unmatched Realm.

Li Shiyu's talent in the Mystic Maiden Palace could still be considered outstanding, with a cultivation base at the ninth level of Yuanfu and battle robes of the color yellow.

The middle-aged man abruptly sped up, and Li Shiyu frowned, she finally noticed that this man was hunting her. She too, quickened her steps, as the two played a game of cat and mouse, dashing ahead with incredible speed.

Eventually, the middle-aged man caught up to Li Shiyu. Without hesitation, he unleashed his attacks as both their Astral Souls flared into being. The Astral Soul of that man was a bloody silhouette that emitted a sense of evilness in the air. Obviously, the Mandate he comprehended was the Mandate of Blood, and his mastery of it was at the Perfection Boundary of the first level insight.

Other than the Mandate of Blood, both his Mandate of Gold and

Mandate of Wind were also at the Perfection Boundary of the first level. Although Li Shiyu was strong, she wasn't strong enough to fight against him. Very quickly, she coughed out fresh blood, the blood staining her robes red.

Qin Wentian calmly watched on. Although he was also from the Unmatch Realm, there was no friendship between him and Li Shiyu. In fact, Li Shiyu tried time and time again to split Fan Le and Xuan Xin apart, and so Qin Wentian had no reason to help her.

When Li Shiyu was defeated in the end, Qin Wentian discovered that the Vermilion Bird behind her was quickly devoured by the one accompanying the middle-aged man. After which, the middle-aged man's Vermilion Bird's aura strengthened perceptibly, as its outlines began to thicken and took a step closer to reality.

Li Shiyu then vanished from this world, ousted by the formation. This scenario caused Qin Wentian to exhale in amazement.

“Was this what they meant by plundering ancient luck?”

Qin Wentian's heart shivered lightly—so this was the contest for ancient luck. If one was defeated here, the amount of ancient luck allocated to them would be plundered and they would be immediately removed from the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

After the middle-aged man finished off Li Shiyu, he turned and glanced at Qin Wentian, before visibly hesitating for a moment. After which, he seemed to have come to a decision, as his eyes gleamed with a cold light.

That person soared into the air as he disdainfully stared down at Qin Wentian. “Although you are extraordinary, your cultivation base is still too weak. You should just give the ancient luck of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird to me.”

Qin Wentian raised his head as he stared at the middle-aged man. He noticed that his opponent had two pinpoints of light shining on his Vermilion Bird’s forehead. This meant that his current Vermilion Bird was a fusion of two portions of ancient luck.

As the voice of the middle-aged man faded, his Vermilion Bird screeched in excitement as it dashed towards Qin Wentian’s Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird answered with a shrill screech of anger, causing the middle-aged man to frown. “If you insist on fighting, don’t blame me if I make you suffer through hell first before plundering your luck away.”

A cold light gleamed in Qin Wentian’s eyes, and in moments the aura that exuded from his Purgatory Vermilion Bird grew even stronger as the two illusory birds fought each other in the air, neither shrinking back from the challenge.

“Heart and Intent as one.” Qin Wentian understood how the middle-aged man wrested away the ancient luck from Li Shiyu.

“What other marvellous usage of the gathered ancient luck would there be?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Hmph. Did nobody tell you of this? Gather the ancient luck and a true Vermilion Bird will materialize. But with your level of strength, it wouldn’t even matter if I told you this secret.” The middle-aged man exuded a sinister pressure as his Astral Soul took the form of an evil apparition. Its bloodshot eyes caused the blood in Qin Wentian’s body to stir restlessly about.

Qin Wentian coldly laughed, this middle-aged man seemed to look down on him a little too much but in reality, he was being extremely cautious. The middle-aged man was testing out Qin Wentian with his words and didn’t dare to make any direct moves to attack him—he wanted to probe Qin Wentian’s strength before committing fully to the battle.

Although he had lived for so long, this middle-aged man still hadn’t comprehended any second level Mandates. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to step into Heavenly Dipper but rather, he couldn’t do so. He had been stuck in Yuanfu for so many years, seeing others surpassing him one by one. Such a feeling was similar to the stabbing of knives to one’s heart; extremely uncomfortable. This was also the reason why he participated in the ranking battle every three years, it had already become his sole reason to continue living. He planned to either find his good fortune here or search for something that could enable him to breakthrough to Heavenly Dipper. How could he be careless now?

“The power in my blood isn’t something you can control. Since ancient luck can be plundered away, I suggest for you to submit to me.”



Qin Wentian floated in the air as he abruptly rushed towards the middle-aged man. The man frowned before turning, intending to escape. Qin Wentian had a cold-looking grin on his face as he pursued the man.

“Bzzz!” The middle-aged man suddenly shifted direction, dashing straight towards Qin Wentian in an attempt to catch him by surprise instead. Like a bolt of thunder, his will of the Mandate of Blood erupted forth as his hands reached out to grab hold of Qin Wentian’s flesh.

This person had yet to comprehend any second level Mandates, so how could Qin Wentian fear him? Still grinning, Qin Wentian punched out, meeting the middle-aged man’s palms blow for blow. In that instant of collision, Qin Wentian felt the blood in his entire body roiling about madly, as though it were on the verge of exploding out of his body. But by landing this attack, the middle-aged man would pay with his life. The vibrational shockwaves gushed directly into his body, as the terrifying fluctuations shattered everything within.

“You...” The middle-aged man stared at Qin Wentian in disbelief.

“BOOM!” Qin Wentian sent out another palm, flinging the middle-aged man through the air. His Vermilion Bird gave a shrill cry as its form began to shimmer, evidently becoming weaker. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird then flew forwards, and devoured it instantly.

A moment later, the spatial laws in this formation fluctuated as the middle-aged man disappeared from this world. Qin Wentian

stared at his Purgatory Vermilion Bird in satisfaction as three points of light glowed on its forehead.

“Its aura is much stronger now, and its illusory form has become more corporeal.” Qin Wentian observed. The plundering of ancient luck was cruel indeed.

As time passed, Qin Wentian continued traversing this world. He met a total of six to seven people and easily plundered their ancient luck away. The illusory Vermilion Bird above Qin Wentian continued to ‘thicken’ with each victory, as the baleful aura emitting from it grew increasingly stronger.

To his surprise, he sensed the aura of a cultivation base at the first level of Yuanfu emitting from it.

Back in the Ancient Kingdom, the outside spectators could watch everything that happened in the world within the formation, albeit a condensed, miniature version, when compared to reality.

“Chen Wang and Shi Potian are too strong, they’ve actually defeated so many that the points of light on the foreheads of their Vermilion Birds have formed into two vertical lines.”

“Si Qiong and Zhan Chen as well, they are all frenziedly hunting to plunder the ancient luck.”

Every pinpoint of light equated to one contender being eliminated. And every vertical line represented ten people that had

been eliminated.

“Qin Wentian’s strength was enough to battle against some rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. It looks like only Yuanfu Realm cultivators who’ve comprehended second level Mandates will be able to suppress him.”

“Wait, look at that damnable fatty, isn’t that guy too shameless? He’s hiding underneath the coral reef to cultivate instead?”

The spectators all turned their gazes over and soon noticed the big-sized silhouette currently being called out. What a shameless method to get into the Heavenly Fate Rankings—he wanted to weasel his way into the rankings by hiding away, and avoid fighting others so they wouldn’t have the opportunity to plunder his ancient luck?

Such a method was truly too shameless, everyone was looking down at that fatty with contempt.

“Chen Wang and Shi Potian came into contact, yet they didn’t battle each other. Evidently, they wanted to wait till the very end.”

“Wait, check out that direction Chen Wang is heading to. Seems like Qin Wentian’s luck is pretty bad, at this rate, they’ll run into each other soon.” In that moment, the spectators burst into discussion.

Earlier, hadn’t Qin Wentian just offended Chen Wang? He’s in

for it now!

# AGM 363 - Unmatched Realm, Qin Zheng

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The Vermilion Bird Formation was immense in scale and had existed since the time of Ancient Grand Xia. Even after the nine grand clans rebelled, they still had no way to possess this formation for their sole use.

They had no way to neutralize it, and so the ancient grand luck that accumulated within it could only be obtained by people of the Yuanfu Realm.

Hence, among the eighteen trial grounds in Grand Xia, the Vermilion Bird Formation was the highest grade of difficulty that could be opened up to those in Yuanfu.

Even today, after a few thousand years, the transcendent powers had never given up their plan to excavate the Vermilion Bird Formation. For each ranking battle that occurred every three years, they would send the strongest Yuanfu cultivator they had to enter the Vermilion Bird Formation, hoping for them to find traces of its secrets.

And throughout these thousands of years after Ancient Grand Xia was destroyed, there had been more than a few powerhouses obtaining significant benefits from it.

It was rumored that the Azure Emperor himself received an insanely powerful cultivation art, but no one knew what exactly was it.

Naturally, Qin Wentian didn't know the history of the Vermilion Bird Formation. He only felt that this was an extraordinary world which had even birthed the true spirit of a Vermilion Bird. Based on his current strength, it was impossible for him to see through this formation, but he did understand that it made use of the concept of space and the world within it was exceedingly vast. Even after exploring for three days, he had only met around ten people.

He also noticed some historical ruins inside this world. Some had long been excavated by others before him, while others were like the mountain wall with the gigantic axe embedded within it—he had no way to discover the hidden secrets with his current level of power.

In fact, in this battle to plunder ancient luck, Qin Wentian could just camp at some location and take his time setting up fourth-ranked inscriptions—nobody inside this world would be able to do anything to counter him. Sadly, this world was just too vast, and taking his chances rather than seizing the initiative wouldn't be a very effective plan. The only way to wrest away the ancient luck of others was to actively go after it.

His powerful heart sense swept out and a few breaths of time later, a silhouette appeared in Qin Wentian's perception.

Chen Wang!

Chen Wang from the Great Solar Chen Clan; this time around he was here because he wanted to contend for the position of first. Back then, he was ranked #2 right below Hua Taixu. Now that Hua

Taixu had already stepped into the second level of Heavenly Dipper, one could well imagine how powerful Chen Wang must be, given that he suppressed his cultivation base for three entire years. All three of his Mandates had already reached the second level, and his Mandates of Flames was even at the Advanced Boundary of the second level. All these years of preparation, it was all for this event today.

And moreover, Chen Wang's trump cards were not yet unveiled. Nobody knew what his true limits were.

But one thing that people could all agreed on: in this ranking battle, Chen Wang wasn't a person they wanted to antagonize.

Qin Wentian calmly turned back, choosing another direction and continued on. His actions caused the spectators to all be puzzled—just when Qin Wentian and Chen Wang were about to meet, he actually changed a direction?

Was this coincidental? Or was Qin Wentian's perception stronger than Chen Wang's?

Indeed, Chen Wang hadn't even noticed Qin Wentian's presence. He continued on with his course of direction at a leisurely pace. It was clear that he didn't expect any combat to occur anytime soon.

Chen Wang continued for a while before picking another direction and then increasing his speed. He knew that this world was truly vast, if he wanted to wrest away the ancient luck, he had to be proactive rather than passive.

Under the startled gazes of the spectators, Qin Wentian didn't choose to leave. Instead, just when Chen Wang changed directions, Qin Wentian stealthily followed him from behind, causing the crowd to marvel at his guts. Maybe his confidence in his own perceptive ability bordered on arrogance, because of all people, he actually chose to trail Chen Wang.

“The next unlucky sheep is Qin Zheng! That dark horse with the same surname as Qin Wentian will meet Chen Wang very soon.”

The spectators outside broke into excited discussion. Their attention was mostly fixed on those outstanding contenders, such as Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Wang Jue and the others.

And also, dark horses like Si Qiong, Qin Zheng and Hua Shaoqing were also being closely observed by the crowd.

And as expected, Chen Wang ran into Qin Zheng. Evidently, the amount of ancient luck Chen Wang plundered was more than Qin Zheng's. Not only that, his Vermilion Bird-form ancient luck was also different from the majority, his was a golden-feathered Vermilion Bird while Qin Zheng's was an ordinary one.

“Do you want to hand over your bit of ancient luck willingly or do you want me to take it away by force?” Chen Wang's gaze landed on Qin Zheng's illusory Vermilion Bird—there were five points of light glimmering there. This meant that if his Vermilion Bird devoured that of Qin Zheng's, it would be equivalent to him



stealing five portions of ancient luck.

“Chen Wang.” Qin Zheng casually laughed. “My ancient luck? You won’t be able to acquire it.”

Chen Wang’s lips curled up in a cold smile as he snorted. Stepping up, both of his arms glowed with a boiling redness as he channelled his Great Solar Universe Art. The temperature around him soared skywards, and even the air around Chen Wang evaporated.

“It seems like you don’t believe me?” Qin Zheng laughed. Chen Wang directly punched out with his tyrannical fist, as flaming fist lights sped forth towards Qin Zheng, each fist filled with an aura of savageness and tyranny.

“BANG!”

The terrifying flaming fists slammed into Qin Zheng’s body, yet the spectators were all stunned by what they witnessed next. Qin Zheng’s silhouette appeared in another location, instantly changing his position with incredible speed. It didn’t seem possible that he had dodged it, they could clearly see that he’d been bombarded by the punches. He should have been hit by that last attack.

Chen Wang stepped out as he grabbed forwards in the air. A terrifying manifestation of his flame-ember palm imprint directly slammed downwards, locking down on Qin Zheng’s shoulder.

“Shatter.” Qin Zheng spat out a single word as that palm imprint broke into multiple pieces. At the same moment, a terrifying sword qi could be felt in the air. Chen Wang’s silhouette had already appeared before him, and that great solar light illuminating from him was inexorably resplendent, so piercing that no one could look directly at him. Qin Zheng shut his eyes, and as Chen Wang’s Great Solar Swordplay slashed down, Qin Zheng vanished instantly before everyone’s eyes.

When he appeared again, he blasted forth with his palms. Qin Zheng’s palm was like the edge of a sharp sabre, containing within it a fearsome lacerating energy. Chen Wang sneered, his arms were already circulating with the Great Solar Energy, and he reacted by matching palms with Qin Zheng. The blazing temperature also caused Qin Zheng’s arms to turn a boiling red as the Great Solar Energy surged into him from Chen Wang.

“BOOOM!”

When the two of them broke apart, Qin Zheng’s entire sleeves had been burned off and the whole length of his arms were charred a deep black. Chen Wang’s boiling red arm turned back to its normal color, as traces of a bloody wound could be seen on his palm.

“Mandate of Space,” Chen Wang murmured as he stared at the wound he received. “With that Mandate of yours, it’s no wonder that you’re so confident.”

Lifting his head, Chen Wang’s eyes were illuminated by an intense blazing light. Instantly, the surrounding atmosphere in

that region began to boil.

His silhouette flickered as he dashed towards his opponent, like a huge ball of flames fired over that resembled the sun. The ground where his steps passed over all became scorched earth, void of any life.

“INCINERATE!” Chen Wang coldly shouted, as the huge ball of sun flames lunged towards Qin Zheng. Two streams of will of Mandates gushed forth from Qin Zheng as his palms chopped downwards. Momentarily, an incomparably powerful slash descended from the Heavens, cleaving that ball of flame into two. As the two halves of the flaming ball hurled towards Qin Zheng, he vanished from sight yet again, re-appearing elsewhere.

“Spatial Laceration infused into the Mandate of the Wind—allowing you to unleash the might of Grand Cleaving?” Chen Wang stared at Qin Zheng as he continued, “Speak. Who exactly are you?”

“Unmatched Realm, Qin Zheng.”

“Your Mandate of Space grants you a powerful dodging ability, but in terms of true combat, do you think you stand a chance against me?” Chen Wang sneered, his combat prowess was evidently stronger than Qin Zheng’s but when he witnessed how powerful the fusion between Qin Zheng’s Mandate of Space and Mandate of Wind was, even he couldn’t help feeling a little fear in his heart.

“Chen Wang, do you really think you are invincible among Yuanfu now that Hua Taixu is gone? Leaving aside the topic of fighting, you have already failed the moment when you didn’t realize that someone was trailing even before you met me.” Qin Zheng laughed, his words causing Chen Wang’s expression to stiffen. Abruptly, his perception swept out, scanning the surrounding area with greater intensity.

Qin Wentian silently cursed, was Qin Zheng revealing him for his own amusement? Qin Wentian instantly turned and sped away.

It was as though Chen Wang finally sensed something. His countenance changed as he moved like the wind, pursuing after. Evidently, he had finally sensed the fluctuations of Qin Wentian’s aura.

Currently, if they fought purely based on strength, Qin Wentian didn’t think that he would be a match for Chen Wang.

“QIN WENTIAN!”

Chen Wang manically laughed. His cultivation base was at the ninth level, while Qin Wentian’s was at the seventh. Given how both of them were using movement techniques, the difference in their levels made it so that Chen Wang’s speed was faster than Qin Wentian’s.

“You won’t be able to escape.”

At this moment, Chen Wang could already see Qin Wentian's figure in his sights. The Great Solar Illumination from Chen Wang's grew increasingly brighter as he closed the distance between them. After which, he gestured out with his sword fingers as his Great Solar Swordplay manifested a few solar swords that slashed down.

Qin Wentian turned and responded with a dragon imprint, yet the Great Solar Swordplay easily destroyed that. The remaining might carried over and slammed into Qin Wentian's body.

Qin Wentian's countenance remained cold as he continued flying ahead. The garuda wings on his back flapped with greater strength as he tried his best to increase his speed. A few moments later, he noticed a cave dwelling at the side of the mountains. Although visibility was poor in there, he hesitated no longer and immediately dashed into the cave.

“Courting death.”

Chen Wang sneered when he saw what happened. He too increased his speed while channeling even more Great Solar Energy into a giant flame ball that manifested behind him.

However, the instant he stepped into the cave dwelling, a force of overwhelming power directly gushed out, boring into him. Chen Wang's killing intent soared to the limits as he hurled the giant flame ball within.

“BOOM!” Chen Wang's eyes narrowed in trepidation. That force

gushing out shattered his flame ball, and continued its way forward aiming for his heart.

With a howl of rage, the blood in his entire body seemingly transformed into magma. An immense heat wave erupted forth from him, pushing against the gushing force but momentarily, Chen Wang's body was jolted backwards, only regaining control after he was pushed back several steps. His entire arm trembled, as droplets of blood flowed unceasingly from it. He was actually wounded!

A scorching hot flame erupted, evaporating the droplets of blood into steam. Chen Wang clutched his palms as his countenance turned ashen.

When fighting against Qin Zheng, he couldn't do anything to his opponent. And yet now he actually suffered a disadvantage when he's fighting against Qin Wentian?

But how could Qin Wentian unleashed such a terrifying attack of such might?

A burst of solar flame inundated the area, Chen Wang wanted to destroy the cave yet he discovered that even though the cave dwelling was trembling intensely from his attack, there were no hints of collapse.

Chen Wang's expression froze as he walked to the cave's entrance and hurled a giant ball of sunflames within, wanting to bury Qin Wentian inside it. He stood outside the cave and icily sneered,

“Can you only turtle in there like a coward?”

“Chen Wang, can it be that you are afraid of someone like me who’s two levels lower than you in terms of cultivation? So in the end, is this all the mighty Chen Wang amount to? Standing outside hurling useless words of arrogance? Nothing but a scaredy cat.” A voice filled with cold laughter drifted out, containing hints of mockery in it. “Come in if you dare.”

Chen Wang trembled in rage when he heard that. His countenance was ice cold as he continued hurling balls of sunflame within.

# AGM 364 - Chen Wang's Violent Rage

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The cave dwelling Qin Wentian was currently hiding in, was dank and dark. Not only that, the stony walls were incomparably sturdy and solid. Qin Wentian was forced to expend plenty of energy as he inscribed Divine Inscriptions onto it.

The moment he'd stepped into the cave dwelling, he unleashed all the strength he was capable of mustering. He let loose his power of bloodline limits, his divine energy, then blasted forth with Heartbreak Echo and Heaven Breaking Finger—his strongest innate techniques—in rapid succession. It was only because of this, coupled with Chen Wang's haste and carelessness, that had led to him being injured. Now, Chen Wang no longer dared to easily enter the cave, as he was unsure if there were any more traps within.

As for Qin Wentian's cultivation level, he was at the seventh level of Yuanfu, and had the power of his bloodlines, the Fiend Transformation Art, and Divine Yuan Energy to reinforce his attacks, thereby allowing him to unleash attacks of a grade equivalent to or even surpassing peak Yuanfu cultivators. And if he utilized his innate techniques together with his will of Mandates, it wasn't hard for him to kill his opponent, as long as they didn't have a second level Mandate.

But Chen Wang was different, because his cultivation base was already at the pinnacle of the ninth level of Yuanfu. Furthermore, he cultivated the Great Solar Universe Art, granting him Great Solar Meridians necessary to produce Great Solar Energy. Also, his second level Mandate had already reached the Advanced Boundary and he could even fight against Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns who



had just broken through. One definitely couldn't use the Yuanfu Realm's scale of measure to assess him.

At this moment, as the balls of sun-flames blasted into the interior of the cave, a bright light flashed from underneath Qin Wentian's feet—dozens of ancient shields sprang into existence to block the fireballs.

Abruptly, a sharp sword penetrated inwards, destroying the shields. Qin Wentian's countenance grew cold as he slammed out a palm to destroy the sword manifested from Great Solar Energy—his other hand and his feet had never stopped moving, he was constantly still inscribing Divine Inscriptions.

“Chen Wang, how extraordinary you are? Can't you do anything to me even when I'm at the seventh level of Yuanfu? What will you do when I step into the eighth level of Yuanfu? Can you even fight me on an equal footing when I reach the same ninth level as you? By that time, the so-called pride of your Great Solar Chen Clan will be easily smashed apart and trampled over by me. Are you not ashamed of being called a Heaven Chosen?”

Chen Wang stood at the exterior of the cave dwelling, with a fierce crease in his brows. As he stared into the cave interior, his eyes flashed with an exceedingly cold light.

He could feel Qin Wentian was inscribing Divine Inscriptions, and knew that Qin Wentian was trying to use reverse psychology by baiting him to enter.

Chen Wang had already ceased his attacks. He knew that everything that happened here would be visible to those in the outside world. His failure to kill Qin Wentian had already been witnessed by countless others.

Those from his Great Solar Chen Clan, as well as those from the other transcendent powers, were all watching him.

Hua Taixu's name had long resounded throughout Grand Xia yet what about his, Chen Wang's name? People only remembered the person who was number one, nobody gave a damn about who was number two.

Just as what Qin Wentian had said, if he couldn't even deal with someone at the seventh level of Yuanfu, on what grounds did he have to be a Heaven's Chosen?

Chen Wang's heart was successfully infuriated.

"If you truly wish for death so much, I can grant it to you," Chen Wang coldly spoke as he stepped into the cave. His body transformed into molten lava as his Great Solar Universe Art was channelled to its limits, turning his meridians in their entirety and arterial pathways in his body a flaming red.

His eyes shone with the light of the sun, as the Great Solar Energy within his body circulated about, giving him an otherworldly glow of breath-taking beauty. It caused those in the outside world to sigh in admiration at his prowess.

Chen Wang, was ultimately still Chen Wang. He was the person that had the highest probability of obtaining the first position in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. After he entered the cave, the spectators had no way to see what was happening, hence they didn't know why Chen Wang was filled with such trepidation to the extent that he needed to unleash his full power.

The sun flames around Chen Wang illuminated the entire cave dwelling, as he noticed Qin Wentian, a terrifying scorching heat instantly boiled within the cave, scorching the ground and the nearby walls.

“I shall kill you first, before plundering your ancient luck.” Chen Wang's voice was ice-cold, filled with utter determination. At this distance, Qin Wentian felt a wave of heat assaulting his body, as though he would combust into flames at any moment.

Chen Wang placed one of his hands on the interior walls of the cave and started channeling the Great Solar Energy into it. The walls became a blazing red as the temperature within the cave began to rapidly surge upwards. He wanted Qin Wentian to feel complete remorse over his actions.

“Have you felt despair? Chen Wang's palm brushed along the stony walls as he advanced forward. Qin Wentian coldly stared at him. The infuriated Chen Wang was truly more terrifying than normal, and in his current most powerful state, there was no doubt that he was truly the contender with the highest possibility of obtaining first in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

“DIE!” Qin Wentian's voice was ice-cold as a terrifying sword

tempest kicked up. Instantly, the cave dwelling was completely filled with sword qi, manifesting into countless swords that flew towards Chen Wang.

“Killing-type Formation—so you wanted to depend on this to deal with me?”

Chen Wang wasn't even considering retreat. With a slash of his hands, the Great Solar Swordplay obliterated everything in its path.

“Go.” Qin Wentian pointed at Chen Wang, as yet another surge of a sword qi tempest enveloped Chen Wang, about to devour him.

“Chi, chi...” Ear piercing sounds rang out, yet after an instant the sword qi tempest dissipated into thin air as two flaming red hands forcefully pushed the air currents apart to the side. Chen Wang, who now resembled a burning man of blazing embers, appeared as a Flame Giant Astral Soul from the 5th Heavenly Layer which could be seen above his head.

Qin Wentian gestured as countless sharp swords flew over. Chen Wang had already fully integrated with his Astral Soul—he was now the flame giant.

“Isn't this a characteristic of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns? Chen Wang's preparations have long been completed, so he can step into Heavenly Dipper at any moment. Why, even now, he could be considered as a half-step away from becoming a Heavenly Dipper Sovereign.” Qin Wentian mused as he sent even more streams of

sword qi tempest over. Chen Wang forcefully broke apart the storm of swords as he reached his hands out, aiming to grab hold of Qin Wentian. If that flaming palms even touched Qin Wentian the slightest, it was sufficient to incinerate Qin Wentian into ashes.

Chen Wang's attack had already reached the basic level of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns—the fourth-ranked windstorm sword tempest which Qin Wentian inscribed in haste couldn't even kill Chen Wang.

“Despair now.” Chen Wang's aura flared, as all traces of the Divine Inscription vanished into thin air. Like a divinity of flame, he slowly walked towards Qin Wentian.

At this moment, in the centre of Qin Wentian's brows, a third eye abruptly opened. Instantly, a light so resplendently blinding shot into the eyes of Chen Wang, as a terrifying will entered his sea of consciousness. At the same time, Qin Wentian frenziedly blasted out with both his palms as numerous ancient bells manifested, flying towards Chen Wang.

“BOOM, BOOM, BOOOM!”

The chimes from the ancient bells reverberated endlessly, echoing in the cave. Chen Wang felt an intense head-splitting pain as his heart started to pound madly—it felt as though it was going to explode at any moment. But in spite of all this, his hand was still stretching out, trying to grab hold of Qin Wentian.

“Envelope!”

Qin Wentian’s intent radiated out as towering amounts of sword qi coalesced into a barrier enveloping his entire body within, the only thing left uncovered were his fiendish looking cold eyes. He dashed towards Chen Wang, no longer caring about the expenditure of the remaining Divine Yuan Energy in his Yuanfu.

The echoes from the ancient bells continued, the Heaven Breaking Finger stabbing out, capable of breaking the Heavens with a single stab. Qin Wentian’s finger was further reinforced by demonic armor, as well as sword-type Divine Energy that he gathered in spirals, concentrating on the tip of his finger.

Time momentarily halted as that one finger stabbed forward.

Chen Wang’s aura skyrocketed, releasing a terrifying flamestorm that could incinerate the entire cave dwelling. As that finger landed, cracks could be seen on the body of that flame giant, and he howled in agony. Retreating rapidly, he gathered his strength to push Qin Wentian back as he dashed towards the entrance of the cave. The force of his push ruthlessly slammed Qin Wentian’s body against the stony walls with such force he felt as though the bones in his body were about to be shattered.

The barrier of sword qi and his demonic armor had been destroyed. His Demon Sovereign-aligned Yuanfu, as well as his Heavenly Hammer-aligned Yuanfu were totally exhausted. His last Yuanfu reserves had only 50% remaining—for the time being, he no longer had the ability to fight with such intensity.

Coughing out a mouthful of blood, Qin Wentian sat up straight. He felt as though his whole body had been rammed by a truck, he was in an extremely miserable state yet his eyes were as cold as ever.

After Chen Wang exited the cave, his form returned back to normal. His flame giant form had faded away, leaving behind bloody wounds that dyed his body red, causing great shock as a stir powerfully rocked the hearts of the spectators.

“This...” Chen Wang had entered the cave with such confidence, yet he was heavily injured to this extent?

What exactly happened within that cave?

The countenances of those from the Great Solar Chen Clan grew incredibly ugly. Why was Chen Wang so grievously injured? How could this happen?

“Qin Wentian is a fourth-ranked Grandmaster,” Luo He quietly explained, causing the expressions on those from the Chen Clan to stiffen. A fourth-ranked Divine Inscriptionist was Chen Wang’s enemy, no wonder he was at such a disadvantage.

The spectators only saw the fury of Chen Wang’s anger reaching up to the Heavens. He soared up into the skies and howled in wrath.

The sound of his voice thundered out in all directions, spreading

to all corners of this formation world.

“QIN WENTIAN, IF YOU DON’T DIE I WILL NEVER REST.”

“I, Chen Wang, am willing to form an alliance AND share all dangers and benefits together. I only need someone willing to guard the entrance of this cave and kill Qin Wentian if he tries to exit.”

A few moments later, there was actually someone who appeared in this location. This person was none other than Yang Fan from the Star-Seizing Manor, ranked #18 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. He had always wanted to kill Qin Wentian, and now that Chen Wang was voluntarily offering to form an alliance, how could he not agree to it?

Yang Fan stared at Chen Wang’s figure in the air. No wonder Chen Wang was so infuriated, he had suffered immensely in the hands of Qin Wentian.

“Qin Wentian excels in Divine Inscriptions, I need to force him out. I believe his state of injuries are no better than mine, so if he steps out of these caves he will die for sure.” Chen Wang stared at Yang Fan as he continued, “Guard this area for me, I shall hunt his other friends.”

Seeing the sun flames blazing around Chen Wang, Yang Fan knew that he was truly angered. He nodded his head in agreement, “I will do as you say.”



“Good. I will gather more people to come here. Even if I can’t obtain first in the ranking battle, Qin Wentian MUST DIE.” Chen Wang’s voice was as cold as ice, as his silhouette flickered and vanished from sight.

Naturally, Qin Wentian heard Chen Wang’s words. His countenance appeared emotionless, yet a terrible, freezing cold intent radiated out. Ouyang Kuangsheng, Chu Mang and Fan Le were all participating in this ranking battle. Everyone knew that Chen Wang wanted to hunt his friends to force him to exit the cave.

Presently, Qin Wentian had propped himself against a cave wall, with several Yuan Meteor Stones littered around him. He was draining them to recover the Astral Energy in his Yuanfu. At this moment, a pellet appeared in his hands as an ice-cold light gleamed in his eyes!

# AGM 365 - Second Degree Demonic Transformation

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In the blink of an eye, seven days passed.

Outside the Vermilion Bird Formation, the spectators were still paying close attention to the events happening within. It was as though the daily cycle of night and day didn't matter, as though the word 'fatigue' didn't exist in their vocabulary. Seven days passed after the confrontation between Chen Wang and Qin Wentian. And in that time, the actual strength of the contenders were gradually being made clear.

There were several experts on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, as well as a few dark horses that were all highly regarded.

Naturally, many contenders found themselves being surpassed by others. If you stagnate, you fall behind, this was a simple law of natural selection. Experts on the Heavenly Fate Rankings were also subjected to this rule, and this was one of the reasons why those top few rankers were all cultivators from the younger generations.

Currently, the most highly regarded cultivators were: Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong and Zhan Chen. Si Qiong was the contender with the violet-gold robe, yet even now no one could be clear of his full strength yet. Zhan Chen gave people a feeling of strangeness, as though he was becoming less and less human. He also seemed to gain more power whenever he was faced with stronger opponents.

These four people all had enough power to contend for the top three positions.

Besides these four, there were also others who also obtained a high level of recognition: Qin Zheng, Emperor Azure, Yao Jun, Hua Shaoqing, Yan Cheng, Leng Hong, Wang Jue and Yun Mengyi.

Also, there were a few contenders who were considered exceedingly mysterious: the black-robed figure, Mu Feng, Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng.

The black-robed figure and Mu Feng kept an extremely low profile, they wouldn't take the initiative to hunt others and as long as people didn't purposely offend them, they couldn't be bothered about plundering ancient luck. But of course if there were people foolish enough to accost them, they wouldn't show any mercy either. Especially Mu Feng, his personality had undergone a total overhaul, he was even more emotionless and many times more ruthless. Each and contender that accosted him would lose their lives dying in agony. His state of martial heart became increasingly more suitable for those who walked the path of a poisoner. And Qin Wentian was classified within this because no one knew how strong was he exactly. The battle seven days earlier shocked everyone - he actually survived under Chen Wang's onslaught and Chen Wang turns out to be the person that was grievously injured instead.

As for Mo Qingcheng, she totally didn't make any moves on plundering other's ancient luck. Interestingly enough, those that met her didn't have any intentions of wresting her bit of luck away either. Her charisma was just too great, and even though she

appeared as cold as ice, no one would be willing to act against her. Hence, nobody knew of her true level of power. Also, for those contenders who weren't that strong to begin with, all started to group up and form alliances to traverse this formation world together. In this case, they could avoid being hunted by those powerful experts and even have the chance to hunt groups weaker than them for their bits of ancient luck.

Hence, an extremely strange phenomenon appeared. For those first class experts, the luck they gathered got increasingly more and more - the majority of the luck of those who were ousted belonged to them.

“The number of contenders are steadily decreasing, there are only around 500 people left now.” Several spectators mused as they studied the happenings in the formation world. “Chen Wang is on the prowl for Qin Wentian's friends while hunting ancient luck. While Yang Fan, Situ Po and Hua Feng were guarding the entrance of the cave dwelling where Qin Wentian was in.

Many of the spectators felt extremely puzzled when they noticed the actions of Yang Fan, Situ Po and Hua Feng. All of them could be considered first class experts in the formation world, what grudge do they have with Qin Wentian exactly? But somehow, they seemed to be unable to do anything to Qin Wentian, it was as though they feared entering the cave dwelling where he was in.

“Qin Wentian is truly awesome, look at how many experts are outside the cave waiting for him.” In the crowd, the young and beautiful Xuan Xin spoke in a low voice, evidently surprised by what she witnessed. Fan Le's friends was truly outstanding,

especially Qin Wentian, he was beyond extraordinary. “After offending Chen Wang, his only path is death. Even if he turtles in there, when the test ends, he would still die eventually.” Li Shiyu was ousted from the formation world after her ancient luck was plundered. After which she had been spectating all these while and realised Qin Wentian was near her earlier and was the one who forced the middle-aged man out. In this case, with his level of power, if he chose to act and save her she would still be within the world. But he let her ‘died’ instead.

“Senior sister you are wrong there. Look at what is his cultivation level and think back of his past achievements. Back then when he entered the Unmatched Realm, you should clearly know his level of prowess. And now, in a short few months he had already progressed so much to the extent that he could even wound Chen Wang. Even if he turtles in the cave, the fact that Chen Wang didn’t dare enter meant that he is useless. There’s nothing shameful about what Qin Wentian is doing.”

Xuan Xin lightly commented as she continued, “Senior sister you shouldn’t be obsessed with hatred so much. With your level of strength even if he helped you, you would be ousted sooner or later.” Li Shiyu was obviously unhappy with Xuan Xin’s analysis, she coldly snorted, “I’m merely speaking the truth, look at your beloved fatty, he’s still hiding underneath that coral reef.”

Xuan Xin nonchalantly laughed when she spotted Fan Le’s silhouette, “With only a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu, it already isn’t easy for him to walk till this point. Now that he’s trying to increase his strength, there’s nothing wrong with it? This is how intelligent people who act.”

Regardless of the opinions of the spectators, those within the formation world stayed true to their methods and continued doing things according to their method.

Qin Wentian continued cultivating in the cave, even now...no one dared to enter.

“Qin Wentian, didn’t you want to have a battle with me? I’m right here now, come out if you dare, I shall slay you for certain.” A voice drifted within the cave, that voice, belonged to Situ Po.

Situ Po naturally knew that such a method basically had no way to infuriate Qin Wentian, causing him to leave the cave. But even so, he still called out, hoping to disrupt Qin Wentian’s cultivation process. Even if it couldn’t accomplish anything, he could still vent the emotions in his heart. “Chen Wang is truly taking his time.” Hua Feng commented impatiently as he stared in the direction of the cave’s entrance.

Hadn’t Chen Wang managed to locate Chu Mang and the rest?

They surely couldn’t continue to waste time by standing guard over a cave dwelling where Qin Wentian wouldn’t come out but Hua Feng was smart enough to realise that this place was actually the safest place to be compared to actively hunting for active luck in this formation world. If he plundered too much ancient luck, he would undoubtedly become the next target of people like Chen Wang and Situ Po.

“Chen Wang had already spread the news, all the contenders in

the formation world is already helping him to locate them. There's no rush, it's only a matter of time." Yang Fan was still composed. Although he had broken up with Shu Ruanyu, he still felt extremely unwilling in his heart. Shu Ruanyu was truly an excellent woman, with beauty and talent in addition to her extraordinary background. He was already prepared to marry her, who would have thought that she would be abducted by Qin Wentian.

This matter was too great a blow to Yang Fan and the Star-Seizing Manor's reputation. His fiancée, a virgin of exceedingly beauty was abducted by Qin Wentian for long periods of time? What would people think? He would never be able to escape the finger pointing of being a cuckold, this was also the main reason why the two of them broke up. Hence, disregarding their grudges before this. Simply this matter alone made Yang Fan hate Qin Wentian so much that he couldn't wait to tear Qin Wentian into pieces.

"Qin Wentian, wasn't you very arrogant during the trial of the Heavenly Stele Steps? Now you are nothing but a coward, hiding like a turtle. How sad is that?" Situ Po continued, "Your cowardice will only lead to the death of your friends, they had truly been blinded, they actually made friends with a beast in human-clothing. Chen Wang will definitely slay them and send them to the underworld in peace." Situ Po wanted to agitate Qin Wentian into anger, and kept hurling nasty words and even vulgarities. Yet Qin Wentian didn't bother about him, he was at the critical moment of his cultivation.

Hua Feng walked up, stopping at the entrance of the cave dwelling as he coldly laughed, "Qin Wentian, tell me what do you

think Chen Wang would do when he learns of the relationship between you and Mo Qingcheng?”

Mo Qingcheng was from the Pill Emperor Hall, the beloved disciple of Luo He. Chen Wang definitely knew of this and even if he learnt of the relationship between them, he wouldn't dare do anything too drastic to Mo Qingcheng. Qin Wentian and Hua Feng both understood this point, Hua Feng only made the statement because he was banking on the fact that Qin Wentian would be angered enough to leave the cave.

Situ Po's expression faltered. What relationship was there between Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng?

Only those from Hua Clan knew of the actual details. After all, the reason why Hua Xiaoyun died to Qin Wentian was because of this. Hua Feng actually came here for another purpose, after Hua Taixu stepped into Heavenly Dipper, his position in the Hua Clan naturally rose as well. The upper echelons in the Hua Clan gave him an order - to find an opportunity in the ranking battle and kill Qin Wentian.

Hua Shaoqing then became the Yuanfu cultivator with the highest status after Hua Taixu's breakthrough. Despite his increase in status, this made Hua Feng exceptionally unhappy. Why was he the fall guy? Why wasn't it Hua Shaoqing instead? Such a feeling sucked extremely.

Hence, he wanted to vent all these emotions of frustrations and unhappiness onto Qin Wentian.



“Qin Wentian you should know how beautiful Mo Qingcheng is. Do you think she would still continue living if subjected to such humiliation?” Hua Feng purposely hinted and emphasized on Mo Qingcheng’s beauty. He made his voice very low, only Qin Wentian could hear his words.

He didn’t believe that Qin Wentian could still tolerate this.

And indeed, all of a sudden a terrifying demonic air gushed out of the cave and contained within it, was an immense killing intent targeted at Hua Feng. Hua Feng rapidly retreated in case he became the target of an ambush. A cold smile hung on his lips, he had achieved his objectives, he knew that he had successfully made Qin Wentian infuriated.

Since now that he knew of Qin Wentian’s weak point, things would be easy to settle. He didn’t believe that Qin Wentian would continue turtling in there. Within the cave interior, Qin Wentian’s entire body was shrouded by an overwhelming demonic qi.

Demonification, savageness, killing intent, ferociousness, barbaric. His physique got even stronger as his vitality skyrocketed.

The first level of the Mandate of Demons was to demonise the essence of one’s body, slowly transforming a human into an entity nearer to a demon, granting them an increase in strength, a stronger physique and an increasingly violent temperament.

Qin Wentian's rage clearly indicated that the Mandate of Demons was different from the other Mandates because simply, it was the Mandate of Demons.

Second level of the Mandate of Demons was second degree demonification, Qin Wentian's physique got even larger as his bones and muscles underwent a shocking transformation. Grinding sounds could be heard from within his body as his eyes increasingly resembled a fiendish demon.

His third eye opened as a glaring demonic light flickered within, like the eye of an ancient primordial demon gazing down at the inhabitants of this lowly world with disdain.

Not only that, the aura that was exuding from Qin Wentian was now at the eighth level of Yuanfu.

Both his eyes abruptly snapped open as three harsh rays of dazzling light suddenly gleamed in the darkness, causing the souls of those who saw it to quake in terror!

# AGM 366 - Venting Anger

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There were too many events happening within the formation world. One of the more major ones was the clash between Qin Wentian and Chen Wang.

After being injured, Chen Wang left in a fit of violent anger with the intention of forcing Qin Wentian out by threatening the lives of his friends.

And as for the current situation of Qin Wentian's good friends—

Fan Le's purpose was extremely clear, he wanted to breakthrough to the eighth level of Yuanfu. He didn't give a damn about what others thought of him,, so what if everyone in the world called him shameless? With his current cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu, even if his Mandates were all at the Perfection Boundary of the first level, it was all useless—there was no way he could contend against these geniuses. Hence, before he could even do anything, he had to breakthrough to at least the eighth level first.

Fan Le continued hiding below the coral reef to cultivate. Empyrean flames suffused his body, causing the temperature surrounding him to turn scorching hot. The endless huge waves crashed into him relentlessly, seemingly about to extinguish the flames covering his body but to no avail. The empyrean flames burned, hotter and brighter than ever before—the ocean waves that crashed into him were instantly evaporated into hot steam every second in a never-ending cycle.

As for Ouyang Kuangsheng, his cultivation base was originally already higher than Fan Le's and Qin Wentian's. Hence, after he broke through to the eighth level, he consumed the limit-break pellets and stepped into the ninth level of Yuanfu. After he levelled up, he was constantly hunting for people to fight against him. All of the opponents he faced were exceedingly strong as well, because the remaining contenders within the formation world were all experts that couldn't be belittled. But in spite of this, Ouyang Kuangsheng was filled with even more excitement. He didn't fear people stronger than him, what he feared was that there were no worthy opponents.

To be honest, he didn't care about his position on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, he only wanted to keep discovering what his limitations were, and to keep breaking through. By doing so, he could perpetually continue to grow stronger.

Next was Chu Mang. Chu Mang's heart was even more resolute compared to Ouyang Kuangsheng and Fan Le.

On the mountain peak of a certain mountain where Qin Wentian had previously explored, where a gigantic axe had been left embedded into the mountain walls, Chu Mang was currently cultivating here. He was standing in front of the mountain wall with a gigantic Astral axe in his hands, brandishing it wildly. Sometimes, he would change the movement, sometimes he would repeat it ten or a hundred times. It was as though Chu Mang didn't know fatigue, he was completely immersed inside his own training.

Chu Mang liked both the axe and bow the most. Astral bows

could allow him to slaughter his enemies at a distance, while the mastery of the axe enabled him to shatter mountains and split apart the oceans. He had given up on comprehending a third Mandate solely because he wanted to focus on gaining comprehensions for the axe and the bow, thereby remaining fully immersed in those two.

After the Barbarian King took him on as a disciple in the Unmatched Realm, he had once consulted Barbarian King on this matter. In the end, the Barbarian King was shocked by his thinking but supported him immensely, telling him to walk down the path where his own heart dictated. The Barbarian King had many innate techniques, but he didn't hand them down to Chu Mang. He told Chu Mang that his initial path of thinking was right, only by walking down the path one's heart dictates would one be able to continue on it forever.

Even if he only trained in a singular movement, he would always be able to break his own limits. This single movement would open his perspective into the path of the axe, thereafter reaching an incredible realm.

Once, this was what Chu Wuwei had taught him. He had always listened to his elder brother and treated his words like gospel. On and on, he walked down this path, while his heart grew increasingly resolute.

Chu Mang's axe cleaved through the air once again and instantly a column of light cascaded downwards onto a mountain peak far away. Chu Mang didn't perceive it because he was too immersed within his training. He chopped out another blow with his axe, as

another column of light cleaved downwards.

When Chu Mang finally stopped, the ancient mountain peak in the distance was no more, it has been completely demolished by Chu Mang's axe blows.

“Awesome!” Chu Mang grinned. After which, sounds of a fight breaking out drifted to his ears. Chu Mang shifted his gaze over, only to see the silhouettes of a male and a female currently fighting against each other.

These two were none other than Xuan Yan from the Mystic Maiden Palace and Yao Jun from the Skydemon Sect.

Xuan Yan was ranked #17 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings while Yao Jun was ranked #13. Yao Jun made tremendous improvement in terms of his comprehensions of Mandates and had comprehended a second level one—he was totally suppressing Xuan Yan with no signs of suspense.

Yao Jun was one of those contenders that were highly regarded by the spectators watching from outside the formation world.

Chu Mang hesitated for a moment before moving in their direction. Xuan Yan was the senior sister of Xuan Xin, who was Fan Le's girlfriend. Also, Chu Mang didn't have a bad impression of Xuan Yan, it didn't cost him much to offer a helping hand when she was in trouble. In fact by doing this, he may even be able to better the relationship between the Mystic Maiden Palace and Fan Le. In any case, by helping her out, Chu Mang could test out his

current strength against a powerful opponent as well.

Xuan Yan was already teetering on the brink of defeat. His illusory Vermilion Bird glowed brighter and brighter as two demonic scaly wings burst out from his back, slamming into Xuan Yan with tyrannical might.

Just when he was about to deal the finishing blow, he sensed a faint presence and thus shifted his gaze to the side. After a few moments, he saw Chu Mang's silhouette approaching, and a demonic light flickered in his eyes.

"Someone delivering himself on a silver platter for me to devour his ancient luck," Yao Jun coldly stated. After a moment, the only response was a huge gigantic Astral axe cleaving down at the spot he was just standing at.

"I don't need your help, you are not his match," Xuan Yan called out when she saw Chu Mang attacking Yao Jun on her behalf. Since she was not powerful enough, she should answer for her own incompetence—she didn't want to drag Chu Mang down with her.

Yao Jun blasted out with his palms as the manifestation of a demonic beast howled, gushing forwards to Chu Mang.

"Chi, chi..."

That axe strike was extremely ordinary and without fanfare, yet a fearsome-looking light erupted from it, cleaving the demonic

beast into two as Chu Mang rushed towards Yao Jun.

Yao Jun's countenance drastically changed as a sharp glint of light flashed in his eyes. He retreated at a terrifying speed, his demonic wings flapping rapidly. A red-colored light lacerated the ground where he was standing at earlier, creating a fissure of over hundreds of metres in length.

“Second level Mandate?” Yan Jun's eyes turned ruthless. He could tell that Chu Mang's Mandate of Axe had also reached the second level. Lifting his head and glancing at Chu Mang, the demonic light in his eyes grew even brighter. The contenders for the ranking battle this time around were much stronger compared to the one held three years ago.

Since the last ranking battle, he'd put in effort and worked extremely hard practicing his cultivation, all because he wanted to show off his brilliance today. Yet who would have thought that there would be so many contenders here this year.

Xuan Yan also had a thunderstruck expression on her face as she glanced intently at Chu Mang. She couldn't help feeling a wisp of disappointment in herself, surfacing in her heart.

“Courting death.” A terrifying demonic qi burst out of Yao Jun as he flew towards Chu Mang, both of them exchanging blows at point-blank range.

Yao Jun's demonic-orientated cultivation art was extremely domineering, allowing him to unleash powerful innate techniques



of various demonic beasts. Naturally, his strength was amplified several times after undergoing demonic transformation, with his strength becoming similar to a berserker, constantly escalating upwards for the duration of the battle. Yet Xuan Yan discovered that no matter how powerful Yao Jun became, Chu Mang still reacted unhurriedly by casually chopping out with his axe. The feeling he gave off was too relax, just like a woodsman chopping a tree for firewood.

Indeed, Chu Mang treated combat like chopping firewood; each blow of his axe were extremely precise, the movements flowing naturally from his heart. There were no fixed stances, yet it gave people an inscrutable feel. His speed was also varied, alternating between fast and slow, which caught Yao Jun by surprise, almost killing him with a single strike.

Eventually, Yao Jun no longer wanted to entangle himself with this madman. He changed his tactics, only seeking to dash past Chu Mang and devour Xuan Yan's ancient luck.

Yet, Chu Mang stood protectively in front of Xuan Yan, like a mother hen protecting its chick, giving Yao Jun no chance to succeed.

Looking at the broad shoulders of Chu Mang, Xuan Yan couldn't help feeling a sense of disorientation. She actually needed protection from someone else...

Finally, with a howl of rage, Yao Jun soared up to the skies and flew away, giving up on the notion of devouring Xuan Yan's ancient luck.

Chu Mang's Astral axe vanished as he turned to look at Xuan Yan.

"Thank you." Xuan Yan whispered in a low voice as she shyly glanced at Chu Mang.

"There's no need for thanks, I'm doing this to help Fan Le. Can your Mystic Maiden Palace stop pressuring him in the future? Our brother Fan Le would never give your Mystic Maiden Palace cause to be embarrassed. He will prove that Xuan Xin's choice was right," Chu Mang straightforwardly stated. In the past, Xuan Yan might have looked down on Qin Wentian, Chu Mang and Fan Le. But after the trial of the Heavenly Stele Steps, she found her thinking changing.

And right now, Xuan Yan had an indescribable emotion in her heart.

"Mhm?"

Right at this moment, Chu Mang and Xuan Yan saw two silhouettes approaching them. One of them was Yao Jun, who had flown away moments ago. The other was actually Chen Wang!

In front of him, even the powerful Yao Jun had to submit, following behind him.

Chen Wang's eyes instantly locked onto Chu Mang as a terrifying sun-like glow gleamed in his eyes. As he moved towards him, his entire body flared and then shifted into his magma form.

"How powerful." Xuan Yan's beautiful eyes stiffened.

"Quickly, run!" Xuan Yan whispered urgently, only to see Chu Mang's gaze were fixated on the approaching Chen Wang as an intense desire to battle radiated out from him. He stepped forth and slashed out with his gigantic axe.

Chen Wang came in rage, his anger rolling off him in palpable waves. Qin Wentian had stepped on his face, first, with the issue of the entrance priority. Next, even with his Mandate at the Advanced Boundary of the second level, he still lost out in a clash between Qin Wentian? If it weren't for the fact that Qin Wentian ambushed him, how could he be in such a miserable state?

Blasting forwards with his palms, the Great Solar Universe Art was channeled to its limits. His hands were akin to flaming red flowing magma, as he reached out towards the huge axe.

"Peng..." The axe-light from the gigantic axe slashed into that magma palm as terrifying embers ricocheted off in all four directions. Chen Wang's expression sank as he felt an intense pain vibrating his arms. His anger soared even higher after that.

"Kacha!" With a fierce clench, the gigantic axe started to burn. Chu Mang's arms also gradually started to 'solidify' into the form of magma.

Chu Mang immediately relinquished his weapon as he rapidly retreated. Yet how could Chen Wang give him the chance? A slash of his palm manifested a cutting light that lacerated the chest of Chu Mang. Fresh blood sprinkled in the air as Chu Mang howled in pain, in an extremely miserable state.

“Die.” Chen Wang coldly hollered and slammed forth a burning palm right into Chu Mang’s chest. With such a huge impact, Chu Mang’s frame directly slammed into the ground as a fiery-red imprint could be seen in front of his chest, slowly burning his flesh away.

“Chu Mang!” Xuan Yan’s countenance was incredibly unsightly to behold. She ran to his side, only to see Chen Wang imperiously floating in the air as he commented, “Your friend Qin Wentian has successfully angered me. Now he’s turtling like a pathetic coward by not daring to face me directly. Did he really think he could escape my wrath like this? He shall pay a price for his actions. Even though I want to devour your ancient luck, I shall make sure I kill you first before I do so.”

Chu Mang’s countenance was icy. He stood up as a gigantic Astral axe appeared once more in his hands, with all his Astral Souls unleashed.

He would rather die on his own terms than to be humiliated.

A raging wind kicked up as Chu Mang dashed towards Chen Wang who was in the air. Chopping furiously with his axe, each of

his axe blows manifested a light that could destroy anything it came in contact with.

“Do you think you can win against me?” Chen Wang roared in rage as he pressed his palm into the air. The palm imprint was formed solely from Great Solar Energy and directly blocked the attacking rays of light from the axe. He advanced to meet Chu Mang as he blasted out yet another terrifying palm-strike, slamming Chu Mang ruthlessly into the ground once again.

Chen Wang’s strength awed all the spectators in the crowd.. Chen Wang was after all, Chen Wang—nobody in Yuanfu other than Shi Potian would be able to match him.

How in the world had Qin Wentian managed to injure him?

Qin Wentian must have paid a huge price in order to injure Chen Wang. Naturally, this must have happened also because of Chen Wang’s own carelessness.

At this moment, Chu Mang’s qi was erratic, as fresh blood flowed out unceasingly. Xuan Yan turned pale as she witnessed this—she inclined her head to look at Chen Wang, only to see him flying towards Chu Mang, radiating an intense killing intent.

Chen Wang’s true target was Qin Wentian, but if Chu Mang were to fall in his hands, Chu Mang would die without a doubt.

As she thought of this, Xuan Yan hardened her hearts as the

illusory Vermilion Bird behind her flew furiously in the direction of Chu Mang's Vermilion Bird.

“What are you doing?” Chu Mang stared at Xuan Yan in bewilderment, but his weakened state had indirectly caused his Vermilion Bird to be similarly weakened. His ancient luck was instantly devoured by Xuan Yan's.

“HOW DARE YOU!” Chen Wang howled in madness when he saw what had happened. Chu Mang's figure vanished as he was sent out from the formation world, leaving only Xuan Yan behind to face Chen Wang's wrath.

Xuan Yan stared stoically in the burning eyes of Chen Wang, she didn't regret the decision she just made!

# AGM 367 - Where Did Your Courage Come From?

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Seeing Xuan Yan's vermilion bird devouring the ancient luck, Chen Wang could only seethe in impotent rage, as he was too late to stop it from happening. A cruel light glinted in his eyes as he slammed his palms into Xuan Yan, causing her robes to be burned to tatters as she slammed heavily onto the ground, coughing up fresh blood.

“Do you truly want to die?” Chen Wang's voice was ice-cold, he didn't think that there would be anyone who dared to spoil his plans.

“Chen Wang, Hua Taixu isn't in this batch, and you are already the strongest among us. Yet in order to threaten Qin Wentian you actually resorted to such a despicable method. Don't you know the meaning of shame?” Xuan Yan coldly retorted with no fear in her eyes.

“I want to kill him, regardless of what method I use. Nobody can stop me. I will definitely make him die.” Chen Wang's voice was coated with venom, his tone extremely decisive. How could he ignore the humiliation of being injured by Qin Wentian under the countless stares of the spectators? Qin Wentian hid in the cave and inscribed fourth-ranked Inscriptions to protect himself. If he barged in stupidly, that was the action of a fool. Hence, he wanted to capture Chu Mang and the rest to force Qin Wentian out.

To him, this was merely a means to an end.

“You have to pay a price for spoiling my plans.” Chen Wang had a sinister grin on his face as he stared at Yao Jun. “Her ancient luck is yours for the taking if you help me accomplish a task. And if I meet you again in the course of the ranking battle, I won’t make things difficult for you.”

Yao Jun’s eyes glimmered with a demonic light as he stared at Chen Wang.

“Fine!” Yao Jun agreed.

Chen Wang revealed Qin Wentian’s location to him and after some instruction, Chen Wang flew off to seek Fan Le and Ouyang Kuangsheng.

Qin Wentian and Xuan Yan weren’t that familiar with each other, so Chen Wang wasn’t sure if he could use her to force Qin Wentian out. Hence, he decided not to waste time and command Yao Jun to do the task for him.

He believed that since Yao Jun agreed, he wouldn’t dare go back on his words. Otherwise, if they were to meet again, he would definitely make Yao Jun die a terrible death.

This was the imposing manner that comes naturally to those confident in their strength. Even the powerful Yao Jun had to submit.



But naturally, since Yao Jun agreed so readily, it was apparent that he had his own motives as well.

After Chen Wang left, Yao Jun's gaze landed on Xuan Yan, roaming around her tantalizing exposed skin as he advanced towards her.

Xuan Yan radiated an extremely cold intent, yet Yao Jun directly cut off her attempts to fight back with a single sentence. "The women from the Mystic Maiden Palace are all pure with jade bodies, and for those of us from the Skydemon sect, they are extremely suitable to use as a furnace to increase our power via duo cultivation. If you resist in any way, I wouldn't mind teaching you a lesson."

"You..." Xuan Yan instantly paled when she heard Yao Jun's words. Yao Jun coldly continued, "If you obey and cooperate, I won't touch you inappropriately."

After speaking, he placed his arms around Xuan Yan's waist. She involuntarily trembled with disgust from his touch, yet she made no move to resist him. Following which, Yao Jun carried her as he soared into the skies, making his way to Qin Wentian's location.

In the outside world, cold anger burned in the eyes of those from the Mystic Maiden Palace.

Xuan Yan was a core member, a Heaven's Chosen from their Mystic Maiden Palace, yet was subjected to such humiliation. How

could they tolerate this?

“That lass is truly foolish.” In front of Xuan Xin, a female disciple from the Mystic Maiden Palace was cursing in displeasure. Because of Chu Mang, Xuan Yan chose to sacrifice herself.

“Senior Xuan Yan was too rash, doesn’t she realize that she’s representing the prestige of our Mystic Maiden Palace?” Li Shiyu berated.

“But Big Bro Chu Mang helped Senior Sister Xuan Yan in the first place, so Senior Sister was only doing this to repay the debt of gratitude she owed. What wrong was there?” Xuan Xin defended Xuan Yan, yet the female disciple in front harshly shot back, “Shut your foolish mouth.”

Xuan Xin’s mouth twitched in displeasure, yet she kept her silence. At this moment, Chu Mang was finally sent out of the formation world by the spatial laws within. He stood in the middle of the crowd, as all those near him moved to give him space, out of respect or fear. Chu Mang was someone who had comprehended a second level Mandate in Yuanfu and had the power to fight evenly with Yao Jun. His true capabilities definitely ranked within the top fifteen of the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Although he was eliminated indirectly because of Chen Wang, Chu Mang had already proved his prowess. He would definitely be ranked in the upcoming Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Chu Mang couldn’t be bothered about matters like the rankings.

Currently, he was silently surveying the scene inside the formation world, as his heart boiled with rage.

“Chen Wang, Yao Jun.”

Chu Mang trembled with anger. He was filled with reluctance and agony when he saw Xuan Yan being mistreated like this just for the sake of saving him. He wanted nothing more than to rush in the formation right now to slay Yao Jun.

Qin Wentian was still cultivating inside the cave dwelling. Even though he was infuriated and wanted nothing more than to rush out to kill the three of them, he had no choice but to continue tolerating it.

Because his Mandate of Demons was now at the second level, as he went through the process of the second-degree demonic transformation, he could clearly feel another set of invisible shackles on his bloodlines shattering apart. He knew that the power of his bloodline just broke through to another level.

The Fiend Transformation Art, when used in conjunction with the will of his Mandate of Demons, made the blood within his body sing with delight as it coursed through all the meridians and arterial circulatory pathways of his body.

“Still somewhat lacking.”

Qin Wentian could feel that there was still another barrier

preventing his bloodline from fully awakening, even after that set of invisible shackles had broken.

But he believed that as he continued growing stronger, the barrier would be broken down eventually, allowing his ancient primordial bloodline to fully awaken.

Yang Fan, Hua Feng and Situ Po were still standing guard outside. They were gradually getting impatient, they didn't expect Qin Wentian to be at so high a level. No matter what they said to humiliate or anger him, he just wouldn't come out.

But they couldn't fault his intelligence. With the three of them, the moment he came out would be the moment of his death. Anyone with half a brain would naturally choose to turtle inside the cave.

As for the plundering of ancient luck, Yang Fan and the two others didn't really bother about it. With so many monsters in this ranking battle, Yang Fan and Situ Po only hoped to be able to rank within the top ten. This was already sufficient for them.

As for Hua Feng, he hadn't really thought about it. Right now he only wanted to kill Qin Wentian to release this breath of turbid air that he had been holding in.

"Qin Wentian, do you really intend to hide in there while your friend out here dies by our hands? Would you only come out then?" Hua Feng icily spoke as he walked towards the cave entrance. He then continued in a low voice, "The moment Chen

Wang appears, I will tell him of the relationship between you and Mo Qingcheng. Isn't Mo Qingcheng very pure and saint-like? What do you think she'll do after Chen Wang violates her under the watching gazes of the spectators?"

“BOOOM!”

A terrifying surge of demonic qi gushed out, Hua Feng rapidly retreated as a smile of victory flashed in his eyes. Everytime he mentioned Mo Qingcheng, Qin Wentian's focus would crumble. This was Qin Wentian's weakness. Hua Feng planned to speak even more vicious words after every interval to disrupt Qin Wentian. It would be the best if Qin Wentian kept suffering from qi deviation during cultivation.

But at this moment, two silhouettes could be seen flying through the air. They were none other than Yao Jun and the captured Xuan Yan.

Yang Fan and the others had puzzled looks on their faces. Yao Jun coldly swept a glance at them as he icily stated, “Chen Wang wanted me to bring this woman here. He initially wanted to capture Chu Mang, but this woman spoiled his plans, devouring Chu Mang's ancient luck and thereby sending him out of the formation world. She should have more than a passing relationship to Chu Mang, and now that Chu Mang is outside, he'll be able to see everything happening here.”

“I see.” Hua Feng stared at Xuan Yan as he laughed, “Oh my, isn't this Xuan Yan, the Heaven's Chosen from the Mystic Maiden Palace? Pure and untainted? Hehe, look at her snowy skin, how

alluring. Xuan Yan, tell us honestly, are you dating Chu Mang secretly? Are you even still a virgin?”

“Hua Feng, you shameless bastard,” Xuan Yan coldly snapped when she saw Hua Feng’s licentious gaze.

“Shameless?” A cold glint of light flashed past Hua Feng’s eyes. “I will show you what it truly means to be shameless. This Qin Wentian won’t even come out despite all our attempts. But I wonder, would he be infuriated enough to come out if we rape you here? Maybe, he might even want to join in on the fun.”

As the sound of Hua Feng’s voice faded, an overwhelming burst of demonic qi exploded forth from the cave. The demonic qi was like a gust of wind, and as it billowed, the passing air currents on their bodies made them feel an intense chill seeping through their bones.

“Tap, tap, tap...” Light footfalls echoed from within the cave. Their gazes swivelled over, all staring at the cave’s entrance.

Had Qin Wentian’s tolerance reached its limit?

The smile on Hua Feng’s face was exceedingly brilliant as he laughed. “Seems like my method works best after all.”

Yang Fan’s eyes gleamed with a cold light. Situ Po’s fist was also clenched in anticipation. Was it finally time? All of them wanted Qin Wentian to die.

A figure walked out of the cave dwelling. The spectators only noticed that Qin Wentian's physique grew taller and larger. He didn't even seem human anymore, as the demonic light in his eyes struck terror in the hearts of those who looked at him. He stood there, like an overlord of demons—even people from the Skydemon Sect couldn't achieve the same degree of compatibility with regards to demonification as he had done.

Qin Wentian gazed at Hua Feng, appearing extremely calm. Yet those who were familiar with Qin Wentian all knew that this was the calm before the storm—a calmness that came from one's anger that had already boiled over their limit.

“Qin Wentian, I need the demonic cultivation art that you're cultivating. If you refuse, don't blame me for following Hua Feng's suggestion, tearing off this woman's clothes piece by piece.” Yao Jun stared at Qin Wentian as he coldly stated.

He had made a promise with Chen Wang for his own purposes. He wanted the tyrannical demonic cultivation art that Qin Wentian possessed. The Skydemon Sect had long received news that Qin Wentian was cultivating an extremely powerful demon-oriented cultivation art. This art would definitely be exceedingly suitable for their Skydemon Sect. Hence, when Yao Jun saw Qin Wentian participating in the ranking battle, he actually hoped that Qin Wentian wouldn't be eliminated too early.

Because he coveted that cultivation art.

Qin Wentian swept a glance at Yao Jun. Just a single glance was sufficient to cause Yao Jun's heart to clench with fear.

After which, Qin Wentian turned his gaze onto Hua Feng as he finally spoke.

“You seem to have forgotten how Hua Xiaoyun died. I can assure you, your death will be even more terrible compared to his.” A cruel smile played on Qin Wentian's face as he walked directly towards Hua Feng, he didn't even look at the others.

Hua Feng and the rest stared at Qin Wentian. Where had his confidence come from?

Hua Feng's aura gushed out as his Astral Souls were released. Qin Wentian had already broken through to the eighth level of Yuanfu, it seemed that it would be better to be more cautious by going all out right from the start to kill him. He didn't want any mistakes to occur in this operation.

Yang Fan and Situ Po apparently had no intentions to move. They chose to wait—they wanted to see Qin Wentian's strength.

As for Hua Feng? Who was he to them?

Abruptly, Qin Wentian's third eye flared with a resplendent light. Hua Feng felt a stabbing pain in his mind as though an ancient primordial demon wanted to lacerate his sea of



consciousness apart. The pain was so intense that he instantly broke out in a cold sweat.

“Peng...!”

An immense wave of formless energy blasted right at him. Hua Feng howled in pain and slammed forth with his own palms, the energy he unleashed manifested into a black-colored palm imprint flying towards Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian’s palm pressed downwards, resembling the palm of an ancient primordial demon, causing a huge palm imprint to fall from the Heavens. With an explosive sound, the black-colored palm imprint was instantly shattered, dissipating into the air. Hua Feng turned pale as he hurriedly raised his arms in defense, but at that instant where the ancient primordial palm slammed downwards, Hua Feng was pressed ruthlessly into the ground as the earth quaked with violent tremors.

Looking up, Hua Feng saw Qin Wentian slowly moving towards him, glancing downwards at him with contempt in his eyes.

“I wonder, where did a useless person like you get such courage from?” Qin Wentian was like the overlord of demons, staring down at Hua Feng. With a single grab, one of Hua Feng’s arms was forcibly ripped from his shoulder and flung far away in the air. Such a scene caused the hearts of the spectators to pound violently, yet they all felt a wild excitement burning in their hearts.

This was what they were here for. This was what they wanted to

see!

# AGM 368 - Utter Domination

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After that battle with Chen Wang, Qin Wentian holed himself up in the cave, not daring to come out.

But now, he had finally appeared again. And indeed, his strength was greater compared to a few days earlier, he must have broken through to the eighth level of Yuanfu. If not, it was impossible that Hua Feng couldn't even withstand a single strike.

After all, Hua Feng was also a ranker on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Being able to survive till now indicated that he was someone at the pinnacle of Yuanfu. But even so, he still couldn't withstand the might of a single strike.

As expected of one unrivalled on the same level, everyone could see exactly how terrifying Qin Wentian's strength was. Back then when he was at the seventh level of Yuanfu, he could even injure Chen Wang. How could he place people like Hua Feng in his eyes after he broke through to the eighth level? And now that he exited the cave, he did so to vent the fire of his anger.

Nobody knew what Hua Feng had whispered at the entrance of the cave to cause Qin Wentian to be so infuriated, to the extent of directly ripping an arm away. Did Qin Wentian want to torture him to death?

Qin Wentian currently had the arms of a demon. He leaned forward and stared at Hua Feng, watching as unbridled terror flashed in his eyes.

To the side, Yao Jun, Yang Fan and Situ Po all felt their hearts trembling with shock. They could clearly sense the intensity of Qin Wentian's rage.

"I'm from the Hua Clan." Hua Feng trembled involuntarily as his voice came out like a pathetic croak. He had no cards left, so he could only use the Hua Clan as a deterrence, hoping that Qin Wentian wouldn't do anything too drastic to him.

Qin Wentian grabbed his other arm as the demonic light in his eyes shone sinisterly, so cold that it pierced the bones.

"No....." Hua Feng rapidly shook his head. With a lacerating sound, accompanied by a howl of bloodcurdling agony, his other arm was forcefully ripped out. Hua Feng's entire body was in a state of convulsion as he felt utter despair in his heart.

"This is the price you pay for uttering those words." Qin Wentian slammed down with his palm, crushing Hua Feng's head into a bloody pulp, making it so that he died without leaving behind a whole corpse.

Qin Wentian's 'reverse scale' couldn't be easily touched without consequences. Earlier, when Hua Feng kept uttering his insinuations and those blasphemous words, Qin Wentian had already marked him as a dead man in his heart. It was just that the flames of his anger were suppressed all the way from back then until now when it finally exploded forth.

“He did it, he actually killed Hua Feng.” The hearts of the crowd pounded violently. Those from the Hua Clan had ashen expressions on their faces, Hua Feng was a genius that the Hua Clan had painstakingly nurtured, yet he was killed so easily and without any strength for resistance. Not only that, he was abused both bodily and psychologically before Qin Wentian slayed him. The ancient luck behind Hua Feng was then devoured by Qin Wentian’s Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

Yang Fan and the rest all found themselves unconsciously edging closer to Yao Jun. The current Qin Wentian gave them an intense feeling of danger, and if they couldn’t defeat him one on one, they naturally planned to join forces. If not, they knew that if they lost, their deaths would be the same as Hua Feng—getting abused by Qin Wentian until he released them into the sweet oblivion of death.

Yao Jun’s gaze turned heavy, he never would have thought that someone at the eighth level of Yuanfu would be capable of causing him to feel such great pressure.

Qin Wentian’s current demonic form was extremely terrifying. The aura he was exuding felt even more baleful compared to actual demonic beasts, causing terror to strike instantly in the hearts of others. He possessed the innate talent of humankind, while armed with the physique and immense vitality of a demonic beast.

In the face of such a perfect combination, how could others not feel terror when it came to fighting against him?

Qin Wentian swept a glance at the three of them as he released

his Demon Sovereign Astral Soul.

Head of a dragon, body of a lion, tail of a snake, wings of a roc, scales of a Xuanwu, claws of a Kirin.

“Demon Sovereign Astral Soul,” Yao Jun from the Skydemon Sect breathed in wonder. He instantly understood that this was the demonic beast ranked first in the Warbeast Index—the Demon Sovereign. Not only that, he knew that it also possessed the ability to summon.

Powerful rays of Astral Light shot forth from the Demon Sovereign into the Nine Heavenly Layers. The Vermilion Bird Formation didn’t block Astral Light, otherwise it would end up restricting the power of a contender’s Astral Souls during combat.

The rays of light grew increasingly resplendent in response, the Astral Light from the actual Demon Sovereign Constellation cascaded downwards, forming an innate connection. As a thunderous sound reverberated the void, the surrounding earth shattered as a terrifying ancient golden-colored ape appeared beside Qin Wentian.

“Golden Primal Ape, ranked third on the Warbeast Index. It possesses boundless strength and an unparalleled defense.” Yao Jun’s countenance grew increasingly ugly as he witnessed the summoned Astral warbeast. The Golden Primal Ape exuded an aura similar to those at the pinnacle of the ninth level of Yuanfu—given how Qin Wentian was only at the eighth level, this was a summon that jumped levels.

At this moment, a blood-colored light covered the area as a terrifying crimson demonic beast soared into the skies, coldly staring at the three of them.

“Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk, ranked fifth on the Warbeast Index.” Yao Jun turned ashen, this summoned beast exuded an aura similar to those at the pinnacle of the ninth level of Yuanfu.

The summoning wasn’t concluded yet, as even more demonic beasts took form in the formation world.

“Blue-scaled Flood Dragon.”

“Silver-armored Bear King.”

“Silvery Roc.”

Qin Wentian was surrounded by five powerful Astral warbeasts that had rankings on the Warbeast Index. Instantly, the region was permeated by overwhelming amounts of demonic qi.

Yang Fan and Situ Po finally started to feel fear. All five of these demonic beasts had a cultivation base at the pinnacle of Yuanfu and were existences that were equal to their own.

With a long screech, the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk swooped down towards Situ Po.

The Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk had a speed as fast as lightning, and with a flash of crimson light, it disappeared from sight. Situ Po instantly released his Astral Soul as a starstone-clad guardian manifestation appeared above his head. Roaring in madness, Situ Po didn't hesitate. He immediately followed up with a Sword Extinction Slash of his own.

Peng...

The Thunder Hawk collided against Situ Po. That immense momentum even forced Situ Po back a few steps. Another flash of crimson light inundated the area as the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk disappeared once more. At this moment, the Silvery Roc also shrieked in rage as it zoomed towards Situ Po. With two demonic beasts that excelled in speed attacking him, Situ Po was instantly shoved into a precarious position.

“BOOM!”

A thunderous sound echoed as Situ Po was flung through the air. Even the starstone armor covering his body was shattered. An expression of extreme shock shone in his eyes, how could this be? Why were these beasts so strong? Did the summoned beasts not only possess such strength but could also use the will of Mandates that their master had comprehended?

The Golden Primal Ape lunged towards Yang Fan, while the Blue-Scaled Flood Dragon and the Silver-Armored Bear King dashed towards Yao Jun.



Qin Wentian stood there, impassively surveying the scene, all while controlling the five summoned beasts through his daunting will.

Yang Fan's Astral Soul erupted into being as his Star-Seizing Palm was further enhanced in strength. His true strength that he'd previously hidden—the will of a second level Mandate. He coated his palms with it as he directly slashed against the Golden Primal Ape that was ranked #3 in the Warbeast Index. The Star-Seizing Palm of Yang Fan contained fearsome might, yet when it collided against the palm of the Golden Primal Ape, Yang Fan was the one being catapulted through the air from the resulting impact.

“How can he be this strong?” The spectators were all dumbstruck by what they witnessed. Qin Wentian used the ranked #1 Demon Sovereign Astral Soul to summon other demonic beasts to do his battles. Not only that, each of the demonic beasts seemed to have the ability to utilize the will of his Mandates. No wonder even Yang Fan was knocked flying. What would Qin Wentian's actual ranking be on the Heavenly Fate Rankings given that he had such unbelievable combat prowess?

At this moment, none of the spectators believed that Qin Wentian would be able to rank merely in the top hundred nor the top thirty-six. Despite his eighth level of Yuanfu, the majority of the crowd believed that he would definitely be ranked within the top ten.

He had proven that he had the capability to contend evenly against the other monstrous geniuses for the top three positions.

The one who felt the most shock was none other than Yao Jun, he had once wanted to condense a summoning-type Astral Soul, yet if one's perception and sensory abilities weren't high enough, these powerful constellations were not so easy to sense. He was extremely clear on how perverse this type of Astral Souls was—they were able to grow in power indefinitely along with the summoner. And seeing the towering amounts of demonic qi Qin Wentian exuded, there was no one else more suitable than him to condense an Astral Soul from the summoning-type demonic beasts constellations.

“Are you not afraid that I'll kill her?” Yao Jun grabbed hold of Xuan Yan as he stared at Qin Wentian.

Only to see Qin Wentian floating in the air as he contemplated Yao Jun with his fiend-like eyes. “Release her and scram. The matter between us shall come to an end.”

Yao Jun gazed at Qin Wentian who was floating in the air. That devilish, handsome young man was staring at him in a position of utter dominance. Yan Jun felt fear gnawing in his heart, it seemed that so long as Qin Wentian willed it, he could die instantly right now. The five powerful Astral Warbeasts were no joke, Qin Wentian already possessed strength on a level that was far above his.

If he really did something to Xuan Yan, he would be the next after Hua Feng to die a terrible death.

Yao Jun trembled involuntarily, he didn't want to die such a stupid death. Just meeting the eyes of Qin Wentian already filled him with an indescribable terror.

Releasing his grip on Xuan Yan, Yao Jun's silhouette flickered as he instantly flew far away, his actions causing the spectators in the outside world to marvel.

Yao Jun chose not to battle but rather, to release Xuan Yan instead.

As the spectators in the outside world, they couldn't feel the aura and pressure Qin Wentian was exuding. Yet it was obvious that Yao Jun could clearly feel it in the formation world. What exactly did he mean by his actions?

Xuan Yan herself was also thunderstruck. With a single statement, Qin Wentian caused Yao Jun to release her. She couldn't help but wonder as she stared at his demonic form—when had he become so powerful?

The other Astral Warbeasts had surrounded Yang Fan. Yang Fan's strength couldn't be compared to that of the Golden Primal Ape and now that he was trapped within the encirclement, he couldn't escape even if he wanted to.

As for Situ Po, he was in an even more miserable state. The starstone armor that had enveloped his body had already been shattered and both the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk and Silvery Roc were gripping him with their talons as they flew over.

When Qin Wentian first emerged from the cave, the first person he'd personally dealt with, was Hua Feng.

Yang Fan back then considered himself unexcelled throughout the world and had thought of all those below him to be trash. And Situ Po, as someone who enjoyed fame on an equal level with him, how domineering was Situ Po then? His attitude lasted all the way until his defeat at the Heavenly Stele Steps and even after that, he still hadn't abandoned the notion of killing Qin Wentian.

Yet now, Qin Wentian didn't even need to make a move personally and they were already in such a pitiful state.

“QIN WENTIAN, DO YOU DARE TO FIGHT ME DIRECTLY?” Situ Po howled in anger. As the sound of his voice faded away, the two birds released their taloned-grip, setting him free. Qin Wentian slowly walked forward, his eyes boring into Situ Po's.

Upon looking into Qin Wentian's eyes, Situ Po felt his heart trembling involuntarily from a gut-wrenching fear.

No other words were necessary, Qin Wentian advanced towards Situ Po, when suddenly, Situ Po's aura abruptly surged upwards in a frenzy, as he released all three of his Astral Souls to augment his attacks. An inexorably powerful Sword Extinction Sword Might generated as Situ Po slashed downwards, wanting to annihilate everything in its presence.

However, the spectators only saw Qin Wentian piercing forwards

with a casual finger stab, and even the power of that boundless sword-might wasn't capable of defending against it.

“Chi!” A crisp sound echoed, Qin Wentian's finger directly penetrated through the centre of Situ Po's brows. Like a surreal dream, the sword qi of Situ Po continued to howl relentlessly, yet the light in Situ Po's eyes slowly faded as his eyes turned vacant.

Did Situ Po really just die, just like that?

He desired a face to face battle, yet through his instant demise, he discovered that Qin Wentian only needed a single finger to slay him.

# AGM 369 - I Want Ancient Luck

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Situ Po, a Heaven's Chosen of the Sword Extinction Sect, had his life reaped by a single finger of Qin Wentian's.

The pitiful Situ Po had outstanding talent and was once also awarded the rights to cultivate in the thirty-six Dao Cultivation Halls. Not only that, he had just stepped into the ninth level of Yuanfu, so if he had more time, he would definitely become even more powerful.

Sadly, Situ Po met another genius whose talent was even more monstrous than his. Back then, conflict occurred between Qin Wentian and Yue Bingying in the Unmatched Realm. How arrogant was Situ Po then? At that time, he had the ability to completely dominate Qin Wentian and had only stopped because those old eccentrics in the Unmatched Realm came out to interfere, telling them to compete in the Heavenly Stele Steps trial instead.

At the trial of the Heavenly Stele Steps, Situ Po ended up being defeated and was hence ousted from the Unmatched Realm.

Hence, the killing intent in his heart didn't dissipate with his defeat but rather, was nurtured to a boiling point. And when it erupted forth today, all that Situ Po gained was his own death.

Although the ranking battle was extremely merciless, strictly speaking, when the contenders of various powers faced each other, they wouldn't be too ruthless. At the very least, they would still

spare their opponent's lives. But Chen Wang, Situ Po, Yang Fan and Hua Feng had truly stepped on Qin Wentian's head too much, they wanted to force Qin Wentian out from the cave so that they could kill him, so in that case, when the situation had been reversed, why would he hesitate to kill them?

When he finally exited the cave, he first abused Hua Feng to death before scaring Yao Jun off with a single statement, and then followed up by slaying Situ Po using a single finger. Upon seeing such a scene, the spectators were all stunned into silence.

Qin Wentian's rise was too fast, right from the first test of the drum echoes. And despite Qin Wentian's brilliance, no one gave him a second glance because of his lower cultivation base.

But now, Qin Wentian's actions gradually caused the spectators to forget about his cultivation base. He faced four mighty rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, yet two died and one ran away. Was there any stronger rush of impact that words could convey? After all, actions still speaks louder than words.

By merely having the demonic beasts he summoned, it was already sufficient to wipe out his opponents.

In the outside world, standing among those from the Azure Emperor Palace, Yue Bingying's countenance turned as white as a sheet of paper. She didn't forget that it was initially because of her arrogance that Situ Po formed a grudge with Qin Wentian. She was the one that cost him his life.

Now that the man she had entrusted her hopes with died, she felt true panic and fear in her heart. Would Qin Wentian still remember her? Would he come for revenge then?

Those from the Sword Extinction Sect, Hua Clan and Star-Seizing Manor all watched on as their expressions grew incredibly ugly. This time around, Qin Wentian had managed to cleanly offend all these transcendent powers.

Although the squabbles and concerns that happened within the junior generations were usually kept within the junior generations, Qin Wentian's actions were like a tight slap right across their faces. They couldn't openly send Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns to kill Qin Wentian outright, because too many people witnessed what had happened here today, but they could still do things in the shadows that would cause Qin Wentian no end of trouble.

Qin Wentian naturally understood the consequences of his actions. But, as a man, how could he continue to be tolerant under those circumstances?

Or if he really submitted, would those people have spared him?

Qin Wentian's gaze landed on the last survivor, Yang Fan.

"I will give my ancient luck to you." Yang Fan's countenance paled. He had never felt such a strong sense of despair before. Glancing at the five Astral Warbeasts surrounding him, Yang Fan knew that it was impossible for him to escape.



“Too late.”

Qin Wentian calmly stated. The Golden Primal Ape stomped the ground as it slammed forth with a terrifying golden palm; the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk shrieked as it struck out with its razor-sharp wings; the Silver-Armored Bear King howled in rage as it rushed forwards...

Aside from Yang Fan, the person facing such an assault, even those who were watching felt their hearts almost leaping out of their chests. Yang Fan had no escape.

Qin Wentian's silhouette was still floating in the air as he watched the brutal scene unfolding with an air of serenity. Yang Fan, a Heaven's Chosen-level character from the Star-Seizing Manor was mauled and lacerated so badly that no one could even recognize him anymore. He was nothing but a bloody pulp of mangled flesh.

Qin Wentian's Purgatory Vermilion Bird instantly flew towards Yang Fan's and began devouring it.

Instantly, the three vertical lines of light on Qin Wentian's forehead were about to be completely formed. This meant that he had already absorbed the luck of around twenty-plus contenders that were eliminated. The majority of these contenders were eliminated by Yang Fan, and by devouring his ancient luck, naturally all those previously devoured by Yang Fan belonged to Qin Wentian as well.

Inclining his head, Qin Wentian cast his gaze onto the horizon.

“Chen Wang.”

Qin Wentian murmured, as a demonic light containing unexcelled sharpness flickered in his eyes.

“Since you are so interested in contending for the first ranking, I shall accompany you all the way.”

As the sound of his voice faded, the Silver-Armored Bear King jumped onto the back of the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk; the Blue-Scaled Flood Dragon stepped on the back of the Silvery Roc as they soared into the air, while the Golden Primal Ape moved in great strides at an extremely fast speed, rushing straight ahead. Instantly, the summoned Astral Warbeasts vanished from Qin Wentian’s line of sight.

All five Astral Warbeasts took off in three different directions, the speed of their momentum causing a demonic wind to kick up, gusting about in the formation world.

Qin Wentian then flew forward. Upon seeing his departing back view, Xuan Yan had a bitter smile on her face as she sighed in her heart. The rapid pace of Qin Wentian’s improvement made her supposedly ‘outstanding talent’ appear merely average.

Within the ancient world, the plundering of ancient luck

escalated to ferocious heights. This resulted in the elimination of all the weaker contenders, only leaving the stronger ones behind. But naturally, as the number of contenders in the formation dwindled, the probability of a chance encounter with another contender was greatly reduced as well.

At this moment, Longin was walking on a flatland with his perception extended out. Although he was ranked #20 on the Heavenly Fate Ranking, it was always better to be cautious. He knew that the ranking battle this time around was many times more dangerous compared to the past—there were simply too many outstanding characters. Just moments ago, he had personally witnessed a female of transcending beauty defeating someone who was ranked even higher than him.

Right at this moment, a frown creased Longin's face. What was happening, why did he feel the tremors of the earth growing with increasing intensity?

Shifting his gaze over in a certain direction, his countenance turned pale when he witnessed a golden-colored ape galloping his way. The ground trembled from the steps of this golden ape, with each step landing on the ground with the force of a mini earthquake.

“Isn't that a Golden Primal Ape?” Longin's heart pounded. Why would there be such a demonic beast appearing in the formation world? What was going on?

The Golden Primal Ape galloped right at him. In just a few giant strides, it closed the distance between them and with a roar, its

palms swiped down, resembling two small golden mountains—the overwhelming strength it possessed struck fear in Longin’s heart.

As an Astral Warbeast ranked #3 in the Warbeast Index, it was famed for its perfect attack and defense. And in addition to its summoner’s will of Mandate—the Mandate of Force and Mandate of Demons—how could the Golden Primal Ape be anything less than utterly terrifying?

With a single swipe, it felt as though the Heavens were collapsing. Longin mustered all his strength to defend, yet he was effortlessly pressed into the ground. After which, the Golden Primal Ape grabbed hold of Longin in its palm and continued galloping forward.

“Vile beast, release me!” Longin struggled in impotent fury as he roared in anger. He had never been so angered before.

As the sound of his voice faded away, the Golden Primal Ape brought Longin near its maw and it roared out a heaven-shattering bellow, the volume drowning out the poor Longin’s protest. Only a single thought kept running through his head—what nonsense was this, what nonsense was this?!

Where exactly did such a beast come from?

Soon after, the Golden Primal Ape repeated its actions and grabbed hold of another person named Nyelin. Nyelin was ranked among the 30s on the Heavenly Fate Rankings and was also quite a powerful character. However, when faced with the golden ape, if

one didn't comprehend any second level Mandates, it was basically impossible to even scratch the warbeast because of its insane defense.

The ending was without suspense—Nyelin suffered the same fate as Longin and both of them were grabbed in the same palm, their bodies glued to each other. They were close to exploding from their pent-up anger.

Mind you, they were not homosexuals...

In the blink of an eye, another seven days passed. It was getting increasingly harder to hunt for ancient luck. And the strong just kept getting stronger. Of course, the amount of ancient luck they gathered was also the most abundant.

As for Chen Wang and Shi Potian, the Vermilion Birds hovering behind their backs seemed almost ready to break through their illusory form and step into reality. The bodies of the birds were perpetually covered in scorching flames, both appearing extremely terrifying.

Zhan Chen, Emperor Azure, Wang Jue, and Yan Cheng were all extremely outstanding as well.

The momentum from the dark horses—Si Qiong, Qin Zheng, Leng Hong, Hua Shaoqing and Yun Mengyi—seemed pretty much unstoppable as well.

Yet in the past few days, the one that garnered the most attention wasn't Chen Wang, nor Shi Potian, nor any of the dark horses. It was instead, the character which everyone ignored or neglected since the beginning—Qin Wentian.

Within the Vermilion Bird Formation, an extremely shocking scene was occurring.

The Golden Primal Ape, Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk, Silvery Roc... The five Astral Warbeasts were all rushing towards a single direction. There were several figures that could be seen struggling in the Golden Primal Ape's palms, similarly there were also several figures clutched in the talons and claws of the Silvery Roc and Blue-Scaled Flood Dragon. Their struggle was futile, these Astral Warbeasts didn't seem to be interested in killing them. They were merely captured and were being brought with extreme speed to one location.

And ultimately, these demonic beasts gathered atop a mountain peak.

On that mountain peak, atop a huge rock, a young man sat with his eyes closed. Those captives glanced upwards, only to see a glint of sunlight shining right back in their eyes, reflected from a figure clad in platinum robes. This person was none other than Qin Wentian!

At this moment, Qin Wentian didn't seem remotely human, instead, he resembled the overlord of demons.

His aura alone made the captives feel fear.

Aside from the Astral Warbeasts who captured them, they realized that there were also many other demonic beasts present. The beasts seemed to have gathered for a single purpose—their abject worship of Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian was like the monarch of all demonic beasts. And now, all the captive contenders finally realized that Qin Wentian was none other than the controller of the terrifying Astral Warbeasts.

“Thanks.” Qin Wentian’s fiend-like eyes bored down upon them as his Purgatory Vermilion Bird devoured the others with great relish. They trembled in anger, yet were unable to do anything but watch on helplessly. This very act would remain in their memories, imprinted in their minds for many years to come—the legendary character of Grand Xia sitting atop a huge rock, with his imperious gaze directed at them all, like an Emperor bestowing judgement on his subjects as he plundered away their ancient luck!

# AGM 370 - Variation In The Formation World

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The scene happening within the formation world also left the outside spectators stunned with amazement.

The figure sitting atop the huge rock was using the summoned Astral Warbeasts to hunt and plunder away the ancient luck of these experts!

In the outside world, those from the transcendent powers couldn't help but re-evaluate and seriously contemplate Qin Wentian. This young man's performance had been bordering on the unbelievable right from the start, he was so outstanding that he didn't lose out in the slightest even when compared to Chen Wang and Shi Potian. And at this moment, they couldn't believe their eyes when they saw the amount of demonic qi exuding from Qin Wentian. His eyes were already fiend-like, and he didn't resemble a human's but rather, a true supreme demon instead.

Old Man Tianji's eyes flashed with a sharp light as he studied Qin Wentian.

He had peered into Grand Xia's destiny and witnessed the emergence of the demon star. And as time passed, the radiance surrounding it only grew with increasing brightness.

Since the beginning, he had maintained his observation of the Heavenly Fate Rankings contenders—who among them did the demon star represent?



And now, it seemed that Qin Wentian was most likely to be that person. He who exuded such towering amounts of demonic qi, was he the one foretold by the demon star that would change the destiny of Grand Xia?

At this moment, the summoned Astral Warbeasts gave a loud roar as they sped off in different directions—it seemed as though the Astral Energy they contained in their forms had not yet been exhausted. That demonic young man sat down cross-legged atop the huge rock, totally immersed in his cultivation. He didn't forget to cultivate even when he was plundering ancient luck.

The battles that occurred in the formation world grew fiercer and fiercer, yet the number of clashes gradually also decreased. And only when a total of 360 contenders were left did the spectators realize that this time around, the ranking battle was somewhat different compared to the ones held before.

“Indeed, the destiny of Grand Xia is changing.”

Old Man Tianji murmured, his words causing those nearby to shoot looks of bewilderment at him.

“It really has changed, and I wonder how many contenders the Vermilion Bird Formation will select this time around.” To the side, a powerhouse from the Great Solar Chen Clan mused. If Grand Xia's destiny were to really change, even more contenders would be eliminated and the remaining powerful ones could each amass a never-before-seen amount of ancient luck. This was

something that had never occurred before.

“Look! Chen Wang’s devoured enough ancient luck, and now his Vermilion Bird can finally lead him to his piece of destiny. He’s opened up a hole in a ground of boiling lava and magma and even the skies have turned red from all the unending flames.” At this moment, the spectators all trained their gazes at Chen Wang, who was currently in an area where lava and magma flowed uncontrolled, like the aftermath of a volcano eruption.

A series of steps descended downwards the hellish hole of unbearable flames. Chen Wang’s eyes flashed with determination, he had been plundering ancient luck as he sought out Ouyang Kuangsheng and Fan Le. But who would have thought that his ancient luck would become so concentrated, it would then lead him to a place that appeared broken apart.

He stepped forward, descending into the hellish hole.

Chen Wang’s silhouette vanished from the crowd’s sight. What exactly was hidden in the depths of that place? Only Chen Wang would know.

Agitation and excitement flashed on the features of those from the Great Solar Chen Clan. Indeed, Chen Wang was living up to his reputation. Would he finally obtain the legacy that rightfully belonged to him?

As time flowed by unceasingly, the number of people remaining in the formation world kept diminishing. The remaining

contenders were all powerful characters with overwhelming combat prowess.

Ouyang Kuangsheng had also comprehended a second level Mandate, instantly becoming a character on par with the Heaven's Chosen in the Ouyang Clan—Ouyang Zheng.

This caused those from the Ouyang Clan to feel extremely gratified in their hearts. Although Duan Qingshan's death was dispiriting, ultimately, Ouyang Kuangsheng was still someone from the main bloodline. Now that his strength already exceeded Duan Qingshan, Duan Qingshan's loss wasn't of any great deal to them. As a result, Ouyang Kuangsheng's status in the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan instantly skyrocketed.

When Ouyang Ting saw this, her countenance stiffened immediately. She felt as though everything that happened was too surreal, as though she was trapped inside a dream.

The strength of the young man who killed Duan Qingshan had already grown so much that it was unfathomable. And now that Ouyang Kuangsheng also comprehended a second level Mandate, Ouyang Ting knew that her hopes of getting the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan to avenge Duan Qingshan had just been shattered into nothingness. Compared to Ouyang Kuangsheng's current status, she was nothing... just a mere speck of dust. The clan elders would definitely not permit her to use their forces to deal with Ouyang Kuangsheng's buddies.

Now, her only hope remaining was that Qin Wentian would die in the formation world. Preferably, to die when duelling Chen

Wang.

“Shi Potian also found his legacy, he used the condensed ancient luck of the Vermilion Bird and blasted through an ancient mountain, entering into the tunnels within.”

The hearts of the crowd trembled when they witnessed this scene.

Why had the rules in the Vermilion Bird Formation changed?

Si Qiong’s ancient luck also broke apart the land—he was the third person after Chen Wang and Shi Potian to find the legacy belonging to him.

Apparently, if the ancient luck was concentrated to a certain extent, their illusory Vermilion Birds would birth a true soul and then lead them to places where the legacies suitable to them could be found.

As of now, the contenders in the formation world numbered about a hundred. The amount of ancient luck they all had were overwhelming and their Vermilion Birds were condensed to the point where they seemed almost alive. Those that were eliminated could only watch helplessly from outside, blaming themselves for not seizing this opportunity. No one could have expected the variation in the laws that governed the Vermilion Bird Formation, not even the leaders of the transcendent powers had, let alone the contenders.

“Zhan Chen as expected, he’s been hiding his strength. He also found the legacy that belongs to him” The amazement in the hearts of the spectators grew with every passing second.

Why were there so many hidden legacies?

This was something unprecedented.

And next, Emperor Azure and Qin Zheng also succeeded.

After which, Yun Mengyi and Mu Feng followed suit.

“Eight people, there are actually eight people who found the hidden legacies!”

“From this we can evaluate the actual strength of these people. Without a doubt, these eight all have the qualifications to stand at the pinnacle of Yuanfu. Naturally, there are still some other unknown variations that may still occur—Qin Wentian, Wang Jue, Hua Shaoqing, Yan Cheng. They’re all unknown elements as well.”

The eight of them, plus another two from this group would surely be ranked within the top ten of the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Regretfully for Yao Jun, when he chose to retreat from facing Qin Wentian, it was already obvious that he didn’t have the qualifications to step into the top ten.

Qin Wentian at this moment was also accumulating ancient luck. Under the aid from his Astral Warbeasts, the amount of ancient

luck he'd obtained had been concentrated to an incredible degree. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird behind him grew increasingly corporeal, with nine straight lines of light on its forehead. Not only that, it was exuding an aura similar to a human at the ninth level of Yuanfu.

He could faintly sense that the Purgatory Vermilion Bird was already 'full', there was no longer a need to plunder ancient luck to feed it.

At present, his eyes were still closed; he had been deep in a state of slumber for several days. There were many vivid scenes flashing through his dreamscape as he seriously immersed himself within.

It was just as the green-robed senior's dream-will had taught him. Since it was just a dream, why not let go of all his control and common sense, and just immerse himself in boundless imagination—losing himself in the fantasy? There was a solidity in dreams, akin to reality. But whether it was real life or fantasy, it all depended on the dream-will of that person, the one who created the dream.

The distance between the Heavens and Earth can be traversed with a single thought. What are dreams actually? Reality or illusory? Genuine or forged? Interweaving truth and fiction; everything depended on the power of one's imagination.

The Astral Warbeasts crouched quietly below the huge rock—as long as the Astral Energy within them hadn't been exhausted, their corporeal forms wouldn't vanish.

Back then, when he was in danger in the Sky Harmony City, Uncle Black once passed him an item, telling him only to activate it in moments of extreme danger. Only now did Qin Wentian understand that the ancient primal ape that appeared then was a sealed Astral Warbeast that could be summoned. It was a one-time use, a life-saving treasure which Uncle Black had given him.

The Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk and the Silvery Roc prostrated themselves on the left and right of Qin Wentian as the Golden Primal Ape stood up, its head reaching the huge rock where Qin Wentian was sitting on.

Qin Wentian extended his left hand as he gently caressed the Golden Primal Ape's head, before rubbing the feathers on the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk's back. The Astral Warbeasts lifted their heads slightly glancing at him as though they possessed an intelligence of their own. These Astral Warbeasts summoned by Qin Wentian, were innately interlinked to him in terms of thoughts and intentions.

At Qin Wentian's back, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird let out a long screech as the Astral Warbeasts once again adopted submissive positions, lowering their heads. It was as though they could feel the imposing air of a king's stateliness.

Qin Wentian had a wry smile on his face when he saw this. After which, he saw the Purgatory Vermilion Bird flapping its wings, slapping the Silvery Roc away as it took its place beside Qin Wentian.

“Are you not an illusion? Why do you feel so real?”

Qin Wentian could feel the heat from the flames covering the bird. He stretched out his hand as he rubbed its head, causing an expression of contentment to flash in the Purgatory Vermilion Bird’s eyes. A few moments later, it looked up and issued a few long screeches as it flapped its wings, wanting to soar into the skies.

“You want to bring me somewhere?” Qin Wentian asked in puzzlement.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird let out a sharp sounding chirp as it nodded.

“Alright.” Qin Wentian stood up and sat on his Vermilion Bird’s back. Instantly, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird flew straight into the skies, moving towards the distant horizon at lightning speed.

The Golden Primal Ape galloped forth with great strides, madly rushing ahead as it followed the Purgatory Vermilion Bird. As they soared after the Vermilion Bird, the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk and Silvery Roc both carried the Blue-Scale Flood Dragon and the Silver-Armored Bear King, respectively.

Within the formation world, there was a gigantic mountain that was in the shape of a demon. Its peak was so tall that it appeared close to touching the dome of Heavens.



At this moment, two silhouettes could be seen at that mountain peak.

These two were none other than Yao Jun and Peng Zhan.

Yao Jun was ranked #13 on the Heavenly Fate rankings, from the Skydemon Sect.

Peng Zhan was ranked #14 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, from the Beast King Hall. The two of them were Heaven's Chosen from the Demon Continent, and both were extremely powerful characters. Because of the similarity in their rankings, they would furiously compete against each other in all matters, often ending with no clear victor. But to think that right now, both of them were actually in an alliance with each other.

Their ancient luck in the Vermilion Bird's form was relentlessly trying to split open the demon-like mountain, frenziedly crashing against it time after time, yet to no avail.

"Since the Vermilion Birds led us here, there shouldn't be any mistake. This place must be extraordinary." Yao Jun sinisterly snuck a glance at Zhan Peng's ancient luck. If his Vermilion Bird could devour Zhan Peng's, it should be able to become strong enough to open up the pathway into the mountains.

Right at this moment, a Vermilion Bird's screech could be heard from afar. Yao Jun and Zhan Peng both turned their heads, only to see another Vermilion Bird zooming over towards them. Not only that, this bird wasn't an ordinary one—its body was perpetually

covered by purgatory flames and appeared incomparably terrifying, exuding towering amounts of demonic qi.

What's even more astonishing was that there was a young man proudly sitting on the back of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird, coldly surveying them as though he was the overlord of demons.

Below the Purgatory Vermilion Bird, there was a Golden Primal Ape dashing over. With every step it took, the ground trembled and quaked, appearing as though it would split apart at any moment. And beside the Purgatory Vermilion Bird, there were two other demonic beasts flying alongside it.

"It's him!" Yao Jun's eyes narrowed, as great waves rocked his heart. Qin Wentian's appearance had just thrown all his plans into disarray. This person was even more demonic compared to him and Peng Zhan, and most likely even stronger than the both of them combined.

With a sharp cry from the Purgatory Vermilion Bird, the Vermilion Birds of Yao Jun and Peng Zhan all submissively gave way. The wings of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird morphed into sharp blades as it repeatedly slammed into the mountain walls. Birthed from the impact, the rumbling sounds echoed unceasingly, while the Golden Primal Ape also rushed up to help, madly unleashing its blows on the mountain wall in a torrent of attacks.

The huge rocks on the mountain peaks all came crashing down, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird was already injured from the impact, and yet it seemed as though it had no intentions of stopping. Finally, after several moments, the mountain wall crumpled,

revealing the entrance to an extremely huge cave.

Qin Wentian gently patted the Purgatory Vermilion Bird on its head, only to see it cooing softly in response. The previous baleful aura had completely retracted, leaving behind a docile look in its eyes.

“It’s been tough on you,” Qin Wentian softly commented, while advancing forwards.

“Hold it!” Peng Zhan coldly shouted. Qin Wentian turned, his fiend-like eyes surveying Peng Zhan, only to see him laughing with a wretched expression on his face. “Hey Yao Jun, shouldn't we thank this person for opening the path for us?”

Yao Jun’s countenance faltered, while he laughed coldly in his heart. This Peng Zhan didn't know how the word ‘death’ was written!

# AGM 371 - Origin Of The Fiend

## Transformation Art

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Qin Wentian's cold gaze swept over to Peng Zhan and within moments, huge booming sounds rang out as the Golden Primal Ape stomped its way over, accompanied by the cruel shriek of the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk as it soared towards him in a beautiful arc.

Demonic qi gushed forth from him as he released his Astral Souls, causing his aura to surge up violently.

However at this moment, a resplendent ray of light shot forth from the centre of Qin Wentian's brows. Peng Zhan's countenance instantly turned incredibly unsightly as he blasted forth a palm strike at Qin Wentian. Yet, at the side, Yao Jun discovered that Peng Zhan's attack blasted out at empty space—there wasn't anything there at all.

“What's going on?” Peng Zhan's heart clenched as an immense feeling of danger descended upon him. Just when he wanted to retreat, the terrifying palms of the Golden Primal Ape landed on his body, knocking him up in the air. The Thunder Hawk's full powered strike slammed into him like a missile, sending him flying far away, until he vanished from the edge of Qin Wentian's vision.

“This...”

Yao Jun had an expression of shock in his eyes. He had initially thought that even if he couldn't defeat Qin Wentian, he would still

be able to fight on equal grounds. But that sudden attack wiped all thoughts of this fantasy out of his mind. If he were to really fight him, the end-results would surely be just as pathetic and he would become the second Peng Zhan—utterly and completely suppressed.

A look of puzzlement crossed his face. Why did Peng Zhan's earlier attack miss by such a large margin?

Basically it was impossible, Peng Zhan's strength wasn't any weaker than his. How could he have committed such a blunder? Glancing at Qin Wentian again, he only felt that this young man standing in front of him was unfathomably powerful, far beyond his capabilities to measure.

Qin Wentian glanced at him before entering the cave with the Purgatory Vermilion Bird. The Golden Primal Ape and the Blue-Scale Flood Dragon stationed themselves outside the cave, guarding it from intruders.

Yao Jun understood in his heart that he no longer had a chance with this legacy.

The interior of the cave was dark and gloomy, yet as Qin Wentian followed the path leading in, the atmosphere began to brighten. After a period of time, Qin Wentian saw a palace situated before him. His expression froze, his eyes gleaming with a strange glow.

There was actually a hidden palace within the mountain cave.

The palace in front of him was extremely vast and exuded an imposing aura of prestige. There was also a thick and eerie intent, as though boundless demonic qi was being suppressed within.

There were many statues within the palace. All of the statues resembled that of a demonic beast, yet somehow their eyes seemed strangely alive, as though they weren't mere sculptures.

“Ka Cha!”

A crisp sound echoed out, causing Qin Wentian's heart to clench slightly. As he turned his gaze over, a sharp glint of light flickered in his eyes. Over there, the statue of a Wind Devil Demonic Tiger was shedding away its stony exterior, revealing an extremely malevolent countenance grinning at Qin Wentian.

The statue actually came to life!

The unending sound of crumbling echoed throughout the palace, as the various statues all started to reveal their living forms. Countless pairs of demonic eyes swept over to Qin Wentian, and a terrifying surge of demonic qi permeated the entire space.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird gave a sharp cry, as the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk and Silvery Roc rallied to it. Yet, the amount of demonic qi only grew increasingly concentrated as the reviving process continued unabated throughout the palace.

Qin Wentian's countenance remained emotionless as he soared

up into the skies. Abruptly, the transformed demonic beasts all erupted into a flurry of motion, frenziedly rushing at Qin Wentian. That violent surge of demonic qi would have struck terror in the hearts of the most stalwart.

Flaming embers covered the Purgatory Vermilion Bird as it issued a long screech, wailing in the air. Purgatory flames spewed out of its beak as it zoomed out, burning the masses of demonic beasts rushing at them. After incinerating the first wave, it turned resplendently golden in color as it initiated another attack, swooping down towards the swarming beasts. Everywhere it flew by, fresh blood would splatter on the ground, as the transformed demonic beasts died one after another.

However, the waves of beasts seemed endless, as they rushed out continuously, heedless of death.

The Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk and the Silvery Roc also advanced and engaged the unending waves of transformed demonic beasts in battle. At the same time, a demonic beast broke through the three birds and lunged towards Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian mightily stomped the ground as he lashed out furiously with his palm. That poor demonic beast was smashed into pieces from the impact, deader than dead.

“Wait, what? I can’t engrave Inscriptions here?” Qin Wentian’s gaze turned cold. He didn’t know whether the floor was constructed from a special material, or if this place was under a certain restriction. In any case, it was impossible to use Divine Inscriptions. He could only use pure combat to slaughter a path through the endless tides of demonic beasts.

The three birds were all extremely powerful, especially the Purgatory Vermilion Bird. The eternal flame blazing on its body was akin to the true flames of Purgatory, and contained an extremely destructive might. Its wings were like blades of incomparable sharp steel, able to easily lacerate through the flesh of these demonic beasts. And yet regardless of how powerful it was, and how many it killed, it didn't seem to make a dent in the number of demonic beasts rushing at them. Suddenly, a fearsome demonic ape jumped downwards and slammed into the Vermilion Bird's body. Although it was instantly incinerated by the perpetual flames, such a collision had injured the Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

And after that, such attacks continued to happen, one after another. The tides of demonic beasts didn't fear death at all. After an extremely brief period of time, the Silvery Roc died from its injuries—the Crimsonblood Thunder Hawk joined it in death not long after.

Qin Wentian's third eye flared with resplendent light as an overwhelming pressure crushed down from the Heavens. His body was enveloped by demonic armor and those waves of transformed demonic beasts that rushed at him were treated to vibrations of such intensity that they exploded, layering the ground with their corpses.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird understood Qin Wentian's intention. It flew ahead, clearing the path for him, slaying any demonic beast that got in its way. Blood was dripping unceasingly from its beak but the coldness in its eyes never wavered in the slightest.



One man one bird, none of the demonic beasts had the power to stop them. Finally, they arrived at a place where a terrifying ancient demonic divinity floated in the air. It was the illusory form of a Vermilion Bird, the Underworld Vermilion Bird! The aura it exuded was extremely terrifying, able to crush the minds of weaker-willed people. When it stared at Qin Wentian's Purgatory Vermilion Bird, an intense killing intent gushed out from it.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird gave a shrill screech as it prepared to dive forth, yet Qin Wentian coldly interjected, "Let me do it."

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian dashed out. This cave was opened up by him, he should be the one to undertake the challenge.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird turned about and continued combating the waves of those demonic beasts, guarding Qin Wentian's rear.

Qin Wentian's third eye opened and shot forth a golden beam of light, yet to his shock he realized that the Underworld Vermilion Bird was still staring at him coldly, completely unaffected.

"Immunity?"

Qin Wentian's countenance stiffened. This terrifying Vermilion Bird actually had immunity to his eye-attack.

“Szzz!” The Underworld Vermilion Bird spat out a gust of cold air, like the qi of the dead from the underworld. Qin Wentian slammed forth with a dragon imprint, yet it was effortlessly frozen solid. As the cold air came into contact with his palms, Qin Wentian felt that even the Astral Energy circulating in his arterial pathway was frozen solid—he had no way to channel any power at all.

“What a terrifying underworld qi. Is this the test I need to overcome?”

Qin Wentian’s eyes flashed with a glint of resoluteness. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird behind him was attacking in a frenzy, effectively blocking the waves of demonic beasts rushing at them, and not allowing a single one to get past it to reach Qin Wentian. It was as if it knew how powerful the Underworld Vermilion Bird was and didn’t want its master to be distracted.

Qin Wentian stared deeply at the Underworld Vermilion Bird as he slammed forth with another palm, causing the Divine Inscriptions already inscribed within his Yuanfu to burst out into a manifestation of ancient bells.

“Heartbreak Echo!”

But...the Underworld Vermilion Bird remained motionless, its gaze still as cold as ever as it stared at Qin Wentian, it didn’t even appear the slightest bit affected.

This made Qin Wentian understand that if he wanted to kill the

Underworld Vermilion Bird, he could only attack based on pure strength. The Underworld Vermilion Bird had an immunity against most innate techniques.

Behind him, a terrible screech of rage echoed in the air. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird had been seriously injured to the point that its body turned illusory once more. Yet, it was still holding the waves off, determined not to let a single one of the demonic beasts get past it.

The spectators in the outside world weren't able to see anything that happened within the location of each legacy. If not, they would surely be dumbfounded at what they are seeing. The ancient luck in the form of Vermilion Birds could actually materialize into a true Vermilion Bird demonic beast. Not only that, they had the capacity to be unswervingly loyal to their masters, capable of giving their all to aid their masters in acquiring the ancient legacies.

None of the spectators would really know what each of the contenders were currently facing, whether they failed or succeeded or even what legacy they were fighting to obtain.

Qin Wentian stared at the Underworld Vermilion Bird as he rushed forwards. A terrifying demonic aura blasted off from him as he was enveloped in overwhelming amounts of demonic qi. He no longer resembled anything human, but rather a true demon.

The Underworld Vermilion Bird icily stared back as it spat out yet another gush of underworld qi current. Qin Wentian felt as though his entire body was about to be frozen solid, with the

underworld qi currently corroding his armor and flesh. Yet, he didn't falter even for a second in his advance. Nobody could block him if he decided to set his mind towards a goal.

The terrifying air currents of the qi enveloped Qin Wentian as the Underworld Vermilion Bird instantly swooped down and unleashed its talon attack, penetrating through Qin Wentian's chest. It then channeled the underworld qi directly into Qin Wentian's body, causing him to feel a sense of approaching death.

However, since it voluntarily came into such close range for its attack, how could Qin Wentian still allow it to fly away? Qin Wentian grabbed hold of its body and slammed out a punch that was coated with the will of his Mandate, further reinforced by the boundless rhythm of the Heavens and Earth.

The Underworld Vermilion Bird cried out a bloodcurdling screech, struggling madly to get away. Yet with another flurry of punches, its corporeal form started to fade, turning back into an illusory outline.

"Devour it," Qin Wentian coldly commanded. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird cried out shrilly as it flew over, opening its beak and then ruthlessly tearing at the Underworld Vermilion Bird. As it tried to resist, Qin Wentian continuously treated it like a punching bag.

Finally, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird successfully devoured its prey. As the commanding light in its eyes swept over to the demonic beast tides, they paused and started to transform back into statues.

Qin Wentian's wound recovery was impeded by a layer of Underworld energy. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird cooed with worry, as it glanced at the terrible wound running down Qin Wentian's chest. Qin Wentian smiled as he replied, "Don't worry, I'll be fine."

After speaking, he continued onwards. An ancient pathway mysteriously appeared after the Underworld Vermilion Bird was killed. Qin Wentian followed the path all the way, until he came face to face with a golden-colored stone wall.

On top of it, three large words were engraved—Fiend Transformation Art.

"Fiend Transformation Art!"

Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath, endless shock apparent in his eyes. So this was how it came about, back then the Azure Emperor must have also fought in the ranking battle to accumulate ancient luck, and had visited this place once before.

The Fiend Transformation Art originated from this place!

# AGM 372 - Irreversible, Demonic Divinity

## Sacrificial Transformation Art

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A demonic light glimmered in Qin Wentian's eyes as he stared at the three large words engraved upon the golden world, feeling thunderstruck in his heart.

With a difference of several thousand years, he and the Azure Emperor had actually obtained the same ancient luck, leading to the same legacy? It seemed that right from the start, they were already bound by the threads of destiny.

But if the legacy here was the Fiend Art Transformation, wasn't it just a waste since he already had it?

Qin Wentian didn't bother about this. His eyes were like torches, as he stared intently at the three large characters engraved. In the next moment, streams of golden light gushed forth from the wall, entering straight into the centre of his brows, and his mind was flooded with a rushing mass of information.

This was the purest version of the Fiend Transformation Art. The inheritance that the Azure Emperor left behind for him all those years ago couldn't be compared to what he was experiencing now—the direct assimilation of information from the original source straight into his mind.

At this moment, Qin Wentian finally understood. The endless waves of demonic beasts out there might be a test, but it was also a way for the fated inheritor to perfect the Fiend Transformation

Art.

“Since my destiny brought me here, how can I return empty handed? I shall make use of this place and fully master it,” Qin Wentian murmured as he gently stroked the head of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird. Despite its serious injuries, its eyes were still filled with gentleness when it looked at Qin Wentian, as though Qin Wentian was not just a master, but its closest kin. The aura of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird underwent a change when it devoured the Underworld Vermilion Bird. Now it contained within its aura a faint sense of evil.

“Get some rest, I also want to recover from my injuries first. After that we will wipe the outer palace clean, by annihilating all the demonic beasts out there,” Qin Wentian spoke, as the Purgatory Vermilion Bird nodded. Following which, it laid down on the floor and closed its eyes in rest and meditation.

Qin Wentian sat down cross-legged, as he tried to recuperate. He was also injured and his wounds weren’t light—the Underworld Vermilion Bird was guarding the Fiend Transformation Art legacy, so how could it be weak? It had immunity to several types of innate techniques and one could only use brute force to defeat it. Hence, Qin Wentian seized on the most tyrannical method and beat it to death with only his fists. Naturally, if the Purgatory Vermilion Bird’s hadn’t almost lost its life to save him, he wouldn’t have exploded forth with so much fury.

After a period of adjustment, one man and one bird returned once again to the outer palace where the great hall was situated. Crumbling sounds rang out as the exteriors of countless statues

cracked, transforming into demonic beasts as overwhelming amounts of demonic qi filled the air.

Qin Wentian walked right into the centre of the hall with an eager expression on his face. As one of the demonic statues finished its transformation, his arm suddenly shot out, grabbing the head of the poor demonic beast as he tyrannically absorbed its demonic qi directly into his body.

Four hours later, the bodies of Qin Wentian and the Purgatory Vermilion Bird were both stained with blood. Qin Wentian sat serenely in the centre of the hall, as the demonic qi permeating the hall all frenziedly gushed into him. His body was like a bottomless well, his desire to devour unsated as he unceasingly absorbed it all.

After three days, the endless waves of demonic beasts ended. All of them had been slain and the demonic qi that permeated the area had totally dissipated. Abruptly, the young man who was sitting in the centre of the hall opened his eyes. The entirety of the demonic qi had been absorbed and concentrated in him, before being refined and circulated according to the principles of the Fiend Transformation Art. The word 'terrifying' was totally insufficient to describe the demonic aura currently exuding from him.

Time flowed by in the Vermilion Bird Formation, the number of contenders within currently numbered less than a hundred.

The spectators on the outside seriously observed the happenings in the formation world. Half of the hundred contenders had all already comprehended their respective second level Mandates—this was an alarming number that went way beyond expectations.



It had never happened before, even in the previous ranking battles.

In the past, as long as a contender comprehended a second level Mandate, it was already sufficient for him or her to be ranked within the top twenty. But for this batch, because there was a variation in the laws of the formation world, everything had changed. Not only was there less than 360 contenders remaining, the amount of ancient luck was insufficient to be even spread across a hundred people. All the weaker ones had all already been eliminated.

The remaining contenders grew increasingly stronger, causing the spectators to wonder if this was an effect of the ancient luck. Does immersing oneself in ancient luck hasten one's cultivation speed?

Naturally, the topics of interest were those who managed to find the hidden legacies. Although the number of contenders remaining was already very few, the number of contenders that managed to do so was even scarcer—only a total of nine had managed to locate the hidden legacies.

Initially everyone thought Yao Jun and Peng Zhan would also have an opportunity. Who would have thought that Qin Wentian would domineeringly take their chance away right in front of their eyes? After Qin Wentian, no one else had managed to locate the tenth legacy.

These nine people respectively were: Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, Emperor Azure, Qin Zheng, Yun Mengyi, Mu Feng and Qin Wentian.

Although the spectators didn't know what they were experiencing, they could already faintly sense that these nine cultivators would be the nine most dazzling of the remaining contenders in the formation world. They all had an extremely high probability of being ranked in the top nine.

Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Emperor Azure and Zhan Chen; their performance was within expectations. Originally, Mu Feng was already highly ranked on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, so it was understandable that he could explode forth with such strength after his change in temperament. The dark horses of this batch were Si Qiong, Qin Zheng, Yun Mengyi and Qin Wentian.

Naturally, other than the nine of them, there were also some other contenders that had fortunate encounters. The chaotic battles continued for the wresting of ancient luck. Nobody knew what other changes would there be when the nine of them reappeared again.

These nine were originally already extremely powerful. Even the one with the lowest amount of recognition among the nine - Qin Wentian, was able to effortlessly slay Yang Fan and got Yao Jun to scram with a single sentence.

They would only emerge stronger than before if they successfully acquire the legacies.

“Wait, Mo Qingcheng also found a hidden legacy!”

At this moment, under the thunderstruck expressions of the crowd, the silhouette of Mo Qingcheng vanished from the spectating screens.

Mo Qingcheng became the tenth contender. Yet her encounter happened nonetheless despite the fact that she was completely different from the other nine in the sense that she didn't hunt others for their ancient luck hence strengthening her own Vermilion Bird. Yet, in spite of her inaction, the ancient luck concentrated around her, allowing her to find the tenth legacy. Nobody knew the reason why, could it be that if one was born beautiful, the Vermilion Bird Formation would take special care of her? Impossible. Maybe only Mo Qingcheng herself knew of the true reason.

“Senior Tianji, how many contenders do you think need to be eliminated before the Vermilion Bird Formation release them?” Someone belonging to a transcendent power asked.

“The destiny of Grand Xia is changing, forgive this old man for his incompetence, I can't tell for sure. But for this ranking battle, if the remaining contenders was only thirty-six, there shall then only be thirty-six positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings this time around. If there's only a single contender remaining, that means that there shall only be only one position on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.” Old Man Tianji spoke after a long moment of silence. There was a serenity in his gaze, nobody could tell what he was thinking about.

“However, because the destiny is changing, the remaining contenders would absolutely be at a level of power unprecedented

in the past. This meant that all the remaining characters would have a high probability that they will be able to influence the future of Grand Xia. In fact, the destiny of Grand Xia is changing because of them.” Old Man Tianji spoke again, his words causing the others to stare in dumbfounded amazement.

Things such as luck and destiny was intangible and obscure, exceeding mysterious. No one could say for sure they existed or not. Yet, the Venerate Heavens Sect had been observing the movements of constellations for untold eons, predicting events of unerring accuracy for Grand Xia. There was no reason for him to lie.

“Even the Heavens and Earth has a beginning. For the fate and destiny orchestrated by the movements of the stars, let it end with the one that made it began. Everyone, you guys best be careful on the way you handle things in the future.”

Old Man Tianji’s words were layered with profoundness, nobody could understand what he was trying to say. They all formed their own interpretations.

An elder from the Great Solar Chen Clan smiled as a sharp glint of light flashed past his eyes. “Senior is right, these characters are all extraordinary. Seeing Chen Wang is the first to locate a legacie, I wonder how would he influence the destiny of Grand Xia in the future.”

This person was none other than Chen Wang’s uncle, he had great expectations for Chen Wang.

“There’s nothing to do with the order they found the legacies.” Those from the Shi Clan refuted. If what Old Man Tianji said was through, there was someone among the ten contenders that would be able to influence the destiny of Grand Xia, that person must definitely be Shi Potian.

“Total bullshit.” Someone from the Hua Clan snorted. Hua Shaoqing wasn’t one of the ten that found a legacy. He naturally felt unhappy in his heart.

Not only that, what sort of character was Hua Taixu? How could he be any weaker than any of the ten contenders? Despite how outstanding Chen Wang is, when Hua Taixu was on the stage, Chen Wang totally couldn’t hold a candle to him.

With Hua Taixu present, Chen Wang would always be the number two.

If these ten were able to influence the destiny of Grand Xia, what about Hua Taixu?”

Those from the Hua Clan had believed all along that Hua Taixu would be the one that control Grand Xia in the future.

All of them had their own thoughts, and those in the formation world was naturally unaware of the words Old Man Tianji spoken. At this moment, a fatty climbed up on the coral reef as he roared in pride. “This fatty finally reached the strongest level in Yuanfu!”

So it turns out that because Fan Le knew very well how weak he was in terms of cultivation base, he focused and immersed himself totally in his cultivation until he broke through to the eighth level of Yuanfu. Directly after that, he took the limit-break pellet and stepped into the ninth level. The poor fatty still didn't know that the formation world had already undergone heaven-shaking and earth-shattering changes.

Brimming with confidence, Fan Le no longer sought to hide away. He walked in a swaggering manner, like he was the lord of this world, fully prepared to fight against any that might come by his way, allowing others to know of his great name - Fan Le the Fatty.

Very swiftly, Fan Le's wishes came true, he met a cultivator. This person was none other than Wang Jue. He was in an extremely miserable state, he had been defeated by Qin Zheng, followed by almost dying in the hands of Mu Feng, how could he not be infuriated when he noticed the haughty look on Fan Le's Face. With a howl of rage, Wang Jue directly used his strongest attack to blast the shocked Fan Le off the face of earth. Fan Le scratched his head in puzzlement, he didn't understand what was going on exactly.

The genius Fan Le was destined to rise to fame by right but even before he got to showcase his talents, he was unceremoniously blasted out...

As he was sent out, he stood among the crowd and observed the formation world, all the while grumbling in his heart. Suddenly,

his countenance froze, where was Qin Wentian?

Qin Wentian still remained within the hidden palace. His Fiend Transformation Art had finally reached the third level, Fiend Transformation.

With an intention of his will, terrifying golden-colored garuda wings appeared behind his back. As his silhouette flickered, he instantly arrived right in front of the wall.

At this moment, the huge words engraved on the golden wall started to change. The resplendent light was extremely blinding, causing a sharp light flickered in Qin Wentian's eyes when he observed the transformation..

Finally, a recording appeared on the stone wall ahead of him. Over there was a silhouette sitting down beneath the vast starry skies. That figure was chanting incantations as a mysterious sound issued from his throat. The skies abruptly changed colors, vast amounts of demonic qi streamed towards him from all eight directions, underneath the cascading star light. That mysterious sound gradually got louder as the surrounding earth begin to tremble as the column of star light cascading from the Nine Heavens mixed together with the demonic qi, glowing resplendently.

Instantly, a boundless energy infused into that figure transforming his entire body. Wings of a Vermilion Bird sprouted behind his back as his body started to elongate. Gradually, his frame turned a shiny golden as a powerful beak, as well as sharp claws, appeared... Terrifying explosions drifted into Qin Wentian's

ear yet the chanting of that man never stopped. A second later, or maybe it was an eternity later, the sounds of the chanting turned into the shrill cry of a Vermilion Bird. The entire space around him was trembling, on the brink of collapse as that person spread its wings, transformed into an actual Vermilion Bird, before flying straight up into the clouds.

“The chant of the demonic divinities, the ancient will stretching across the skies. Gathering the demonic qi from the eight directions, devouring the astral energy from the starry skies. I connect and fuse them as one, i offer my mortal body as a sacrifice. Transform my destiny into that of a demon.” An archaic voice echoed in Qin Wentian’s mind, causing his heart to shudder.

This art, was the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art, allowing one to transform fully into a true demonic divinity. It was irreversible!



# AGM 373 - Too Weak

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Irreversible!

Qin Wentian's heart shuddered violently as he lost himself in contemplation of what he'd just seen.

So there was another more terrifying Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art that would only appear after one had mastered the third level of the Fiend Transformation Art. The Azure Emperor must have missed out on this all those years ago. Maybe after obtaining the Fiend Transformation Art, he'd taken it out from this place before he started cultivating it. By the time he reached the third level, he had already lost his opportunity, ultimately missing out on the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art.

This transformation art was too tyrannical in nature. With the chant of demonic divinities, the ancient will stretches across the skies, forming a connection with the divinities from the eight directions, and transforming a human into a demon. Not a mere demonic beast, but rather the true soul of a demonic divinity that may even evolve into the actual divinity itself in the future.

This divine beast, Vermilion Bird, was a demonic divinity from one of the eight directions, becoming the totem of Grand Xia.

Qin Wentian didn't know what to feel in his heart. He gently stroked the wings of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird as he said quietly, "This art is too heaven-defying, allowing humanity to

transform completely into a demon. By cultivating a true divinity soul, it allows the user to possess unquestionable might after the transformation. But wanting me to transform into a demon, can I really still proceed with this?”

Thinking of this, Qin Wentian shook his head as he gazed at the Purgatory Vermilion Bird. “Don’t tell me you wish for me to transform into a demon so we can soar through the skies and travel the world together, hm?”

An expression of being wronged appeared on the countenance of the Vermilion Bird, it continued gently rubbing against Qin Wentian’s chest with its head.

It was as though Qin Wentian could understand the thoughts of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird as he calmly stated, “I don’t blame you, this Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art is truly an exceedingly terrifying demonic art. If there was someone really willing to cultivate it, their power would reach such overwhelming heights, he’d be feared by all those underneath the Heavens. But sadly, I’m unwilling to do so. I feel it would be wasted on me. Maybe we should have gone to some other location to hunt for the other legacies.”

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird let out a low cry, while Qin Wentian continued, “Well, I might be unwilling to discard my humanity, but since my destiny is connected to this art, I’ll still learn it all the same. One day, if I should meet a fated successor in the future, I’ll pass it on to them.”

After which, Qin Wentian sat down cross-legged as he studied the

demonic divinity chant.

Immersed in his cultivation, he soon forgot the flow of time. And after a long period of contemplation, a low mysterious sound issued out of Qin Wentian's throat. The sound was low, but thick and powerful, as though it hailed from the primordial era. It wasn't the sound of a human, yet there was a penetrative quality to it that could connect the Heavens and Earth, even causing the entire hidden palace to shake violently. Boundless amounts of demonic qi was concentrated here, with Qin Wentian at the core of it.

In Qin Wentian's body, the entirety of his blood was surging with an ever-increasing might. His sleeping bloodline even showed signs of being awakened.

Rumbling sounds echoed as Qin Wentian's blood circulated frenziedly, unleashing a terrifying sound. The reverberations echoed throughout the palace, as the Purgatory Vermilion Bird sat up and issued a long screech. Its eyes were shining with a bright light, filled with an expression of something akin to shock and fear while it stared at Qin Wentian.

The surging of his blood continued as it began to flow in a terrifying spiral, madly revolving through his body. Abruptly, the terrifying bloodline within his body manifested the silhouette of a gigantic, ancient primordial demonic beast within. The demonic beast opened its eyes, and a dreadfulness beyond reason could be seen lurking within its depths.

Who had used the demonic divinity chant to awaken the soul of

the ancient primordial bloodline?

An unmatched overwhelming pressure blasted out, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird was forced to the ground, struggling to keep its head up. In its eyes, there was something more than shock. It was awe.

That suppression pressure was too terrifying.

“Too weak!”

A low, droning voice echoed in Qin Wentian’s heart as he coughed out a mouthful of blood. The surging blood in his body returned to its former calm as though nothing had happened.

Suddenly, Qin Wentian opened his eyes as a terrifying demonic light gleamed within. A sheen of perspiration could clearly be seen on his forehead.

“That feeling disappeared...”

Qin Wentian murmured to himself, he had clearly heard a voice resounding from his inner heart—too weak...Afterwards, the ancient primordial demonic beast returned to its slumber once more, as though Qin Wentian’s strength didn’t have the qualifications to control it. He was simply too weak.

“To think that this Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art could stir up the power of my bloodline. It seems that my

suspensions were correct, one of my bloodlines is that of an ancient primordial beast. Not only that, it must have been of a supreme grade, if not it wouldn't have been awakened by the demonic divinity chant. At the very least, my bloodline should certainly be at the level of a demonic divinity or even higher.” Qin Wentian mused, as he found himself growing increasingly curious about his background. Back then in the secret realm of Divine Inscriptions, when he was at the boundary of life and death, he had activated his bloodline once, yet even after such a long time, he could still only control a wisp of its true strength.

Embedded in his dual bloodlines, there was unlimited potential that was only waiting for him to excavate it. Regretfully, he was still too weak.

Even combat prowess at the pinnacle of Yuanfu was too weak?

Then what cultivation realm could attain the lowest qualifications necessary to unlock it?

Heavenly Dipper? Or the fabled Celestial Phenomenon Realm?

Qin Wentian was absorbed in his contemplation, when booming sounds thundered and the entire hidden palace began to sink into the ground.

Qin Wentian's eyes flashed as he stared up at the sky. A beautiful, yet terrifying light cascaded downwards, its beautiful rays landing on the palace. Qin Wentian studied the immense Vermilion Bird hovering in the air, the soul of an ancient divinity controlling the

Vermilion Bird Formation. It was as though that was the true soul of the Vermilion Bird.

Ten millions filaments of light shot out, the entire palace transformed into a flash of golden light, before turning into dust scattered to the wind. Qin Wentian continued standing there, it seemed as though the Vermilion Bird Formation was undergoing another change.

“If your destiny is to become that of a demon, you can then control the true soul of the Vermilion Bird Divinity, and everything in Grand Xia shall be under your control.

A voice of temptation sounded out in his mind, causing Qin Wentian’s heart to thump in amazement. His gaze turned sharp as he stared at the immense Vermilion Bird hovering in the air.

The Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art uses the demonic divinity chant to gather the demonic qi from the other demonic divinities situated in the eight directions. But in the Vermilion Bird Formation, the only divinity here was the Vermilion Bird. If he was willing to forsake humanity and accept the transformation, his will could stretch across the Heavens and borrow its power.

Qin Wentian then glanced at the Purgatory Vermilion Bird near him. His gaze turned gentle as he rubbed its head, lightly whispering, “So it turns out that the ancient luck you bestowed on me was this heaven-defying. Sadly, I’m unwilling to become a demon.”

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird held warmth in its eyes as it gently shook its head, indicating that it didn't mind his choice. If Qin Wentian was unwilling to become a demon, it wouldn't force him.

The outside spectators felt shock growing in their hearts. They saw that the ten contenders had already re-emerged and the place where they found their legacies had already been totally destroyed. In fact, the Vermilion Bird Formation changed yet again—there were now only a total of thirty-six remaining.

These thirty-six contenders were obviously many times stronger compared to when they first entered. Especially for the ten contenders that found a legacy—even the demeanor and aura they exuded had greatly changed.

“For the next three years, there will only be thirty-six positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.”

At this moment, Old Man Tianji spoke. Everything was as he had earlier prophesied—the destiny of Grand Xia was changing.

This indicated that the thirty-six contenders in front of them would be the rankers on the upcoming Heavenly Fate Ranking—the top thirty-six Yuanfu Realm cultivators in the entire Grand Xia.

If someone else wanted to enter the rankings, they would have to defeat one of them to take their place.

“After Chen Wang obtained his legacy, his aura has grown even more terrifying.”

The gazes of the crowd shifted over to Chen Wang, only to see him sitting in a cross-legged posture. The Great Solar Energy was visibly circulating as arcs of energy around his entire body. The solar energy from the sun cascaded downwards, manifesting as the solar star on his back.

“Chen Wang was already so powerful before this. Who could even be his match now?”

The crowd murmured in their hearts, in the ranking battle this time around, Chen Wang should have the highest probability to be ranked first. There shouldn't be anyone able to contend against him.

Other than Chen Wang, others such as Shi Potian, Zhan Chen and the rest all had a ridiculous amount of luck concentrated on them.

This ranking battle was extraordinary, and unprecedented. All ten of them gained a concentration of immense amounts of ancient luck.

“Look at Qin Wentian, the demonic qi exuding from him isn't as much as before, but why do I feel fear even when spectating from outside? But regardless, Chen Wang is still stronger, and he won't spare him.” The eyes of the crowd also momentarily drifted to the



Purgatory Vermilion Bird hovering behind Qin Wentian's back, taken aback by its majesty.

Qin Wentian had safely exited the cave dwelling he was in earlier. Not only that, his aura perceptibly strengthened, his Purgatory Vermilion Bird also incarnated into a true body and he was one of the ten contenders that found a legacy.

Now that there were only thirty-six contenders left, the next test would be direct combat. Qin Wentian would undoubtedly die.

The formation world changed yet again, condensing upon itself and becoming smaller in scale as it underwent a total transformation. In the centre of the world, a platform rose up in the air, shining with resplendent Astral Light . It was in the shape of a Vermilion Bird—the formation world was no more.

This was the Vermilion Bird Arena platform, to decide the rankings of the remaining contenders.

Passion heated the spectators' hearts. They knew they would be witnessing a ranking battle that was unprecedented in the history of Grand Xia.

For thousands of years, things had remained unchanged. Maybe what Old Man Tianji had said was true—the destiny of Grand Xia was currently changing.

Old Man Tianji inclined his head as he looked at the hovering

Vermilion Bird Arena platform in the air. His eyes widened in shock, with a strange glow flashing in them.

For so many years, the Vermilion Bird Formation was a place where the transcendent powers had no way to break it. And today, there was actually a variation in the laws of the formation. As to what would happen in the near future, even Old Man Tianji had no way of discerning it.

“The thirty-six contenders have finally been revealed. However, everyone should take a break first before continuing.” At this moment, a voice echoed out, causing the gazes of everyone to turn in its direction. Over in that area, a middle-aged man floated in the air, and behind him was a group of young men, all exuding an extraordinary demeanor.

“Since all of you have stepped into the Ancient Kingdom, we consider you all as our guests. Naturally, we must receive our guests properly by allowing the contenders to take a break before they continue with the ranking battle,” the middle-aged man slowly spoke, his words causing dumbfounded expressions to appear on the faces of the spectators.

“Guests?”

Since they were the guests, didn’t it mean that this group of people were the hosts?

People who were survivors from the ancient dynasty of Grand Xia?!

Qin Wentian's gaze shifted over, Ouyang Kuangsheng had told him once before that the Nine Grand Clans of ancient Grand Xia would never have allowed any survivors after their rebellion. The identity of these people might not be as they claimed.

Or maybe the upper echelons from the major transcendent powers knew of some information relating to their origins.

Yet, they were extremely close-lipped regarding this matter, strongly preferring it to remain forever hidden in cloaked obscurity!

# AGM 374 - Rejection

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Old Man Tianji and those experts from the transcendent powers turned their gazes onto the new group of people, yet they showed no hints of surprise on their features. It was as though they had long known of the existence of this group of people, and not only that, there were even some among them who had furrowed their brows with unhappiness.

“Resting for a while would be good.” Old Man Tianji calmly replied.

“It seems like you can survive for some time longer,” Chen Wang coldly spoke as his gaze turned to Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian’s countenance looked extremely demonic as a glacial light flickered in his eyes, yet no one could tell what he was thinking about.

Everyone rose as they proceeded to enter the Ancient Kingdom. Ouyang Kuangsheng came to Qin Wentian’s side as he asked, “How was it?”

“Seems like your improvement isn’t bad at all.” A hint of a smile finally appeared in Qin Wentian’s eyes.

“You’re one to talk. Why is it that your demonic qi seems to have evolved qualitatively? Is it because of the ancient luck?” Ouyang Kuangsheng laughed. As his eyes turned ahead, he added in a low voice, “By the way, be wary of the ones who just arrived.”

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded. The middle-aged man led everyone to a place where a banquet was already set up, with beautiful female maids standing around. That middle-aged man stood near the table meant for the host, laughing as he addressed the crowd, “Please, enjoy yourself.”

The crowd all respectively took their seats and enjoyed the banquet; Qin Wentian sat at the host table in a position far out to the back, with Ouyang Kuangsheng sitting on the right of him and Mo Qingcheng on the left. This scene caused Zhan Chen’s eyes to flash with a glint of cold light. The sharpness in his gaze was more pronounced than before, he too had acquired a legacy that belonged solely to himself.

“Si Qiong, how are you feeling?” Beside the middle-aged man, sat the dark horse character Si Qiong, causing those sitting to be extremely surprised. So it turned out that Si Qiong was someone from the ‘Ancient Kingdom’.

“The Ancient Luck of Grand Xia, it’s a secret art aside from the nine ultimate arts,” Si Qiong softly spoke.

Secret arts would naturally be extremely powerful, especially a secret art left behind from Ancient Grand Xia. The might of this secret art would absolutely not be eclipsed by the nine ultimate arts. Thus, it was vastly understood that the ten secret arts were all absolute treasures of Ancient Grand Xia. Who would have thought that it was hidden in the Vermilion Bird Formation, controlled by the divinity of the Vermilion Bird? Luckily, the nine grand clans hadn’t forcefully destroyed the formation back then. If not, today

would never have arrived.

Qin Wentian's heart trembled when he thought of the Fiend Transformation Art, as well as the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art. Despite the plethora of powerful innate techniques and cultivation arts in Ancient Grand Xia, it was difficult to find one that could match up to their power.

“Honestly speaking, our identities should already be known to the upper echelons of those from the transcendent powers. After the ranking battle concludes, you may inquire it from your elders, and might even have a chance to join us as a member.” The middle aged man smiled as he continued, “Other than that, for the ancient luck in your hands, we are willing to exchange any one of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia for it.”

The contenders turned sharply/gaze turned sharp as a strange glow of light flashed in their eyes. It was as though these people were here only for the secret art which consisted of their ancient luck.

“What do you think?”

The middle-aged man's gaze roamed about, then landed on Chen Wang.

Chen Wang contemplated the offer for a moment, he was here today to compete for the first rank. And because of how highly regarded he was by the Great Solar Chen Clan, he naturally knew certain stories kept behind the scenes, and understood who these

people are.

“Fine,” Chen Wang agreed, using his ancient luck in exchange for one of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia wasn’t disadvantageous for him. Based on their strength, if these people wanted to forcibly snatch it away, he could do nothing to prevent them as well.

Despite the nine ultimate arts being extremely valuable treasures, they had all mastered it long ago. They didn’t mind if the arts were imparted elsewhere.

The Great Solar Chen Clan wasn’t on the same level compared to them.

“I concur.” Shi Potian lightly nodded his head.

Si Qiong of course had no objections, Zhan Chen and Emperor Azure all agreed as well. Their hearts were all filled with anticipation at the mention of learning one of the nine ultimate arts. To them, this was a deal that held zero disadvantages and boundless benefits.

“I need to consider it,” Qin Zheng calmly stated, his words causing an unhappy glint of sharpness to gleam in the eyes of the middle-aged man.

“I need to consider it as well,” Yun Mengyi serenely added, Qin Wentian’s gaze turned to her.

Yun Mengyi had always exuded an air of mystery about her, she definitely had a relationship with the ancient dynasty of Grand Xia, but as to what that relationship was exactly, Qin Wentian had no idea. At this moment, Yun Mengyi's beautiful eyes were also staring in his direction, and was filled with a look of anticipation.

“Myself, as well,” Mo Qingcheng added in a low voice. The three of them all needed to reconsider the deal further. Upon noting this outcome, the eyes of the middle-aged man gradually turned cold.

“You guys better think this through carefully.” Si Qiong frowned, with a threatening look flashing in his eyes.

Qin Wentian furrowed his brows as he faintly added, “I too, need to consider this further.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Si Qiong's cold eyes swept over him. Refuting him straight after he made his comment, wasn't this a smack right in his face?

“The Heavenly Fate ranking battle has yet to be concluded.” Si Qiong warned.

“I stand with Qin Wentian,” Mu Feng added. The last remaining five all said they needed more time to consider the offer, causing the previously genial atmosphere to be instantly filled with tension.

“You all truly don't know how high the Heavens are.” A voice of



extreme coldness echoed in the air, originating from a young woman that stood behind the middle-aged man. She then continued proudly, “It’s already your good fortune that we are putting up the nine ultimate arts to trade for it.”

“Trading? Where’s our free will? Is this still considered a trade where we can’t even consider the conditions offered?” Qin Zheng shot back. “This banquet sucks, I think it’s better if we take our leave first.”

“Why don’t we start the ranking battle right away?” Qin Wentian calmly added. The five of them stood up, and as they turned to depart, Si Qiong slammed his palms down on the table, a cold smile hung upon his lips. “Wait a moment.”

Qin Wentian and the others turned their heads to look at Si Qiong, only to see him grinning malevolently. “If the ranking battle really starts now, I won’t be polite to any of you guys.”

“Stop your bullshit.” Mu Feng’s voice was filled with sinister venom as he continued walking forwards. Si Qiong’s smile froze when he saw how Mu Feng brushed him off, he then continued, “Very well, I’ll see you in the ranking battle then.”

Qin Wentian and the others left the banquet, leaving behind Chen Wang, Shi Potian and the rest of those who agreed.

“Descendent of the Chen and Shi Clan, both of you are excellent seedlings. When you return back to your clans, ask your elders if they would permit you to join us. Maybe one day in the future, you

might have the chance to enjoy the same level of glory as your ancestors.” The middle-aged man glanced at them, laughing in delight. “The ranking battle shall be temporarily delayed. Go on ahead and cultivate the ultimate art you want to choose.”

Chen Wang and the rest were visibly excited—if they could really cultivate another ultimate art, their combat prowess would definitely skyrocket. When the time came, how could the other five stand against them?

Currently, the person whom Chen Wang and the others feared the most, was Si Qiong. Si Qiong had actually originated from this place.

Zhan Chen and Emperor Azure had also chosen to remain behind. The middle-aged man smiled at them as he calmly stated, “For this ranking battle, the four of you in addition to Si Qiong, will definitely be ranked within the top five.”

After which, he continued, “Follow me.”

Chen Wang and the others left with the middle-aged man. As for Qin Wentian and the rest, they returned back to the Vermilion Bird Arena Platform as they cultivated in their respective corners.

“Chen Wang and Shi Potian didn’t return with them, what’s going on?” Many of the spectators were confused. Old Man Tianji and the other leaders naturally knew what was going on, but they weren’t in a position to interfere.

“Upon the conclusion of the ranking battle, this shall mark the true start of Grand Xia’s changing destiny.”

Old Man Tianji could only sigh when he witnessed what was happening. The implications of fate were simply impossible to change, as evidenced by the fall of the ancient dynasty—no one had the power to reverse their destiny.

Old Man Tianji had no way to predict future events at all. The demonic star was the origin of all changes. He couldn’t see where Grand Xia would eventually end up.

For the ranking battle this time around, how many among the contenders would be able to lead and control Grand Xia’s destiny? Becoming characters who played a critical role in the future.

Not even Old Man Tianji knew... He could only monitor the movements of the constellations, trying to make an educated guess. He couldn’t peer through the murky clouds of fate that obscured his vision to see the future. Yet at this moment, he could already guess who the demonic star represented.

As time flew by, Chen Wang and the other four still didn’t make an appearance, increasing the audience’s suspicions. Yet seeing how calm Old Man Tianji was, the rest of them had no choice but to wait.

Qin Wentian and the others were exceedingly calm as well. They sat cross-legged and immersed in their own cultivation. They didn’t seek for power to change anything, they only wanted to

follow their hearts and live a life of no regrets.

Chen Wang and the rest still didn't return, and their conspicuous disappearance made Qin Wentian and the others feel an invisible pressure boring down on them. They must be currently cultivating the nine ultimate arts.

Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Cheng, Emperor Azure. These five were originally already extremely powerful. How much stronger would they become now that they acquired one of the nine ultimate arts?

A few more days passed and finally, the sound of a whistling wind could be heard as the middle-aged man appeared again. Behind him, Chen Wang and the others wore superior-looking smiles on their faces, and the unexcelled arrogance they exuded was evidently many times more intense compared to before.

Si Qiong's eyes shifted over in the direction of Old Man Tianji as he spoke, "The Heavenly Fate of Grand Xia shall be determined by the battle today. The ambition of the contenders have reached as high as the clouds, but none of us fear death. We will all determine our heavenly fate with this one battle today."

"Are you meaning that whether the contenders live or die shall be determined by their own capabilities?" Old Man Tianji calmly replied as he stared at Si Qiong.

"Indeed. The losers will not even be worthy enough to be a part of the Heavenly Fate Ranking." Si Qiong's sharp gaze turned to Qin

Wentian and the others.

“What do you guys think?” Old Man Tianji asked.

For the previous ranking battles, if one couldn't achieve victory, they could still admit defeat. In that case, the talented geniuses of Grand Xia wouldn't be reduced in their numbers.

But today, Si Qiong was actually putting forth such an arrogant proposition.

The spectators present all glanced at the contenders upon the arena platform, as countless shock waves rocked their hearts. They could clearly feel the overwhelming confidence exuding from Chen Wang. As long as Old Man Tianji agreed, today's ranking battle would become one of the cruelest of battles, unprecedented in the history of Grand Xia!

Yet, although such a change was beyond the expectations of the spectators, it actually made things even more interesting and filled their hearts with more anticipation.

Who among these contenders would the Heavenly Fate of Grand Xia belong to?

Qin Wentian's fiend-like eyes landed on Chen Wang, as a resplendent demonic light flickered within.

“The weak do not deserve to be ranked on the Heavenly Fate

Rankings—keep in mind what you’ve just proposed and remember it well. To decide our heavenly fate with just a single battle? To determine who among us will control the destiny of Grand Xia? I don’t believe in nonsense like this, why would I fear to battle?” Qin Wentian’s voice was ice cold, incomparably demonic.

# AGM 375 - The Black-Robed Figure Is A Female?

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Countless gazes landed on the thirty-six contenders gathered on the arena platform. Some among these contenders were standing proudly, gazing down at the crowd while some others were sitting cross-legged, immersed in their own cultivation. Their Vermilion Birds hovered behind them, exuding an extremely baleful aura.

These thirty-six contenders would all become critical characters of Grand Xia in the future. They would be rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, unless they were pushed down by someone else in the future.

Old Man Tianji still had a composed expression on his face as he glanced at the crowd. “Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Zhan Chen, Emperor Azure, Qin Zheng, Yun Mengyi, Mu Fang, Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng. The Vermilion Birds of these ten have already taken form, from illusory to reality. They possess the most amount of ancient luck, and hence, shall temporarily be ranked as the top ten.”

“As for the other twenty-six contenders, for the time-being you will also be ranked according to the amount of ancient luck you have. Wang Jue, eleventh, Hua Shaoqing, twelfth and so forth.”

As the sound of Old Man Tianji’s voice faded, the contenders gazed at the amount of ancient luck they had on the foreheads of their Vermilion Birds as they were being ranked accordingly. If they were unhappy with the ranking, they could only change it by fighting against someone stronger.

“The ranking battle this time around shall follow the same rules as that of the past. The last ranked person shall begin the challenge, and if he is victorious, he shall replace the ranking of the one he defeated. They will be given another opportunity to continue the challenge; if one is defeated again, their rankings shall be fixed. And one last thing, you are all able to skip ranks when issuing challenges.” Old Man Tianji continued, “At this moment, your rankings have all already been temporarily decided. Xiao Du, step up, you will be the first to start the challenge.”

Xiao Du originated from the Xiao Faction of the Nine Mystical Palace. This time around, the Nine Mystical Palace had placed all their hopes on him. Although there were only a total of thirty-six positions, he had managed to meet their expectations by successfully gaining last place on the rankings.

His silhouette flickered as he stepped up to stand in the centre of the platform, gazing sharply at the other contenders below.

For the other thirty-five contenders, there were several that had already exchanged blows with him. All of them were extremely powerful, to the extent that he didn't have any absolute confidence in picking someone to challenge.

Ultimately, Xiao Du's sights landed on Qin Wentian. This person was the prey that the Nine Mystical Palace wanted to capture, yet who would have thought that Qin Wentian would act outside of their expectations? Ignoring the safety of the Emperor Star Academy, refusing to give himself up, and even participating in the ranking battle instead? And he was even more surprised to find out



Qin Wentian was the one who slayed Luo Qianqiu back then.

Xiao Du was already considered famous in the Nine Mystical Palace and wasn't someone Luo Qianqiu could be compared to. In the past, the Qin Wentian that he hadn't even bothered to look at had actually ranked within the top ten. He'd wondered at his results; how much of it was due to Qin Wentian's own capabilities and how much of it was due to his luck?

Earlier in the formation world, other than those who clashed directly with Qin Wentian, the other contenders didn't know how much his strength had developed. Of course, Xiao Du hadn't witnessed Qin Wentian's tyrannical outburst. As a Heaven's Chosen from the Nine Mystical Palace, he naturally had his own pride. His gaze turned sharp, as the notion of him besting Qin Wentian appeared in his mind. He wanted to try it, and if he really succeeded, wouldn't his ranking shoot up to within the top ten with just a single battle?

Once he defeated Qin Wentian, even if he was defeated by the other contenders, his eventual ranking wouldn't be too low as well. This was an opportunity, the aura exuding from Qin Wentian was only at the eighth level of Yuanfu. Even if Qin Wentian had comprehended a second level Mandate, Xiao Du should still be able to fight against him to some extent.

“Qin Wentian, get the fuck up here.”

Xiao Du's gaze was fixated on Qin Wentian, akin to a sharp sword wanting to lacerate him. Qin Wentian raised his head as his fiend-like eyes studied Xiao Du. The moment their eyes met, Xiao Du felt

his heart clenching from fear. He immediately steadied himself—he was also an extraordinary character, how could he let his heart be shaken just from a single glance?

“Shit.” Those from the Nine Mystical Palace cursed. Evidently, they didn’t expect Xiao Du would issue out a challenge to Qin Wentian. They were spectators that had witnessed the events unfolding in the formation world earlier, they naturally understood Qin Wentian’s true level of power. Xiao Du was far from being able to compare to him.

Qian Mengyu and those from the Greencloud Pavilion were also here today. Upon seeing the scene, she couldn’t help but shake her head. This Xiao Du was overestimating his own strength.

The distance between both of them was too great. They weren’t characters on the same level.

Qin Wentian’s silhouette flickered as he landed on the arena platform. Sweeping his gaze across Xiao Du, his ice-cold, fiend-like eyes flared as they emitted a will, causing Xiao Du’s movement to freeze momentarily, and then howl miserably in pain and agony.

“DIE!” Xiao Du roared in agony as his Astral Souls erupted. He flew towards Qin Wentian, slamming out a Thunder Palm Imprint directly at his chest. Yet there seemed to be a terrifying force akin to a barrier before Qin Wentian’s chest, his palm strike had no way to breach that barrier.

“This defense...” Xiao Du’s countenance stiffened, he felt as

though he had just slammed his palm into an ancient primordial beast that had an insanely high resistance to attacks. Even normal demonic beasts like the Golden Demonic Garuda, Grand Strength Bull Demon, Golden Primal Ape, all already had incredible defenses, let alone Qin Wentian who had already mastered the third level of Fiend Transformation Art in addition to his ancient primordial bloodline.

Inclining his head, Xiao Du only saw cold eyes staring at him, as a chill blossomed in his heart.

“PENG!” A force of inexorable might slammed into his body, Xiao Du only felt the bones in his chest shattering as he was flung through the air, out of the arena platform, and then ruthlessly slammed into the ground. With a groan of misery, he spat out fresh blood. Qin Wentian had already returned to his original spot.

Such a scene made Xiao Du ashamed and resentful, what a humiliating battle.

“Xiao Du’s ranking is fixated at #36 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings.” Old Man Tianji waved his hands as a shimmering score board appeared in the air. On the top segment of the scoreboard were the words ‘Heavenly Fate’, with Xiao Du’s name written below, as well as the number 36 on the left side of it.

Xiao Du was still ranked last.

◦

“Qin Wentian excels in strength and defense. Without a second level Mandate, no one should even think of fighting against him.”

The crowd silently mused, they knew that even though Qin Wentian only had a cultivation base at the eighth level, his combat prowess had long already reached the pinnacle of Yuanfu.

The fights continued as the contenders strived to advance their rankings. The silhouettes that stood upon the arena platform grew increasingly stronger and at the end, even Xuan Yan from the Mystic Maiden Palace was defeated and given the rank of #20. Before this, she was ranked #17. This indicated that the opponents faced were so powerful that her ranking had even fallen down by three positions.

After which, Peng Zhan was ranked #19. He chose to challenge the currently ranked #17 Ouyang Kuangsheng.

The ending of the challenge was of no surprise. He had an advantage in terms of his quality of Astral Souls, in addition to his second level Mandate of Flames, as well as the power of his bloodline. Ouyang Kuangsheng defeated Peng Zhan, maintaining his ranking, while Peng Zhan's ranking was fixed permanently at #19.

After that, the ranked #18, Yao Jun, stepped onto the platform as an unsightly expression appeared on his face.

Originally, Yao Jun had such high hopes for the Heavenly Fate Rankings this year and wanted to dash into the top ten. Who would have thought that the contenders of this batch would be so powerful—each and everyone that was ranked before him made him feel fear in his heart.

In the top 10: Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, Emperor Azure, Qin Zheng, Yun Mengyi, Mu Feng, Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng.

These ten were all too powerful, especially Qin Wentian. Yao Jun had personally witnessed Qin Wentian's prowess up close. If he really had to choose, the weakest among the ten would undoubtedly be Mo Qingcheng.

Next, the cultivators ranked #11 to #17 were: Wang Jue, Hua Shaoqing, Yan Cheng, Li Yu, the black-robed figure, Leng Hong and Ouyang Kuangsheng.

In the previous Heavenly Fate Rankings, those who were ranked in the top ten, aside from Hua Shaoqing, were Wang Jue, Yan Cheng, Li Yu. Even though their ranks were now being pushed backwards, it didn't signify that they were weak.

As for the black-robed figure and Leng Hong, both of them were dark horses. Yao Jun had also witnessed them in combat before; they were both extremely powerful. As for the remaining Ouyang Kuangsheng who had just defeated Peng Zhan, Yao Jun knew for sure that he wasn't a match for Ouyang Kuangsheng.

Drawing a deep breath, Yao Jun's gaze finally landed onto the black-robed figure. The black-robed figure was the most mysterious of the remaining contenders, right now, he could only gamble and pray for the best.

“You will be my stepping stone.” A terrifying demonic qi gushed out from Yao Jun as he stared at the black-robed figure. His palms metamorphosed into that of a demon’s, the technique he used somehow resembling Qin Wentian’s Fiend Transformation Art, albeit several times weaker.

The silhouette of the black-robed figure flickered and landed on the platform. A devilish qi enveloped him—it was no longer a secret to the spectators that this figure cultivated the Devil Arts.

Currently, the cultivation of this figure was already at the ninth level of Yuanfu, and was many times stronger compared to the time where Qin Wentian first saw him.

Qin Wentian also paid close attention to this match, he had always been extremely curious regarding the identity of this black-robed figure.

Yao Jun then underwent demonic transformation, his demonic form causing fear to bloom in the hearts of those who saw him. Yet, the black-robed figure exuded an imposing might that didn't lose out to him in the slightest.

Loud roaring sounds echoed as Yao Jun released his Astral Souls. All three were actually beast-type Astral Souls that were able to augment his attack. With incredible speed, he instantly rushed towards the black-robed figure.

The black-robed figure didn't avoid it, choosing to rush out as

well. Yao Jun's eyes involuntarily flashed with a cold smile when he saw the black-robed figure's decision.

“DIE!” A fearsome demonic light glinted in Yao Jun's eyes as his attack speed explosively increased at this moment, slamming directly into the chest of the black-robed figure. However, the expression on his face reflected shock before faltering the next moment.

This person that cultivated the fearsome Devil Arts, was actually a woman?

Incomparably boundless demonic energy gushed into her body from his strike, yet the eyes of the black-robed figure remained as cold as ever, indifferent to the violent energies gushing inside her. She instantly responded with a black-colored devilish palm imprint of her own, that seemingly also contained a fearsome demonic qi mixed within. She slammed it right into Yao Jun's head, exploding it like a watermelon, instantly killing Yao Jun.

An icy light flashed in her eyes as she walked down the arena, not speaking a single word.

“Did she just convert Yao Jun's demonic energy gushing into her body and then incorporate that into her own attacks?” To the spectators, it was as though a rock had dropped inside their hearts. Yao Jun's attack could already be considered at an extremely terrifying level, yet she had totally disregarded his attack.

Who was this person exactly?

And why had he slain Yao Jun under a fit of rage?

Those from the Skydemon Sect all had ashen expressions on their faces. Ranked #13 in the previous Heavenly Fate Rankings, Yao Jun, a chosen from their sect who had always aimed for the top ten positions, had already fallen.

The ranking battle this time around was too intense!



## AGM 376 - Wang Jue's Conviction

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The spectators watched on with shock as Yao Jun was slain. A terrifying existence ranked #13 on the last Heavenly Fate Rankings, easily killed by the mysterious black-robed figure.

Even now, nobody knew who the black-robed figure really was. They didn't even know if he was a male or female, but seeing that this person chose to cultivate such an overbearing tyrannical art, the spectators guessed that the figure was most likely a male.

Now that Yao Jun was dead, the others behind him all moved forwards by one ranking. As for those in front of him, there were still seventeen contenders and currently Ouyang Kuangsheng was temporarily ranked #17.

“Ouyang Zheng, who was among the top ten in the previous ranking, was too slow in his improvement, and his current ranking has already been fixed at #12. And now, Ouyang Kuangsheng has actually improved his ranking from being a nobody to #17, what a huge transformation. If one didn't improve, then they're only destined to be overtaken by others. Right now in his clan, Ouyang Kuangsheng has truly become the leader of his generation, officially surpassing Ouyang Zheng.”

After this, Ouyang Kuangsheng challenged the dark horse Leng Hong, and after an intense battle, soundly defeated him. Right after, Ouyang Kuangsheng chose Li Yu from the Thousand Jue Alliance, and ended up being defeated by him. Ouyang Kuangsheng's ranking was thus fixed at #16.

Because he didn't advance, the defeated Leng Hong felt extremely miserable—Leng Hong didn't even have a chance to challenge others and his ranking was fixed in the #17 position. The two dark horses had already come as far as they could go.

Next, it was the black-robed figure's turn. Immediately, the gazes of the crowd all landed on him, would he be able to advance successfully?

The black-robed figure stepped upon the arena platform once more as his gaze shifted onto a certain someone, his choice causing the expressions of the crowd to stiffen.

“You.” The black-robed figure's voice was extremely husky, his finger was actually pointing to Mo Qingcheng.

The black-robed figure wanted to challenge the Heavenly Fate Rankings' number one beauty, Mo Qingcheng.

When others came face to face with Mo Qingcheng, they wouldn't go all out simply because she was too enchanting. No one wanted to be the person that would be targeted by Grand Xia's countless outraged admirers, all because they destroyed Mo Qingcheng. This was the first time someone directly issued a challenge to Mo Qingcheng, and not only that, it was a person who cultivated the path of the devil.

Qin Wentian's gaze faltered as an expression of bewilderment appeared on his face. He didn't expect that the black-robed figure would challenge Mo Qingcheng.

Why would he do so? To be honest, Qin Wentian felt nothing but goodwill and gratitude to the black-robed figure who had helped him immensely all this while. So, why would he target Mo Qingcheng?

Mo Qingcheng's silhouette flickered, before she then appeared on the Vermilion Bird arena platform. Her appearance was like a celestial maiden descending onto the mortal world, causing everyone who was spectating to be dumbstruck by her beauty. With her body radiating a saint-like aura, she was extremely dazzling, and simply gazing upon her beauty was a pleasure to behold.

Without a word, the devil-might emanating from the black-robed figure skyrocketed in intensity. On the dome of heavens above, the devil-might could be seen gathering in a concentrated mass as it revolved about violently. This sight caused Qin Wentian to frown slightly, he was worried for Mo Qingcheng.

At this moment, Mo Qingcheng was performing gestures of incantations as her saintly glow intensified, bathing her in its radiance. Her appearance was now like an immortal fairy in the world of mortals.

It didn't seem possible for such a female to exist among them.

"How beautiful, and look at that holy corona of light. Her Astral Soul is extremely rare, the Immortal Fairy."

This was the first time Mo Qingcheng unleashed her strength, giving the spectators a huge rush of impact. There were no words that could do justice to her beauty, she was so beautiful to the extent of causing people to feel a sense of blasphemy just by looking at her.

Before her, there was a nine-colored flame, as she released yet another Astral Soul. What made the spectators gasp in shock was that the nine-colored flame Astral Soul seemed to superimpose with the Immortal Fairy Astral Soul, and as they fused into one they caused the Immortal Fairy to glow with resplendent nine-colored flames. Such a scene caused Qin Wentian to softly sigh in his heart, it had been a few years since he'd met Qingcheng. Despite her current power, she would forever be that naive, beautiful lady who watched the snow with him.

Of course, Qin Wentian seemed to have forgotten that Mo Qingcheng was currently a chosen from the Pill Emperor Hall. In front of others, she was as unreachable as the moon in the skies, as pure as a celestial maiden. How could her level of strength be weak?

She too had obtained a legacy, becoming one of the chosen ten contenders.

A devil and a fairy, such a contrast was exceedingly intense.

The black-robed figure made his move, and as he flew out, a devilish palm imprint formed amidst the sounds of rolling thunder, slamming towards Mo Qingcheng.

Mo Qingcheng's palm wavered as the nine-colored flame turned into nine beautiful flowers flying before her, unleashing a terrible heat to meet the attack.

That terrifying devil art was actually being pushed back bit by bit, as though even the devil feared the nine-colored flames. Mo Qingcheng's movement techniques were extremely intricate, she floated up in the air in a beautiful arc and rushed towards the black-robed figure.

The black-robed figure held his hands up and clasped them together, causing the entire space around them to tremble from the reverberations, before pushing his palms out. The gigantic devil palm imprint contained an aura of destruction within, capable of annihilating everything.

"Break," Mo Qingcheng coldly spoke, her nine-colored flames penetrated past the devil palm and continued gushing forth to the black-robed figure. Such a scene caused the figure's eyes to widen. With a rapid spin, the figure covered himself entirely with his robes, absorbing the brunt of the nine-colored flame attack.

"BE CAREFUL!" Qin Wentian abruptly felt a strong sense of unease. Even though the black-robos were burning, the actual figure himself was nowhere to be seen. "Bzzz." He appeared right behind Mo Qingcheng, his body enveloped in a fearsome devil armor. The almighty, black-colored Grand Devil Palm Imprint formed from the devil-might, concentrating on the dome of Heavens as it slammed down with ruthless speed, targeting Mo Qingcheng.

Mo Qingcheng's silhouette flickered in response as she turned transparent, causing the spectators to feel as though they were looking at a mirage.

“Grand Destruction!”

An ice-cold, hoarse-sounding voice drifted out, as the black-robed figure also vanished.

“BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!” The Vermilion Bird arena platform shook violently as the two of them met in a frontal collision. After which, the spectators saw the black-robed figure was enveloped by a thick layer of demonic qi. Mo Qingcheng was the one injured! She gasped for breath as the saintly light covering her began to heal her injuries. It took her a few moments before her breathing steadied and she recovered.

The black-robed figure gazed at the heavens. Momentarily, a huge bellowing sound akin to an ancient devil echoed from underneath the earth as the figure's devil-might skyrocketed immensely.

Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, the devil-might upheaving the heavens, causing the color of the skies to change.

“How tyrannical, to cultivate this kind of devil art, how heavy will the backlash be?” The hearts of the spectators pounded as they watched on. For devil path cultivators, the stronger the cultivated devil-art, the more danger they themselves would be in. And even if they succeeded in gaining mastery, devilish characteristics

would still be birthed.

Mo Qingcheng wore a heavy expression on her face. Shifting her fingers in the sign of the lotus, the halo covering her body grew brighter as several mirages appeared, making it impossible for the spectators to know which one was the real Mo Qingcheng.

“BOOM...!” The black-robed figure strode forth as devilish lightning bolts descended, striking the platform. Every step the figure took, the devil-might exuding from him grew stronger in intensity.

Qin Wentian’s heart shook violently as an extremely cold light flashed in his eyes. No matter who the black-robed figure might be, no one was allowed to hurt Mo Qingcheng.

The attention of the spectators were all intensely fixated on the platform. This was one of the most savage battles they’d witnessed so far.

The towering devil-might covered the entire skies, as Mo Qingcheng’s mirage figures also increased in number.

“BOOOOOOM!” Finally, the black-robed figure unleashed a terrifying attack, condensing the entirety of devil-might in the skies. The devil-might transformed into droplets that rained down with the sharpness of divine spears, covering the entire platform in an area-of-effect attack. Mo Qingcheng gave a cold shout as the nine-colored flames she had been suppressing burst out to grand effect, its radiance covering the entire platform with dazzling

colors.

“Peng...”

The two of them slammed into each other once more, only to see Mo Qingcheng being flung through the air, while the black-robed figure remained standing on the stage.

Coughing out a mouthful of blood, Mo Qingcheng's countenance was as white as a sheet. She ingested a medicinal pill, as her body was enveloped by a sheen of Astral Light, quickly mending her injuries. The black-robed figure stood there unmoving, as blood similarly flowed from his wounds. He was still covered entirely in his black robes.

“You've won,” Mo Qingcheng stated in a low voice as she glanced at the black-robed figure. The black-robed figure merely nodded before turning and stepping down the platform.

This battle caused a heavy silence to permeate the atmosphere, carving a deep impression in the minds of the spectators. Regardless of the black-robed figure or Mo Qingcheng, both of them were extremely powerful.

The black-robed figure didn't continue issuing challenge. After replacing Mo Qingcheng and stepping into the top ten, Mo Qingcheng's ranking was pushed back by one position, becoming ranked #11.



There were a total of fifteen contenders remaining who hadn't issued their challenges. From #11 to #15, the contenders respectively were: Mo Qingcheng, Wang Jie, Hua Shaoqing, Yan Cheng and Li Yu.

Li Yu from the Thousand-Jue Alliance had no choice, he could only challenge Yan Cheng who was ranked ahead of him. It eventually ended in his defeat and hence his rank was fixed at number #15.

Yan Cheng challenged Hua Shaoqing and lost, he was ranked #14.

Hua Shaoqing challenged Wang Jue and lost, he was ranked #13.

For the rankers that had fallen further behind, it seemed as though the level of difficulty escalated exponentially. Almost no one could defeat those ranked ahead of them.

And now, it was Wang Jue's turn. He was ranked #12, but all those in front of him were all extremely fearful characters.

Mo Qingcheng's battle with the black-robed figure had left a lasting impression in the hearts of the spectators. Wang Jue knew that if he challenged either of them, the only thing that he could be sure of was his defeat.

Wang Jue stood on the arena platform as his sharp gaze roamed about, staring at the eleven contenders ranked ahead of him. He, Wang Jue, definitely had to be in the top ten, definitely!

If he wished to accomplish his objective, he had to challenge one of those from the top ten. Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Cheng, Emperor Azure, Qin Zheng, Yun Mengyi, Mu Feng, Qin Wentian or the black-robed figure.

Wang Jue was initially ranked #6 in the past rankings and if he couldn't even retain a spot in the top ten this time around, where then could he place his face?

Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, Emperor Azure, he left these five out in his considerations. Qin Zheng gave off an extremely unfathomable feeling, and Yun Mengyi was as mysterious as him. Mu Feng was originally ranked #7 on the past three years ranking, and with his expertise in poison, Wang Jue wasn't willing to tangle himself with such a character.

Qin Wentian had overwhelming strength and a strong defense, in addition to tyrannical innate techniques.

But if he were left with no other options, then, his choice had to be Qin Wentian.

Wang Jue's gaze contained a sharpness akin to divine weapons, landing onto Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian sensed his gaze as he lifted his head, matching it.

"Come on up," Wang Jue calmly stated, and Qin Wentian's

silhouette flickered as he too landed on the platform.

No matter how he calculated it, Qin Wentian was the only contender that he felt he had a higher probability of defeating.

Hence, Wang Jue chose to challenge him.

“You shall be the stepping stone for my entry into the top ten. You have no hope to win against me.” Wang Jue’s Astral Souls erupted into being, covering his entire body with a bright light. Armor-type Divine Weapon covered his entire body yet, this wasn’t a true divine armor made from materials, merely something resembling it.

Even his palms, were as sharp as divine weapons.

Wang Jue, of the Wang Clan from the War Continent, exuded an aura that made it seem as though he himself was a Divine Weapon. In this case, both his attack and defense would also be insanely terrifying.

“The reason why I chose you was because, in terms of attack or defense, you are far from being a match from me. I will show you the meaning of the words ‘total suppression’. Don’t blink.” Wang Jue stepped out as the sharpness radiating from him intensified. His eyes were flickering with unconcealed battle intent.

He couldn’t be defeated, he can’t afford to be. He had to achieve victory for this battle, this was his conviction!

The spectators' countenance flickered when they stared at Wang Jue. Maybe his choice was correct, although Qin Wentian's strength was overwhelming and had incredible defenses, Wang Jue wouldn't lose out to him when he himself could be considered a peerless divine weapon, with divine armor enveloping him to boost his defenses.

Wang Jue wanted to trample upon Qin Wentian overwhelmingly, using him as his stepping stone to enter the top ten!

# AGM 377 - Strong Against Strong

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Wang Jue was a Heaven's Chosen from the Wang Clan of the War Continent, previously ranked #6 in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Yet this year, he couldn't even enter the top ten. This was a matter of disgrace and humiliation to him.

The gazes of the spectators focused on Wang Jue, who radiated an aura of unexcelled sharpness. He advanced slowly towards Qin Wentian and with every step he took, the sharpness of Heaven and Earth seemed to intensify within his aura. The armor enveloping him glowed with the sheen of Astral Light, and behind him the Vermilion Bird let out a shriek of fury, issuing a challenge of its own.

This battle could only end in victory, and not defeat.

After defeating Qin Wentian, he still had to obtain one more victory before he could be considered as stepping into the top ten. Now, there were twelve contenders remaining, and two had to be eliminated.

Just from gazing at Wang Jue, the crowd could feel his conviction to win. His Astral Souls were all designed to boost his attack, and although every step he took seemed slow and heavy, the sharpness within it was exceedingly overwhelming. Once he began his attack, even the skies would be torn asunder.

Would Qin Wentian be able to stand up to Wang Jue's attacks?

The current Wang Jue seemed to have completely transformed into a peerless supreme Divine Weapon.

Although Qin Wentian's demonic form was terrifying, Wang Jue's entire being was the epitome of sharpness and even the Mandates he comprehended were something related to divine weapons, ensuring that his attacks contained incomparable sharpness and power. In the Yuanfu Realm, be it your defenses are that of a human or a demon, all shall break apart before him.

But naturally when fighting against Wang Jue, Qin Wentian wouldn't be so arrogant as to defend against him with mere physical defenses.

A powerful beam of light shot out from Wang Jue as his entire body lunged forwards, like a stab from a divine spear, containing an invincible force in his momentum.

At that instant, Qin Wentian also stepped out. Just a single step seemed to concentrate the entire force of this world within him. He was one with the Heavens, one with the Earth, in a state of total harmonization.

Qin Wentian could feel Wang Jue's eyes boring into him as another stream of light slashed his way.

"You won't be able to block me," Wang Jue calmly spoke. Yet even before the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian's palm had already shot out.

Force. Since Wang Jue's attacks and defenses surpassed him, he would compete in pure strength then.

A burst of blinding white light inundated the area, piercing into the spectators' eyes. After their vision recovered, they discovered that Qin Wentian remained as steady and unmoving as a mountain, but Wang Jie was already driven back to the boundaries of the arena platform. Traces of blood could be seen leaking from Wang Jue's mouth, as his countenance turned a ghastly shade of pale.

“How can your pitiful attacks suppress me?”

Qin Wentian slowly stepped out as he advanced towards Wang Jue. Every step he took gave people a sense of total harmonization and when Wang Jue noticed his approach, his face grew even paler. Earlier when they clashed, his conviction had instantly shattered. Qin Wentian's strength was unbelievable, how can he be this powerful?

Wang Jue was at a loss of what to do. He'd used his most powerful attack, yet was counter-suppressed instead, and now he could think of no other methods that could overpower Qin Wentian.

With every step, the demonic qi exuding from Qin Wentian intensified. That demonically handsome face gave off a charisma that left people powerless before him.

With a howl of rage, eighteen spears appeared behind Wang Jue,

manifested from Astral Light. The effort of summoning the spears made him cough out blood, as he struggled to remain in control. Upon being coated by the will of Wang Jue's Mandate, the spears vibrated intensely as they let out loud wails.

“Bzzz!” Golden light flickered as a pair of gigantic, golden-colored garuda wings instantly appeared behind Qin Wentian. Poof, Qin Wentian vanished from sight.

Wang Jue's countenance drastically fell. With a signal, all eighteen spears pierced out, but right at that exact moment, golden light beams slashed out from Qin Wentian's wings, creating an extremely fearsome noise.

Wang Jue had no time to react when he realized Qin Wentian had already appeared before him. Blasting out with a dragon imprint, the draconic roars reverberated the heavens as the terrifying sound waves contained a powerful aura of destruction. As the imprint slammed into Wang Jue, he was instantly flung backwards and forced ruthlessly onto the ground, where he fell unconscious.

Qin Wentian calmly stood upon the arena, his demonic qi permeating the entire space. The spectators could only stare at him with dumbfoundedness as they realized this young man was becoming increasingly unfathomable. Even the most casual of glances was sufficient to strike terror in the hearts of others.

Currently, with Qin Wentian's second level insight in the Mandate of Demons, as well as being in the third stage of the Fiend Transformation Art, he could instantly demonify any body parts he desired with but a thought. A thought to form a pair of demonic



garuda wings, a thought to form terrifying kirin claws, a thought to undergo total demonic transformation. Also, this particular transformation was unlike the gathering of demonic qi from the demonic divinities in the eight directions—this demonic transformation was reversible. Therefore, he gained the ability to demonify instantly, Qin Wentian's attack naturally became even more terrifying. The eighty-one demonic arts he learned in the Unmatched Realm could be unleashed to greater effect, flowing as naturally as time itself.

“Wang Jue's ranking will be fixed at #12,” Old Man Tianji calmly announced.

The once #6 of yesteryear had fallen to #12 today. Not even able to get within the top ten.

Since Wang Jue was defeated, Mo Qingcheng who was pushed back a spot to #11 because of her defeat to the black-robed figure, had to challenge one of the top ten now.

Yet, how difficult was it to succeed?

Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, Emperor Azure, Yun Mengyi, Mu Feng, Qin Wentian, and the black-robed figure.

Initially, everyone had thought that Qin Wentian would be the easiest to handle among the ten of them. Yet Wang Jue had just proved the hypothesis wrong. In fact, there were no weaklings among the top ten, each and everyone of them were true geniuses of the younger generations.

They were all too terrifying.

“Seeing how you are one of the contenders that managed to locate a legacy, and you have also reached a certain level of prowess, I shall do you a favor and place you on the same level as the top ten,” Old Man Tianji abruptly spoke, his words causing shock to flash past the faces of the spectators.

Even though she was now ranked #11, all of these eleven people couldn't be underestimated. Although she might have lost to the black-robed figure, it didn't mean that she would lose for sure to the others. Old Man Tianji's decision made sense.

Or maybe, Old Man Tianji did so because she had a sufficient amount of ancient luck.

Although this was unfair to those ranked behind Mo Qingcheng, since Old Man Tianji made the decision himself, no one else dared to protest.

And hence, now there were a total of eleven that would be contending for the ultimate rankings.

“Next, I will decide the order of each battle. Five against five. Since, Chen Wang was ranked #2 in the previous rankings, he shall temporarily be excluded from this round of battles. The five victors would then, together with Chen Wang, compete for the top six rankings. For those who lost the first round of battle, they still retain a chance to challenge the top six. If they win, they will take

over the position and if they lost, they can only contend for rankings from #6 to #11.”

Old Man Tianji gazed at the contenders as he stated. His decision to allow Chen Wang to fight after the ten had fought could be accepted.

After all Chen Wang was the contender with the highest amount of recognition. After Hua Taixu, he was number one.

“Shi Potian vs Qin Zheng; Si Qiong vs Mu Feng; Zhan Chen vs Yun Mengyi; Emperor Azure vs the black-robed figure; Qin Wentian vs Mo Qingcheng.”

Old Man Tianji’s arrangement created waves of excitement in the hearts of the spectators. No matter which battle it was, the contenders in every round would make it extremely fascinating to spectate.

Because they were highly regarded, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, Emperor Azure weren’t matched up against each other. The only arrangement that made the spectators puzzled was Qin Wentian’s battle against Mo Qingcheng.

Maybe it was just something Old Man Tianji had only casually arranged, with no deeper meaning behind it.

“The first battle, Shi Potian against Qin Zheng.”

It was just the first fight, and already it was one between the heavyweights. Qin Zheng had once fought against Chen Wang in the formation world and came out unscathed. He was extremely strong, with comprehensions concerning the Mandate of Space.

Now that he was being matched up with Shi Potian, this show would definitely be an amazing one to spectate.

Those from the Shi Clan had a primordial beast bloodline. Shi Potian's physique alone already gave an impressive imposing aura that made people unconsciously feel inferior to him.

Chen Wang, Shi Potian and Si Qiong were the three contenders with the highest amounts of recognition for the ranking battle this time around.

Qin Zheng stood upon the platform, exuding a light and casual air. It seemed as though no matter the situation, he would never feel hurried, forever relaxed and at ease.

“Boom!” Shi Potian initiated the attack, as he called upon the power of his primordial beast bloodline. Instantly, a golden dragon armor containing infallible might enveloped his body, as a golden spear appeared in his hands.

“Peng...”

Shi Potian pierced out with his spears as dragon roars tore spatial cracks in the region. Just the sound waves alone held the power to

damage people.

“This must be the ultimate art the Shi Clan possessed—Golden Dragon Battle Art. This battle art contains boundless power, granting the learner overwhelming attacks and enabling a golden dragon armor to be formed, increasing one’s defenses. For the Shi Clan, who possess a primordial beast bloodline, this art is exceedingly suitable for them. Shi Potian’s proficiency can be seen from that single strike—causing draconic roars to have the ability to create spatial cracks merely from a single stab.

Seeing that spear attack, every spectator instantly knew that this was one of the ultimate arts of Ancient Grand Xia, akin to the Great Solar Universe Art of the Great Solar Chen Clan.

Qin Zheng might be in danger.

The two of them frenziedly clashed against each other on the platform. Qin Zheng’s Spatial Laceration was also fearsome, and could even slice apart the golden dragon armor, injuring Shi Potian. Also, Qin Zheng’s speed was incomparably quick because of his comprehensions in the Mandate of Space. If it weren’t for Shi Potian being so powerful, he would have long been defeated.

And despite fighting against Shi Potian, Qin Zheng wasn’t being suppressed at all. They shook the entire platform with the intensity of their battle.

“Fascinating! Such a battle is truly too marvelous to spectate. I’m sure the following battles will all be of this standard—this is truly a

fight of those standing at the pinnacle of Yuanfu.” The spectators cheered wildly as they roared with excitement. This was too fascinating.

Although Shi Potian was powerful, Qin Zheng was no weakling.

Given how intense this battle already was, what scenario would then occur during the fight for the top three positions?

Their hearts were all filled with pure anticipation!

# AGM 378 - Sharp Point

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Shi Potian erupted with overwhelming strength as he faced Qin Zheng. Yet, despite Shi Potian's tyrannical attacks, Qin Zheng's method were too varied, and packed with power as well.

Finally, at that instant where they clashed directly, Astral Light erupted as astral shackles appeared on Qin Zheng's body, so binding that it wouldn't have any problems restricting the movements of a true dragon.

Qin Zheng's body blasted forth a sharp light that condensed itself into a terrifying Origin Void Sword.

“Lacerate!”

Qin Zheng coldly snorted, aiming for Shi Potian, and even the space itself couldn't stand up to his slashes. Would Shi Potian in his golden dragon battle armor be able to withstand that strike?

An exceedingly sharp light glinted in Shi Potian's eyes. He didn't dodge, but stood still instead, allowing the slash to strike him.

“Bzzz!”

Abruptly, at the instant Qin Zheng's slash descended, Shi Potian had totally vanished from sight. Qin Zheng's countenance drastically changed as he immediately retreated backwards with the will of the Mandate of Wind.

“Peng...”

A terrifying force rammed into Qin Zheng, catapulting him through the air. While still in mid air, he continuously coughed out blood from the impact.

After steadying himself on the ground, Qin Zheng turned his gaze onto the platform. The qi in his body was circulating chaotically about, as fresh blood leaked out of his mouth. No trace of rage could be seen in his eyes—even though he had lost, he was still extremely calm.

“Earlier, was that one of the nine ultimate arts you made the exchange for?”

Shi Potian stood on the platform as he returned Qin Zheng’s gaze. “Able to fight against me to such an extent, you should already be proud of your own abilities. You might still have a chance to crawl your way into the top six. And to answer your question, yes, that was the sole movement technique of one of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia—Stellar Transposition.”

“Indeed, it really was the Stellar Transposition. No wonder.” The crowd was stunned. Other than the Golden Dragon Battle Art, Shi Potian had also mastered a movement technique as incredible as the Stellar Transposition. How could his combat prowess not be fearsome?

Stellar Transposition only had a single stance, yet it was an



extremely powerful one. It's function was able to instantly transposition the user anywhere in a short distance. It required the burning of a huge amount of Astral Energy to execute this, and Shi Potian even though his attacks appeared extremely savage, he had always been extremely cautious when fighting against Qin Zheng, only revealing his trump card at the last moment.

In a battle of life and death, such a precious movement techniques could be called a life-saving measure. Or one could even use it to reverse the situation and instantly slay their opponents.

Although Shi Potian was more powerful than Qin Zheng, Qin Zheng had too many techniques he was proficient in, it could be said that if Shi Potian didn't use Stellar Transposition, the fight between them would most likely ended up as a draw.

In this case, Shi Potian had a ranking among the top six, while Qin Zheng's ranking would be temporarily be pushed backwards. With Qin Zheng's strength, he still had a chance for contending for the top six.

Next the second round, Si Qiong vs Mu Feng.

The instant both of them stepped on the stage, the hearts of the spectators began to boil with excitement. Si Qiong was the strongest dark horse within the contenders while Mu Feng wields terrifying venom arts. How intense would their battle be?

"Do you think you wouldn't need to pay a price for your obstinate rejection?" Si Qiong lowly stated as an icy light flashed

past his countenance. At the same time, an imposing aura threateningly blasted out towards Mu Feng.

Si Qiong was referring to back then where Mu Feng and the rest had rejected the exchange offer of their ancient luck for one of the nine ultimate arts of Ancient Grand Xia.

The nine ultimate arts was nothing to them, what they truly wanted was the ancient luck for the secret art yet they were stopped by the Vermilion Bird Formation. They also didn't dare to destroy the formation for fear of the ancient luck all dissipating away.

But, they were extremely patient. So what a few thousands years passed? They could afford to wait for an opportunity. And now that there were signs that the destiny of Grand Xia was changing again, the power that sent the group of them here would brook for no failure. They had to succeed this time around.

The variation in the formation world was the best prove, and now that all the ancient luck had already concentrated into corporeal forms, the formation would be destroyed after the ranking battle.

Hence, they had to do their best right now to take the secret art of Grand Xia away.

Did these foolish people think that they can retain the ancient luck for their own? How ridiculous.

Si Qiong obviously didn't put Mu Feng in his eyes.

Mu Feng and the others actually dared to reject the exchange offer earlier? Since they did so, there was no need for anyone of them to remain alive.

Mu Feng's eyes shone with a cold light as he regarded Si Qiong.

"BOOM!" The will of his Mandate of Blood erupted forth, causing Si Qiong to feel the blood in his body surging out of control. With a cold smile, Si Qiong took a step forwards as a terrible terrible heat gushed out from his body - Great Solar Energy.

"That's the Great Solar Universe Art!"

The crowd started in surprise. Si Qiong also knew the ultimate arts of Grand Xia?

A light flashed as an ancient sword appeared in Si Qiong's hands. Stepping out, a sword descended down from Heavens as flames of the sun incinerate the skies.

"Heavenly Swordplay, Great Solar Universe Art!"

The hearts of Old Man Tianji and the rest thumped when they witnessed this scenario. Although they knew that the earlier group of people possessed the complete collection of the nine ultimate arts of Ancient Grand Xia, they still couldn't help but sigh in their hearts when they saw Si Qiong executing it one by one.

Mu Feng's silhouette flickered as his palm sent out a manifestation of an inky black-colored blood imprint.

Sizzling sounds rang out as the blood imprint was evaporated totally by the Great Solar Energy of Si Qiong. He moved like the wind and chased after Mu Feng, slashing forth with another sword that descended from the Heavens. Mu Feng continually retreated backwards, if it wasn't for him comprehending the Mandate of Wind, it would be totally impossible to avoid the strikes from the Heavenly Swordplay.

Si Qiong landed on the ground only to see his lips quivering as a strange melody flowed out.

The melody transformed into musical notes before turning into a formless energy drifting into Mu Feng's ear. Mu Feng frowned as he felt an intense pain in his head, even his soul itself was quivering.

Si Qiong took another step forwards as the strange melody got louder in intensity. Mu Feng shook his head trying to clear the pain while Si Qiong took this opportunity to slash out another sword strike.

Blood sprayed out, Mu Feng was already forced into a corner. The strange melody continued unabated as he walked step by step towards Mu Feng.

“Soul attacks...?”

The hearts of the crowd was pounding in fear. This Si Qiong was extremely terrifying.

They suddenly realised that Chen Wang may not be the strongest among this batch of contenders. Not only was Si Qiong proficient in the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia, he could even use soul attacks.

The soul was an extremely obscure and indistinct thing. Yuanfu Realm cultivators couldn't even sense the faintest hints of soul's existence. But Si Qiong definitely had terrifying talent in regards to matters such as souls before he could execute such a terrifying soul attack.

At that instant, Si Qiong's silhouette completely vanished as a intense burst of Astral Light erupted forth.

“Stellar Transposition!”

Only to see Si Qiong instantly appeared before Mu Feng as though he just teleported, as his palms clutched atop Mu Feng's head while his lips trembled unceasingly, mumbling a strange melody that drifted into Mu Feng's ears. Such a scenario caused everyone spectating to be thunderstruck.

How powerful, Si Qiong is just too domineering.

This is...

“Soul searching, legends said that there were some who excelled in soul power who could be able to pull this technique off.”

“Si Qiong wanted to do a soul search on Mu Feng?”

“But wouldn’t the target of the soul search be reduced to nothing but an idiot?”

Qin Wentian’s eyes flashed with a cold light when he saw this, he somehow understood why Si Qiong was doing this.

Himself, Mu Feng, Mo Qingcheng, Yun Mengyi and Qin Zheng were people who rejected the exchange offer. Did Si Qiong wanted to turn all of them into mumbling idiots?

Si Qiong’s true strength was indeed beyond expectations.

Qin Wentian shifted his gaze onto Mu Feng. Mu Feng’s story was extremely brutal, could it be that even he found the true killer, he would already fall on this arena platform?

Si Qiong would certainly not spare Mu Feng.

“Sizzle...” On the arena, Si Qiong’s palms abruptly started to corroded away and the corrosion was rapidly spreading to the rest of his body. Dark qi could be seen circulating on his face as Si Qiong’s countenance faltered, the next moment, a terrifying blood

that was black in color gushed out of Mu Feng.

“BOOM!”

A flood of Astral Light erupted forth as Si Qiong executed his Stellar Transposition once again instantly retreating explosively. His countenance grew incredibly unsightly when he stared at his arm.

Mu Feng only felt an intense pain in his head when he opened his eyes. He icily swept his gaze over at Si Qiong before he turned and stepped down the arena platform. Although he was grievously injured, he was still exceedingly calm. So calm that it was terrifying.

Nobody dare to get near to Mu Feng, not even Si Qiong. He immediately retreated from the platform as well and sat down cross-legged as Astral Light shrouded his body. He had to purge the poison with immediate speed if not his life would be in danger.

The victor of this round was Si Qiong, entering into top six. He was extremely powerful and left a deep impression in the hearts of the spectators.

And as for Mu Feng, although he was defeated, he too had successfully made everyone remember him.

The third round, Zhan Chen vs Yun Mengyi.

When Zhan Chen stepped onto the platform, his eyes gleamed with a terrifying confidence, shiny with golden light. He stared at Yun Mengyi as he calmly asked, “What’s the relationship between you and Qin Wentian?”

He still remembered when he was chasing after Qin Wentian back then, Yun Mengyi and that black-robed figure interfered and spoiled his plans.

“None of your business.” Yun Mengyi serenely stated as an astral sharp sword appeared in her hands. She was radiating winter’s chill, fully ready for battle.

“Don’t worry I won’t kill you.”

Zhan Chen stared at Yun Mengyi as he stepped out. “Heavenly Swordplay? I know it as well.”

As the sound of his voice faded, a golden sharp sword formed from the Mandate of Gold appeared in his hands.

With a wave of his hands, the shine of the golden sword flared out, enveloping the entire platform.

Streams of golden light covered Zhan Chen’s body, transforming into an invulnerable, indestructible one. Taking another step forward, he lunged towards Yun Mengyi.

The golden light flickering in Zhan Chen’s eyes abruptly shot



forth, like golden swords right into Yun Mengyi's eyes.

Instantly, Yun Mengyi only felt a bout of intense pain, she could only blurry make out a golden figure like an executioner in her sea of consciousness, raising his sword and was about to hack down at her.

Lifting her arms, the fearsome ice and snow concentrated as she blasted out. Not only did she not retreat, she took the chance to advance forwards instead. Executing the Heavenly Swordplay, the nine shadow shadows interlinked and formed an intricate connection, spinning in a perfect circle.

Zhan Chen was still using his eye-technique, the pressure causing Yun Mengyi to perspire but her hand wielding her sword never trembled.

“Puchi!”

Her sword slashed down with terrifying force, striking at Zhan Chen's golden body. Yet everyone discovered that no damage was dealt to Zhan Chen? Next, his sword followed the same principles, nine shadows as one, spinning a perfect circle and slashed down right at her while a cold and sadistic smile hung on his lips.

Blood splattered outwards, raining upon the ground dying Yun Mengyi's robes red. Yun Mengyi was flung out of the arena, upon seeing this Qin Wentian waved his hands as a gentle force supported Yun Mengyi's fall, dissolving the impact.

Inclining his head, Qin Wentian stared at Zhan Chen who was on the platform only to see Zhan Chen himself had already walked to the boundaries of the platform and was similarly staring at him.

Zhan Chen's sword was pointing right at Qin Wentian. His eyes flickered with sinister smile, brimming with absolute confidence!

# AGM 379 - Facing The World Together

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“How can this be possible?”

“Yun Mengyi’s sword obviously landed on Zhan Chen’s body, yet... there was no damage?”

The exchange of blows between Zhan Chen and Yun Mengyi was so fast that it felt as though the battle ended in an instant. All the way up till Yun Mengyi was injured, the spectators couldn’t keep up with their movements. Zhan Chen stood upon the platform uninjured, effortlessly defeating Yun Mengyi.

This previously ranked #11 contender from the Pill Emperor Hall had temporarily stepped into the top six today. He gave people a feeling of being unfathomable, no one could see through him at all.

Zhan Chen was also a dark horse, and he was an extremely terrifying one.

For this battle, each and every one of the remaining contenders were so powerful to the point that they were inscrutable. Nobody knew how strong they were exactly, and what trump cards they possessed.

Qin Wentian’s gaze fixated on Zhan Chen, and could clearly sense the killing intent Zhan Chen was sending his way. The grudge between them had festered for a long time with no resolution. Not only that, Qin Wentian had once divulged the truth of Zhan Chen’s ugly deeds, which had caused Mo Qingcheng to despise him. It

could be well imagined how deep the hatred Zhan Chen had for Qin Wentian.

Today on the Vermilion Bird arena platform, Zhan Chen wanted to show the entire Pill Emperor Hall, to show Mo Qingcheng, how he would torment and abuse Qin Wentian before sending him off to meet his death.

Today's ranking battle was to be orchestrated for him alone—for his name to resound throughout Grand Xia.

Turning, he departed the arena platform.

Zhan Chen was temporarily ranked in the top six while Yun Mengyi was temporarily ranked in the bottom five.

The next round, Emperor Azure vs the black-robed figure.

Emperor Azure was one of three contenders who'd placed in the top five for the previous ranking battle, having been formerly ranked as #5. The other two were Chen Wang and Shi Potian.

Emperor Azure had always been exceedingly mysterious, and nobody even knew which clan or continent he belonged to. He was one of the most low-profile rankers to be on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. For this year, his background was still as mysterious as ever, yet nobody dared to belittle him because of it.

As for the black-robed figure, he was even more mysterious than

Emperor Azure. Nobody knew of this person at all, but it was as though he suddenly sprang to prominence this year. Nobody knew the figure's real name, or even whether they were a male or a female.

Naturally, the crowd was wild with anticipation when it finally came to their battle.

The two of them stood atop the arena platform. The vermilion bird behind Emperor Azure let out a low screech, as Emperor Azure coldly smiled and stated, "You came to participate in the ranking battle yet why are you afraid to show your true face to others?"

The black-robed figure ignored Emperor Azure, his only response to the question was his exuding devil-might soaring upwards to the skies, as he stared coldly at Emperor Azure.

"Fine, I shall seek guidance from you today then." Emperor Azure stepped outwards with incredible speed. Swiftly after, the entire platform was filled with the blurry after-images of Emperor Azure. Any one of them could be the real one and they were all armed with an incomparably sharp sword.

"How fast are his movements? His Illusion Swordplay has actually reached such a realm, where the truth intermingles with the deceptive. Nobody can tell where his real body lies."

Emperor Azure's sword techniques were beyond terrifying. With a single movement, all of the after-images lunged at the black-robed figure.

The devil qi gushing forth from the black-robed person concentrated onto the devilish spear in his hands. Taking a step forwards, the spear strike was filled with such power that the sword-light from the silhouettes in the direction of the spear's stab, was instantly suppressed.

Yet there were just too many after-images. One of the illusory images broke past and slashed a sword aiming right for the black-robed figure's throat.

The black-robed figure sidestepped the attack, as a devilish armor enveloped his body. The devil-might in the skies grew increasingly concentrated as a terrifying aura gushed forth from it. With a blast of his palms, the devil-might rained down like black thunder, instantly destroying thousands of Emperor Azure's after-images.

The black-robed figure had no way to identify which was the real body, hence he chose to reply in the most overwhelming manner – destruction of everything.

Yet how could Emperor Azure be so easy to deal with? He flew up into the skies as his silhouette propagated yet again, causing countless Emperor Azure to appear before the black-robed figure. Columns of Astral Light descended downwards and reflected off their swords, so resplendent that it seemed as though Emperor Azure was an immortal sent down from the nine heavens.

“Isn't that the Heavenly Swordplay...? Has Emperor Azure

cultivated in that as well? Yet it didn't seemed to be solely that, his sword movements aren't as pure as Yun Mengyi's."

As the seemingly alike Heavenly Swordplay rained downwards, the devil-might from the black-robed figure erupted forth as his aura skyrocketed.

Countless devilish spears manifested, penetrating through space, and clashing against the countless swords birthed by virtue of the Heavenly Swordplay.

In combat, nobody could tell what Mandates the black-robed figure had comprehended, and nobody could tell which Astral Souls he had. All they could see, was the roiling black-colored devil-might explosively erupting forth from him.

As Emperor Azure's true form slashed downwards with his sword, his Astral Souls were released in order to augment his attacks. His first was a Sword-type Astral Soul, his second, was an Evil-eyed Astral Soul. Momentarily, his eyes transformed into something extremely demonic. With a burst of Astral Light, Emperor Azure instantly appeared from faraway before the black-robed figure as he slashed downwards.

"Stellar Transposition?"

Expressions of dumbfoundedness appeared on the faces of the crowd—why did Emperor Azure know so many of the ultimate arts? He wasn't from any of the seven Grand Clans that betrayed Ancient Grand Xia.

Unless... the techniques he used weren't from the Heavenly Swordplay, nor was it Stellar Transposition.

“Chi, chi...”

A crisp sound rang out as blood dyed the figure's black robes a deep red. He rapidly retreated as he icily stared at Emperor Azure, whose eyes grew increasingly demonic as his third Astral Soul was released. It was actually an Astral Soul originating from the 5th Heavenly Layer, Blood-Winged Devil Ape.

“Ranked #2 on the Warbeast Index, Blood-Winged Devil Ape...”

Thunderstruck expressions appeared on the faces of the spectators, the mysterious Emperor Azure had finally revealed all three of his Astral Souls.

The eyes of the black-robed figure were still as cold as always, as though the injury he'd just sustained didn't bother him in the slightest. As he activated the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, the surroundings of the arena platform became pitch black, covered in total darkness. A black-colored dragon gushed out from his body, before metamorphosing into a terrifying black-colored sabre—the Heavenly Devil Sabre.

The black-robed figure then slowly advanced towards Emperor Azure. At this moment, the intensity of the devilish aura emanating from the black-robed figure, struck fear even into Emperor Azure's heart.



“BOOM!” Demonic qi shrouded his body as Emperor Azure’s physique grew tremendously powerful, akin to that of a demon. Right at this moment, an overbearing aura gushed forth from him.

“Fiend Transformation Art?!”

Qin Wentian’s eyes stiffened in shock. Emperor Azure had also cultivated the Fiend Transformation Art.

Based on the Azure Emperor’s last words, he had not passed down the inheritance to the Di Clan. So then how did Emperor Azure manage to learn the Fiend Transformation Art?

Emperor Azure’s eyes bore into the black-robed figure. He had been waiting for this ranking battle for far too long. How can he fail here?

“Boom!” Emperor Azure stepped forth as a demon scale armor enveloped his body within. Each and every step he took seemingly had enough force to make the arena platform crumble to dust.

Yet the frigid gaze in the black-robed figure’s eyes never changed. With a heave of his sabre, the devilish air blasting forth caused ripples of terror in the hearts of spectators.

“Nine Slashes of the Underworld.”

Some of those from the transcendent powers were somewhat familiar with the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Dipper. When they saw the sabre slashing out, they immediately knew that this was the inexorably tyrannical 'Nine Slashes of the Underworld' attack.

The first sabre blow slashed out, causing the Heavens and Earth to roar in agony. As the sabre descended, the devil-might surrounding it transformed into an underworld dragon, blasting forth in rage.

Emperor Azure rushed forwards and punched out with overwhelming savageness. Yet the countless fist imprints he generated were all destroyed the instant they came into contact with the underworld dragon.

In fact, the devil-might exuding from the sabre got even stronger. The Nine Slashes of the Underworld was a sequential increase in power. Each slash would be many times more powerful compared to the last.

The second slash, the third slash, the hearts of the spectators pounded without stopping. The black-robed figure's qi frenziedly circulated about, and it was unknown if he could last long enough to produce all nine slashes.

Emperor Azure underwent a demonic transformation and took on the form of a Blood-Winged Devil Ape. The force of his attacks didn't lose out to the devil-might of the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil.

The two of them fiercely collided, strength against strength. The fourth sabre slash appeared, and the colors of the skies changed. The black-robed figure spat out a mouthful of blood in order to execute it, but he still succeeded.

“ROAR...” The sound of a wrathful howl shook the entire surroundings. The Blood-Winged Devil Ape mustered all the strength within him as he defended against the power of that fourth slash.

Devil-might and demonic qi interweaved, forming a maelstrom of destruction. In the middle of the maelstrom, the spectators abruptly saw a darkness deeper than midnight slashing outwards, dissipating the maelstrom completely. Fifth slash of the Underworld! With a thunderous sound of collision, Emperor Azure’s demonified body was blasted down the platform as he ruthlessly slammed onto the ground.

The Heavenly Devil Sabre disappeared, as the devil-might exuding forth from the black-robed figure dissipated. The spectators only saw the black-robed figure clutching his body as he descended down the platform, his posture bent as though he too, was heavily injured. Even his steps were unsteady and the black veil covering his face, was also stained with blood.

Such a terrifying battle, but he had won. How awesome was that, triumphing over the Azure Emperor who was ranked #5 from the last ranking battle.

After this battle, the black-robed figure had secured his position. With the level of prowess he’d just displayed, there shouldn’t be

anyone else daring to challenge him anymore.

Emperor Azure retreated to his original location. His eyes were filled with a terrible fire. He lost—he had actually been defeated here, of all places.

The Heavenly Devil Sabre, when used in conjunction with the Nine Slashes of the Underworld, was just too overwhelming.

The Heavenly Art of the Chaotic Devil truly lived up to its name as the most tyrannical art of all nine ultimate arts of Ancient Grand Xia.

“Hu...” The spectators all drew in a huge breath. The battle earlier had stolen their breath away. Now, it was time for the fifth round, which was also the last round for the remaining two.

Qin Wentian vs Mo Qingcheng.

The pride of the Pill Emperor Hall, the most astounding woman participating in the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Not a single person in the entire Grand Xia was able to match her in terms of beauty. Would Qin Wentian be able to defeat her?

The two of them walked up the platform and stood facing each other. Mo Qingcheng’s perfect figure, in addition to her flawless countenance, made the spectators sigh in envy and admiration as they marveled at the exquisiteness of the Creator’s design.

She stared into the eyes of the young man, as a slightly mischievous and radiant smile blossomed on her face. This smile caused time to stop as an earthquake quaked the hearts of the spectators.

Mo Qingcheng smiled! She actually smiled at Qin Wentian?!

Thunderstruck and extreme shock weren't sufficient to describe the emotions the spectators were feeling. Wasn't this supposed to be a grand battle? What was going on?

When they shifted their gaze onto Qin Wentian, they discovered that he too, wore a smile on his face. It was a smile of such warmth and gentleness, as though he were looking at someone he'd loved more than life itself.

"You've finally reached this step," Mo Qingcheng spoke with affection, smiling sweetly at him.

"I've always believed in you, I knew you were capable of doing it." Mo Qingcheng's hair fluttered in the wind, and the spectators saw Qin Wentian slowly walking up to stand closely beside her. He placed one of his hands gently on her forehead as he stroked her luxuriant hair. Mo Qingcheng lowered her head shyly yet raised no objections, allowing Qin Wentian this intimate act.

He reached for Mo Qingcheng, and gently enveloped her hand in his own. And just like that, in front of the countless spectators in Grand Xia, this unlikely pair joined hands in a bond forged of eternal love.

As Qin Wentian had once said to her before, during the ranking battle at the end of the year, he would let the entire world know of their relationship—that Mo Qingcheng was his woman!

# AGM 380 - Egotistical Arrogance

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Atop the Vermilion Bird arena platform, the location of the battle for the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng, the two that were originally supposed to fight against each other, held hands as they faced the entire world together.

Qin Wentian's gaze was resolute, while Mo Qingcheng's eyes sparkled with a dazzling smile. Today was the happiest day she experienced in the course of the past few years.

Her time with Qin Wentian had taught that innocent and carefree young lady from Chu the sweetness of love, followed quickly by the bitter aftertaste of separation. Through it all, she had truly matured, further tempered by the longing in her heart.

Their bubble of love back then had been so perfect, until Hua Xiaoyun arrived in Chu and destroyed all that. She was quickly brought to the Pill Emperor Hall, where she found herself worshiped like a saint, with tens of thousands of adoring gazes focused on her every move. Under that silent pressure, that young lady from Chu learned to seal her own heart, using icy aloofness as a mask and defense against her terrible loneliness.

Throughout these few years, even though her skill with alchemy and strength had been constantly rising, she hadn't truly been happy. Her heart would only stir whenever she heard Qin Wentian's name, yet this would soon be followed by a bitterness so

intense at the reminder that they couldn't be together.

Right now, both of them stood atop the Vermilion Bird Arena Platform staring straight at the world. Qin Wentian held her hand, she wasn't shy, nor was she afraid. In her heart, there was only conviction, as well as courage.

She wanted to let the entire Grand Xia know that Qin Wentian was the only man she loved. No matter the consequences, and regardless of what would happen in the future she, Mo Qingcheng, had no regrets.

Qin Wentian had never felt this composed. He knew that the majority of the world disdained him. When speaking of Mo Qingcheng's prospective partner, the names that would often be heard would always be Hua Taixu, and even Zhan Chen. Nobody would think of him.

Today, he wanted to make an announcement to the whole world. He was Qin Wentian, and Mo Qingcheng was his woman.

Just like this, their hands tightly held onto the other, directly facing the world. May the consequences be damned for they had no regrets. Not now, not ever.

"How can this be?" The spectators didn't dare to believe their eyes. How was this possible?

Mo Qingcheng was the epitome of beauty among the younger



generations, why was she holding hands together with Qin Wentian, why were they even together?

This was totally out of the crowd's expectations—wasn't Mo Qingcheng supposed to be together with Hua Taixu?

So, it turned out that this world-astounding woman had long been acquainted with Qin Wentian. And not only that, they were mutual lovers.

Those from the Pill Emperor Hall stared at the scene happening on the platform. Luo He's countenance was intensely ugly to behold, she had given everything to Mo Qingcheng, yet she still chose to disobey her.

Bai Fei stared at the two figures on the stage, as she silently lamented in her heart. Back then, when she had met Qin Wentian in that small and remote country, even in her wildest dreams she would not have imagined that there would be such a day today. He dared to hold Mo Qingcheng's hand in front of the entirety of Grand Xia, right on the Vermilion Bird Arena Platform, a stage where countless gazes would be riveted upon the two of them.

Zhan Chen trembled violently as his eyes flashed with an intense desire to kill.

There were too many that didn't bless this union.

They don't think that this relationship would go far. Or more

accurately, they looked down on Qin Wentian.

Although, Qin Wentian was already very outstanding, but to them, they still felt that he could never match up to Mo Qingcheng.

Those from the White Deer Institute stood together, including Bailu Yi and Bailu Jing. Upon seeing the two figures standing on the stage, two against the entire world, a glint of congratulatory happiness could be seen in Bailu Yi's eyes, and yet... there was also the glimmer of unshed tears.

“He's finally holding her hand in front of the entire world.” Bailu Yi smiled as she murmured. Back then she had already heard of their story from Qin Wentian, and seeing the couple in front of her today, she truly and sincerely wished them well from the bottom of her heart, and hoped they would have a perfect ending.

Bailu Jing also had a smile on his face. Although he was eliminated quite early on, he didn't appear to mind it that much. He embraced Bailu Yi as he patted her shoulders, offering his consolation.

Bailu Yi glanced upwards as she smiled, “Brother.”

“I know you are in love with that brat, however sometimes, letting go is the best closure.” Bailu Jing sighed, how could he not understand his own sister's heart? Back then when it was rumored that Qin Wentian was together with his sister, although he was supportive of it, he still felt that Qin Wentian was lucky to catch

the eye of Bailu Yi. Yet now, upon seeing the remarkable speed of Qin Wentian's improvement, so fast that he had even surpassed himself, Bailu Jing now understood how wrong he'd been.

“Little Yi, do you think he'll be able to obtain the top three rankings?” At the side, the large-eyed elder from the White Deer Institute asked in a low voice. This batch of contenders were all monsters, and it wasn't going to be easy if Qin Wentian wanted to exceed the rest.

Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, the black-robed figure, Qin Zheng, Emperor Azure, Mu Feng. Which of them weren't terrifying figures in their own right?

Qin Zheng had cornered Shi Potian to such an extent, while Mu Feng caused Si Qiong to be grievously poisoned. The black-robed figure's battle with Emperor Azure still filled the hearts of the crowd with shock and amazement. Each and every battle had already imprinted themselves in the mind of the spectators, forever inerasable. This ranking battle for the Heavenly Fate Rankings had proven to be too fearsome.

“Naturally,” Bailu Yi stated with certainty. “Back then in the secret realm of Divine Inscriptions, did anyone from the Star-Seizing Manor believe in him? No. But didn't he still succeed in the end?”

“Alright, I hope he'll succeed too. If not, then after holding the hands of the most beautiful maiden in Grand Xia, even the gazes of the world would be sufficient to pressure him to death.” The large-eyed elder laughed, this brat was truly good at making others feel

surprise at his inconceivable achievements.

They could still remember back then, when Di Feng arrived at their White Deer Institute, how many among them believed in Qin Wentian? Yet today, he could already stand equally with Di Feng on the same stage and not only that, his ranking had temporarily exceeded Di Feng after his earlier defeat.

Countless gazes landed on Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng.

From the Mystic Maiden Palace, Xuan Yan, Xuan Xin and Li Shiyu.

Shu Ruanyu from the Moon Continent, Ouyang Kuangsheng and Ouyang Xiaolu from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan—they all had different thoughts currently running through their minds.

Now, no matter what the others thought about them, both Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng couldn't care less. Since they were already holding hands on this platform in full view of the world, they had nothing more to fear.

“I admit defeat.” Mo Qingcheng gently smiled. She didn't care whether she was ranked first or last, the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle didn't matter to her.

She'd give up this battle to pave the way for Qin Wentian.

“Indeed, Mo Qingcheng has chosen to concede.”

When the spectators witnessed the two of them holding hands, they already guessed that Mo Qingcheng wouldn't fight against Qin Wentian. She would rather pave his way to the top six by choosing to give up instead.

As the sound of Mo Qingcheng's voice faded, the top six rankers of the Heavenly Fate Rankings appeared: Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, the black-robed figure and Qin Wentian.

Only... their rankings had yet to be finalized, and there might still be others who wanted to challenge them. If the challengers won, they would instantly take over their positions.

The gazes of the crowd were fixated on Qin Wentian. He became the person with the highest probability of being challenged by the four others ranked at in the bottom five. Other than Mo Qingcheng, the rest had no reason to pave the way forwards for him.

After she conceded, both Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng walked down the platform and stood alongside each other.

After Old Man Tianji announced the victor, it was now time for the bottom five rankers to issue their own challenges. But before this, everyone would have a night's worth of time to rest, before commencing to the next round.

On the winding pathways, the spectators were all engrossed in their topics of discussion. The majority of the murmurs involved

Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng's shocking reveal. Many in the crowd couldn't help but fantasize how good it would be if they were the male lead instead.

The next morning, the sun rose as the myriad of living things began to awaken. The contenders were already waiting in position, as they stood by the side below the arena platform.

Old Man Tianji's opened his eyes and stated to Qin Zheng. "Qin Zheng, you will have first priority to issue a challenge. If you win, you will be boosted to the top six, and if you lose, your position will be fixed at your current ranking."

Qin Zheng nodded his head lightly, he stood upon the platform and the person he issued a challenge to, was actually Zhan Chen.

Zhan Chen was exceptionally astonished, he never expected that the first person to be issued a challenge would actually be him.

Radiating sharpness, he stepped onto the arena platform. After which, a world-shattering battle ensued and Zhan Chen ended up as the victor.

It wasn't that Qin Zheng was weak, but he was similar to Yun Mengyi, in that even though his attacks could bypass Zhan Chen and smash into his body, due to his indestructible form, Zhan Chen took no damage at all. After witnessing that, the crowd re-evaluated Zhan Chen's combat prowess yet again. What a terrifying defense, it was as though he was invulnerable to all others in the whole of the Yuanfu Realm. Next, was Mu Feng.

Mu Feng sat there cross-legged, appearing as though he was still in the middle of his meditation. Si Qiong used a soul attack against him—for soul-based attacks, the resulting wounds would be the most difficult to heal.

“I give up, I’m not interested,” Mu Feng unperturbedly stated as he closed his eyes, as if speaking of an extremely ordinary thing.

“Fine. Mu Feng’s ranking will be fixed at #11.” Old Man Tianji nodded. After which, upon the shimmering scoreboard, Mu Feng’s name was inscribed as the #11 position. Despite not being in the top ten, nobody dared to belittle or even forget the name of this young man, who had so grievously poisoned Si Qiong. After which, it was now Yun Mengyi’s turn. Upon seeing those in the top six, Yun Mengyi calmly spoke, “I concede as well.”

Yun Mengyi knew that there was still some distance between her and Qin Zheng. Since Qin Zheng was already about to be out of the picture, it was useless for her to continue struggling on.

“Yun Mengyi, ranked #10 on the Heavenly Fate Rankings,” Old Man Tianji announced.

“I too, choose to give up.” Mo Qingcheng stated in a low voice. She originally didn’t even want to participate, she had only ever wanted to aid Qin Wentian.

“Mo Qingcheng, ranked #9 in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.”

After which, only Emperor Azure was left.

Emperor Azure walked up onto the arena platform once again. His gaze didn't glance about randomly but instantly riveted onto Qin Wentian.

The others might not know this, but he knew that Qin Wentian was the successor who possessed the Azure Emperor Token.

Qin Wentian was the one that snatched the inheritance that should rightfully have belonged to him.

Qin Wentian also stepped into the top six because of Mo Qingcheng's forfeit of their battle.

"You should step down to rank #8. Only useless weaklings would depend on a woman," Emperor Azure slowly spoke, as many nodded their heads in agreement. Qin Wentian's 'battle', wasn't a real battle at all. Absurdly stepping into the top six, this rankled the hearts of many of the spectators', displeased with the unfairness of such an outcome.

He felt compelled to blast Qin Wentian off the stage to ease the negative emotions bundled up in his heart.

Qin Wentian stepped upon the arena platform, coming face to face with Emperor Azure.



This was the first battle after he and Mo Qingcheng made their announcement to the entire world. And this battle was also against the descendants of the main bloodline of the Azure Emperor—the chosen from the Di Clan’s younger generation.

“Do you want to concede, or do you want me to make you concede?” Emperor Azure’s intense demonic qi permeated the air. He no longer concealed the fact that he too, had cultivated in the Fiend Transformation Art.

Qin Wentian stared at Emperor Azure, his arms crossed as he wore a look of serenity in his eyes. “Ten breaths. If you remain undefeated, I will concede right away.” Qin Wentian’s voice resounded through the air, causing countless gazes from the spectators to freeze. Just when everyone had firmly condemned Qin Wentian for achieving his position because of Mo Qingcheng’s concession, that man in question was now announcing to the entire world that if he couldn’t defeat Emperor Azure in ten breaths, he would bow out of the Heavenly Fate Rankings!

Was this an arrogance borne of ignorance, or was it a self-confidence so immense that it was carved into his very bones?

# AGM 381 - You, Aren't Qualified

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The battle between Emperor Azure and the black-robed figure was still fresh on the spectators' mind. It was all very clear to them how powerful Emperor Azure really was.

He was skilled in many arts and techniques, and there was even a strong similarity between him and Qin Wentian, given how both were able to undergo demonic transformation, causing both their physiques to become incomparably terrifying.

If the black-robed figure hadn't overdrafted himself by unleashing the Nine Slashes of the Underworld, and then gave his all to execute the fifth slash, then the Emperor Azure would have definitely been the winner. It was considered a tyrannical sabre technique, even within the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil itself.

Yet now, when Qin Wentian stood on the arena platform, he actually dared to make such an arrogant proclamation—he would defeat Emperor Azure in a mere ten breaths worth of time.

Emperor Azure's eyes widened in disbelief when he heard what Qin Wentian had said.

Only ten breaths was sufficient to defeat him?

For someone that had depended on Mo Qingcheng to help him climb up the ranks, while the others gave their lives in frenzied battle, Qin Wentian actually dared to utter such words? Not only

that, he even dared to say it right in front of his face? Emperor Azure couldn't believe his ears.

A demonic light flashed in Emperor Azure's eyes, and a pair of gigantic wings appeared on Qin Wentian's back as he started to make his move.

“First breath.”

As the sound of his words faded, Qin Wentian vanished from sight.

Roc Flash—with a single flash, he instantly arrived before Emperor Azure, blasting out at him with a palm strike.

When the palm manifested, ringing sounds could be heard as several manifestations of ancient bells appeared, exuding a mysterious energy.

The continuous clang of the bells directly rang in Emperor Azure's heart, ignoring the defenses of his formidable external form and going straight at his heart. At this moment, Emperor Azure only felt his heart getting pulverized by the increasingly loud echoes of the ringing bells. Such a feeling was completely unbearable, unable to defend against an attack he had no resistance to.

An instant later, Emperor Azure's back was drenched with sweat and with a howl of madness, he completely transformed into the

form of the Blood-Winged Devil Ape. He punched out in a frenzy, hoping to put a stop to Qin Wentian's attack.

“BOOOM!”

The echoes of the ringing bells continued on as Emperor Azure's heart pounded madly, feeling as though it would burst at any moment. His countenance was already as white as paper.

Slamming forth with his left palm, a devil imprint explosively erupted forth, aiming for Qin Wentian's face.

“A contest of absolute strength?!”

Qin Wentian's Mandate of Force and Mandate of Demons erupted forwards together at the same moment. Both their palms collided as the entire arena platform trembled from the impact.

“Peng...”

An immensely strong burst of Astral Energy inundated the area as Emperor Azure's silhouette completely disappeared. It was that movement technique again, the one that looked similar to Stellar Transposition. The next moment, the spectators saw that Emperor Azure had appeared right behind Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian didn't even turn back, he immediately stabbed backwards with a single finger.

Heaven Breaking Finger—a technique capable of destroying the Heavens with just a single finger. With one stab, demonic qi spiralled rapidly in the air, forming a demonic qi black hole on the tip of his finger that stabbed straight at Emperor Azure’s heart. At the same time, a golden ray of light shot forth from the centre of Qin Wentian’s brow, piercing right into Emperor Azure’s eyes and caused his entire mind to tremble violently.

“DIE!” With a howl of anger, Emperor Azure slashed out, and a resplendent sword descended from the Heavens, containing within it a horrific energy. However, the crowd wore expressions of puzzlement on their faces.

Why had Emperor Azure’s sword slash landed on an empty spot beside Qin Wentian?

Such a beautiful sword, filled with an overwhelming power, and it actually missed its mark?

As the Heaven Breaking Finger landed, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird behind Qin Wentian let out a screech as it dashed towards Emperor Azure’s Vermilion Bird. Even though gathering even more ancient luck was useless at this point in time, Qin Wentian’s Vermilion Bird didn’t even want to spare that of the Emperor Azure’s.

A powerful pressure pulverized Emperor Azure’s heart, wanting to explode it. At the same moment, Qin Wentian dashed forth as his hands transformed into golden dragon claws, and locked his

opponent into a chokehold.

“Ten breaths of time, it seems like I didn’t even need that much,” Qin Wentian calmly spoke, as he dragged Emperor Azure by the throat to the boundaries of the arena platform.

Countless spectators stared in dumbfounded amazement at the scenario occurring on the platform, they didn’t know what to think in their hearts.

Too many shocking scenes had occurred today.

Qin Wentian had heavily injured Emperor Azure within ten breaths of time, completely suppressing him with such devastating power that Emperor Azure couldn’t even begin to summon his strength.

If they competed purely in strength, it was a certainty that Qin Wentian’s was more overwhelming compared to Emperor Azure. Yet Emperor Azure had many methods, and it seemed as though he was proficient in several rare and powerful innate techniques. Although the power unleashed through these techniques wasn’t as spectacular as the original, it was still exceedingly powerful.

But regretfully, regardless of how many techniques he knew, he had squandered his opportunity away the moment he missed his mark with that earlier sword slash. That terrifying attack had actually missed?

This was what the spectators didn't understand. With Emperor Azure's capabilities, there was no way he would miss such an attack. Not only that, he had even been injured by Qin Wentian's finger attack.

As he reached the boundaries of the platform, Qin Wentian lifted Emperor Azure with ease.

He stood there imposingly, his eyes gleaming with a fierce light. He stared at the spectators, then at the powerful lead characters from the various transcendent powers. He wanted to let everyone know, including the Di Clan and the White Deer Institute, that he was Qin Wentian.

He wasn't worthy of Mo Qingcheng?

Since he dared hold Mo Qingcheng's hand in front of the world on the Vermilion Bird arena platform, he had long made ready his preparations.

"You, aren't qualified." Qin Wentian directly tossed Emperor Azure off the platform. Color visibly drained from Emperor Azure's face, he clearly understood the underlying meaning behind Qin Wentian's words.

He, Emperor Azure, wasn't qualified enough to obtain the Azure Emperor's inheritance.

The battle between the two of them had also been a battle to see

who would be the true successor. Emperor Azure, otherwise known as Di Feng, suffered a miserable defeat.

Those from the Di Clan were naturally mixed in with the crowd. Obviously, they already knew of Qin Wentian's existence. When Qin Wentian had revealed the Azure Emperor Token, as well as the appearance of those from the Celestial Lake Palace, Di Feng had then told them everything.

Those from the White Deer Institute also felt an impact in their hearts when they witnessed this.

That youth from before actually achieved such a result in a mere few years of time.

Countless gazes focused on Qin Wentian on the arena platform, and after his Purgatory Vermilion Bird devoured Emperor Azure's Vermilion Bird, it hovered behind his back. One man, one bird, both stood imperiously on the stage as they stared back at the world. Yesterday, when he held Mo Qingcheng's hand in front of them all, had he really been unworthy?

Stepping out, Qin Wentian descended the platform, and currently, it was already a given that he would be placed among the top six rankers.

Currently the top six rankers are: Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong, Zhan Chen, the black-robed figure and Qin Wentian.



Old Man Tianji allowed them to take another break, and after which he stated, “Qin Zheng vs Emperor Azure.”

This battle was to determine who would take the seventh and eighth rankings respectively.

Emperor Azure told himself he couldn't be defeated, he frenziedly fought against Qin Zheng on the stage in a crazed manner, awing the spectators with his devastating attacks. Both of them were skilled in various techniques, making their battle extremely exciting to watch.

Yet ultimately, Emperor Azure was still defeated.

As of now, Emperor Azure had already suffered three defeats; first, to the black-robed figure; second, to Qin Wentian; and third, to Qin Zheng.

He couldn't even win a single fight.

The powerful Emperor Azure suffered three continuous defeats. Such a scene caused many to sigh in their hearts—the powerful Emperor Azure, ranked #5 in the previous rankings, had been downgraded in his position despite his evident increase in combat prowess. He'd lost all three rounds.

Currently, Emperor Azure had an extremely wretched expression on his face, he had no way to accept this reality.

Yet, reality was often cruel. After Old Man Tianji's announcement, in the space next to the eighth position, the name 'Emperor Azure' appeared on the shimmering scoreboard.

Now, only the actual rankings of the top six had yet to be determined. These remaining six would be considered the cream of the crop—the most powerful cultivators in the entire realm of Yuanfu.

“Hu...” The spectators felt great waves crashing into their hearts.

Chen Wang, who would he fight against for the position of the top ranker?

Si Qiong, with his mysterious soul attacks, what was his true level of strength. Would there be someone else other than Mu Feng that could even injure him?

Chen Wang, Shi Potian, Si Qiong and Zhan Chen. Which among them was the strongest?

As for the black-robed figure, had he already reached his limits? Could he still continue on?

Was Qin Wentian the weakest amongst the six? Or would he continue creating miracles and step into the top five? Or maybe, even the top three?

Many questions and speculations arose in the hearts of the

spectators. They couldn't wait to see the final results of the ranking battle this time around.

“Next, everyone in the top six will have several chances to fight against each other. We won't be determining the rankings based on just a single round. As for the order, I will be the one to decide those arrangements.” Old Man Tianji stated as he stared at them.

“For the first round, Chen Wang vs Zhan Chen; Si Qiong vs the black-robed figure; Shi Potian vs Qin Wentian,” the crowd murmured, yet they tacitly approved in their hearts. Chen Wang, Si Qiong and Shi Potian should be the strongest among the six. Such an arrangement prevented the strongest from clashing against each other right from the start so as to further build up the excitement.

But despite the order, there really were no weaklings among the six. No matter which pairing it was, all of them could be considered monsters in the Yuanfu Realm. There would only be the strong, compared to those stronger.

Chen Wang against Zhan Chen, the odds of victory clearly favoured Chen Wang. Although Zhan Chen was very powerful, Chen Wang still had a higher probability of obtaining the first ranking compared to him.

Si Qiong vs the black-robed figure. If there were no unexpected accidents, Si Qiong should be the victor of this match up as well. Si Qiong's techniques were just too mysterious, he even knew of the soul-attacks and soul searching techniques, in addition to the nine ultimate arts of Ancient Grand Xia. After all, the devilish art of the

black-robed figure hadn't even reached the maturation stage yet.

The mastery of the ultimate art the black-robed figure was proficient in could be said to exceed that of the other contenders, and was on the same level as Chen Wang's mastery in the Great Solar Universe Art. However, this was sorely insufficient when it came to facing against Si Qiong.

And as for Shi Potian against Qin Wentian, the spectators still felt that Shi Potian had a higher chance of being victorious. Shi Potian had long been regarded at the same level as Chen Wang and he even had the bloodline of an ancient primordial beast. Initially the results would have no cause for suspense, and the ultimate battle to contend for the number one position would definitely be between Chen Wang and Shi Potian. But because of the presence of Si Qiong and Zhan Chen, variations occurred.

But no matter what happened up there, there would only be one outcome; Shi Potian would definitely not lose out to Qin Wentian!

# AGM 382 - The Nine Ultimate Arts Of Grand Xia

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“Chen Wang vs Zhan Chen.”

“Si Qiong vs the black-robed figure.”

“Shi Potian vs Qin Wentian.”

All three battles filled the crowd with fervor and anticipation.

When Chen Wang and Zhan Chen stood upon the Vermilion Bird arena platform, countless gazes landed uniformly on them.

Great Solar Chen Wang, as well as Zhan Chen who had become so mysteriously powerful. How terrifying would their collision be?

Chen Wang's body was bathed in flames, and even his bones and blood vessels had turned into fiery lava, as though he was one great being of magma. Great Solar light flickered in his eyes as the manifestation of a giant ball of flame could be seen on his back. With just a glance at his form, and the crowd was instantly filled with endless terror. The temperature around him skyrocketed to insane degrees, nobody dared to stand near him.

Bizarrely, Zhan Chen's body was pure gold in color, and extremely dazzling to the eye under the glint of sunlight. In this frontal confrontation; a golden, indestructible body facing against

the raging sun flames of Chen Wang.

“No matter how strong you may be, you are still destined to lose here,” Chen Wang calmly spoke as he gazed at Zhan Chen. “Nobody will impede my path.”

A terrifying golden light glimmered in Zhan Chen’s eyes, and it was as though his eyes alone were sufficient to kill. A golden-colored ancient sword then appeared in his hands—the Heaven Punisher Sword.

The two of them slowly stepped forwards and moved closer to each other. A towering energy gushed forth from Chen Wang as the glow of terrifying flames covered the entire platform. In midair, their Vermilion Birds were both already engaged in deadly combat.

“Chi.”

Zhan Chen initiated the attack, and a sword beam tore apart the void. Infused with the will from the Mandate of Sword, the Heaven Punisher Sword meted out justice on behalf of the Heavens, as it inexorably exploded forth with overwhelming might. His sword contained the might of Heaven’s punishment, and could determine life and death with a single strike.

“Peng...” Chen Wang’s silhouette vanished as a burst of Astral Light inundated the area.

He had chosen Stellar Transposition as well.

Out of all the nine ultimate arts, Stellar Transposition was the easiest to master in the shortest period of time. The higher your proficiency in this art, the stronger it would be when used in combat. This was a characteristic of all the nine ultimate arts.

For example, Chen Wang's Great Solar Universe Art, as well as the black-robed figure's Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, they were all exceedingly powerful because they had been cultivated for a long time. As for the others who had just managed to learn the ultimate arts, while the power unleashed from those arts was strong, each contender was limited by their relative inexperience in utilizing them. This was also the reason why Emperor Azure had lost to the black-robed figure.

Strangely enough, Emperor Azure, who seemed proficient in several of the nine ultimate arts still lost to the black-robed figure, who was only proficient in one. Why was this so?

And therein lay the answer. The black-robed figure had only concentrated his efforts into mastering the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, hence all his attacks contained a true tyranny to it.

In addition, there was another real reason for his defeat: Emperor Azure wasn't actually skilled in several of the nine ultimate arts. He had instead chosen to cultivate in a single one—Formless Heart Sutra.

The Formless Heart Sutra also eventually landed in the hands of

the Hua Clan. Back then, Hua Taixu also depended on this to dominate Yuanfu, unsurpassed by his peers.

The Formless Heart Sutra had no true form—it could directly comprehend the ‘heart’ and essence of various techniques while granting the user a basic ability to mimic others. Emperor Azure’s Formless Heart Sutra was naturally eons away when compared to that of Hua Taixu. After all, he had only cultivated the art for a few days worth of time.

The Nine Ultimate Arts of Grand Xia were: Great Solar Universe Art, Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, Heavenly Swordplay, Golden Dragon Battle Art, Stellar Transposition, Formless Heart Sutra, Seal of Life and Death, Bloodcurse Imprint and Thunder God Slash.

And it simply wasn’t possible for everyone to cultivate the nine ultimate arts. An example of this was the Great Solar Universe Art, only people who had an affinity with fire would be able to cultivate this. The Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil was extremely dangerous to cultivate because of the huge backlash, hence not many wanted to risk their lives to cultivate it. Yet, the tyranny of its collective power was unmatched. Among the nine arts, its power only lost out to single-attacks executed with the principles the Thunder God Slash.

The Stellar Transposition was the easiest to master, while the Seal of Life and Death and the Bloodcurse Imprint were only suitable for people with special characteristics or a particular constitution. It was tremendously difficult to master either one of them but once one succeeded, the power gained would be at an



unimaginable level.

Of course, for those arts and techniques that were more difficult to master, the user is granted a corresponding equivalent level of power upon achieving true proficiency. Chen Wang had chosen Stellar Transposition because he already had the utmost confidence in his own attacks. The other ultimate arts didn't suit him, and Stellar Transposition granted him the ability to attack or retreat instantaneously depending on the situation.

A moment later, Chen Wang appeared in front of Zhan Chen, and the terrifying Great Solar Palm Imprints contained a domineering power as it blasted upon Zhan Chen's body.

The lava flames akin to the fires from the great sun instantly melted Zhan Chen's body into liquid. However, Zhan Chen merely looked on impassively—did Chen Wang really think he could defeat him in just a single attack?

Chen Wang might have underestimated him a little too much.

With a malevolent glint of laughter in his eyes, a guzzling sound rang out as the liquid formed into a golden puddle on the ground. Could it be that the indestructible golden body couldn't stand up to the terrifying sun flames of Chen Wang? Yet at this moment, a figure abruptly flew forwards as a sword lacerated the void, with a speed as quick as lightning.

Chen Wang raised his hands and made a grab in the air. The sounds of the collision rang out as his arms appeared to have been

almost severed off. With a howl of rage, that arm formed into magma, grabbing hold of Zhan Chen yet again. As the golden exterior melted once more, Zhan Chen's silhouette retreated rapidly, completely unharmed.

“Swish!” Zhan Chen instantly appeared behind Chen Wang, as a sword light descended from the Heavens. This sword was fused by the energy of the Heavens, as well as the Mandate of Gold, and when it cleaved downwards, golden scars could be seen rupturing the space where it passed by.

“BOOOM!” An astonishing amount of Astral Light flooded the area. Chen Wang executed Stellar Transposition and disappeared, seeming to sense the impending danger, reappearing at the other end of the arena platform.

Turning, he stared at Zhan Chen with puzzlement in his eyes.

Did Zhan Chen truly have an indestructible body?

Every attack that hit him would only affect the exterior of his golden body. It was as though he was truly impervious to damage.

“I truly want to see how many times you’ll use that parlor trick.” Chen Wang smiled as soared up in the air, releasing his Astral Soul. The manifestation of a giant sun appeared above his head, augmenting his power. He vanished and reappeared before Zhan Chen once more, gathering the Great Solar Energy within his palms before slamming out, incinerating everything. Zhan Chen responded with his Heavenly Swordplay as he weaved his sword

about in an intricate dance. They quickly collided with increasing might, causing sounds of explosions to ring out one after another.

“The two of them appear to be undefeatable. Zhan Chen was blasted ten times, while Chen Wang was also slashed five times. How strong are they exactly?” The spectators furrowed their brows, continuously shocked at the display—they never thought that Zhan Chen would be able to combat Chen Wang to this degree. With that level of power he exhibited, even if he lost to Chen Wang, the probability of him being in the top three ranks would still be exceedingly high.

“I want to see how long you can sustain this.” An arrogant voice echoed from above. Zhan Chen’s golden body shattered once again from the overwhelming destructive might of Chen Wang. Although Zhan Chen was powerful, he was still a shade inferior to Chen Wang.

Eventually, under the bombardment of Chen Wang’s attacks, Zhan Chen was forced off the arena platform.

As expected, the winner was still Chen Wang.

Chen Wang’s level of strength was evidently higher, yet Zhan Chen’s ability was too strange, it seemed as though he was impervious to death. This was why he’d managed to extend the fight for such a long time.

But if the others had faced Zhan Chen instead, would they be able to defeat him? Nobody knew.

The second battle: Si Qiong vs the black-robed figure.

This was also a battle that filled the hearts of the crowd with anticipation. When Mu Feng battled Si Qiong, that fight created an immense commotion among the spectators after they discovered that Si Qiong was actually skilled in soul attacks. And from the looks of it, other than Mu Feng, who was incredibly skilled in the venom arts, nobody else was capable of injuring Si Qiong to such a degree.

RUMBLEEEEEEEEE~

Devil-might enveloped the Heavens and Earth as the black-robed figure stepped up onto the arena platform. He unleashed everything he was capable of the moment he stood on the stage—he knew that Si Qiong’s strength was too overwhelming, his soul attacks too fearsome.

Si Qiong had a lanky figure, he stood upright as he radiated sharpness, brimming with overwhelming confidence.

“Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil? A mere five slashes from the Nine Slashes of Underworld won’t be enough to fight against me,” Si Qiong calmly spoke, he had a thorough understanding of the nine ultimate arts. He knew that if the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil was cultivated to the limits, it would be so powerful that it could be said to be an unrivalled art. Yet, the black-robed figure only had a cultivation base at Yuanfu, so he wasn’t able to fully display the terrifying might of this cultivation art.

The Nine Slashes of the Underworld worked in this manner. Each successive slash would be stronger than the last, and when all eight slashes were unleashed, their collective power would gather together before the devil as it descended from the skies, shattering the earth and annihilating all before it.

RUMBLE!

The devil-might covered the skies, darkening the Heavens. Lightning flashed as the devilish clouds whistled, akin to the roar of a demonic dragon.

A devilish sabre appeared in the hands of the black-robed figure, exuding such might it was as if a demonic dragon had really been sealed inside it. The black-robed figure then advanced forward, showing no fear even when faced against Si Qiong.

Fighting against someone proficient in soul attacks? The black-robed figure had to end this as soon as possible, otherwise if his soul were to be damaged, the consequences would be too fearsome to contemplate.

Si Qiong's lips moved as sound waves of a strange melody drifted out from his mouth. That was the Soul Suppressing Melody.

The black-robed figure's silhouette flashed, as he struck forth with the first slash. This move effectively shattered the sound waves apart.

He didn't hesitate, and immediately followed up with a second slash, chopping right at Si Qiong's face.

"Bzzz!" Astral light erupted as Si Qiong vanished from view, appearing right above the black-robed figure. His mastery over Stellar Transposition was already at an extremely proficient level.

"Chi!"

Si Qiong's finger pierced out as an evil, black-colored qi penetrated through the void and slammed into the black-robed figure's body.

At the same time, the third slash was unleashed, smashing forth with incredible might.

Astral Light erupted forth once again as Si Qiong disappeared. This time around, he appeared behind the black-robed figure as his lips continued moving. He then pierced forwards with another finger attack.

The black-robed figure screamed in agony, yet his devilish sabre continued on its path, and with an added twist, shifted its trajectory to a horizontal slash instead.

However, Si Qiong disappeared once again. This was the third time he executed Stellar Transposition and each time he'd used it in rapid succession. This made the spectators sigh in shock—Si

Qiong was simply too powerful, the continuous usage of his art must have exhausted an astronomical amount of Astral Energy in his Yuanfu. Although the distance he moved was short, no one should be able to sustain the consumption rate of Stellar Transposition for this long.

Hence, for the next attack, Si Qiong pierced out with five fingers, like a claw aiming to clutch at the head of the black-robed figure. Yet, abruptly, the black-robed figure's silhouette disappeared.

He had totally dematerialized, as though he was never there. The place where the black-robed figure stood, only a long, black robe remained.

"Mhm?" Si Qiong frowned, following which, a hand suddenly appeared, grabbing onto him as a terrifying underworld energy, so cold that it pervaded the bone, gushed into him.

"Bzzz." With a slash, akin to a sabre, Si Qiong's other hand chopped out. Fresh blood sprayed in the air before the black-robed figure finally retreated. Si Qiong rapidly moved backwards only to see the black-robed figure dashing off the platform, disappearing from the stage as he instantly sat cross-legged onto the ground.

"His soul has been damaged."

The hearts of the spectators involuntarily clenched, an injury to the soul was extremely difficult to cure. The black-robed figure's soul had been damaged, and lost to Si Qiong.

The contender, Si Qiong had proven to be terrifying beyond measure—he was definitely capable of matching Chen Wang in the battle for first ranker!



# AGM 383 - Ferocious Grand Battle

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Si Qiong's soul attacks definitely didn't lose out to any of Grand Xia's nine ultimate arts. Yuanfu Realm cultivators had no definitive way to sense their souls, let alone defend against such an attack. Being able to unleash soul attacks made Si Qiong too terrifying to fight against.

However, the earlier strike by the black-robed figure also made the spectators stunned—during his abrupt attack, it was as though even his presence had completely vanished for a second. That sudden surprise strike had made Si Qiong break out in a cold sweat.

Even though Chen Wang and Si Qiong had won their respective battles, it was a narrow victory. They were unable to achieve complete suppression of their opponents—which showed that they may be stronger, but if they had let themselves underestimate their opponents for even just a bit, they definitely would have been defeated. A weaker opponent didn't necessarily mean they were incapable of claiming your life.

Si Qiong departed the platform. The next battle would be Shi Potian vs Qin Wentian.

For this matter, could the powerful Shi Potian be able to defeat Qin Wentian?

For his exchange, Shi Potian from the Shi Clan had chosen the Stellar Transposition Art, complementing it with his domineering

Golden Dragon Battle Art, as well as the overwhelming power hidden in his bloodline.

Shi Potian was ranked #3 in the last ranking battle. What methods would he use to defeat an opponent that was labeled a dark horse?

And the dark horse in front of him wasn't an ordinary one. Since the commencement of the ranking battle, Qin Wentian had stolen the thunder from all other contenders. First, he'd made the spectators take particular note of him when he acquired first place in the battle of the drum echoes.

Following which, he slayed Duan Qingshan.

And next, he'd donned the platinum robes. With each step, his actions and achievements rocked the hearts of the crowd.

The crowd only truly recognized him when he displayed his brilliance while in the formation world; being pursued by Chen Wang, yet managing to injure him instead; stepping out of the cave, to overwhelmingly decimate Yang Fan and his collaborators; and then ultimately scaring off Yao Jun with a single sentence.

At that point of time, the crowd were already speculating that Qin Wentian had the potential to be among the top ten rankers.

And after that, he'd held Mo Qingcheng's hand in front of the arena platform, proclaiming to the entire world their true

relationship.

And following this shocking revelation, he'd once again accomplished another feat—defeating Emperor Azure within ten breaths of time.

With each successive accomplishment, he'd caused the spectators to be taken aback by his performance. He'd continued his victorious momentum, and now he had reached the point of contending for one of the top three positions, by battling against Shi Potian.

Without a doubt, this was the strongest opponent that Qin Wentian would face in the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle. Back then in the formation world, he could still choose to hide away in that cave during his confrontation with Chen Wang. But now on the arena platform, there was no escape.

Shi Potian and Qin Wentian both stood on the stage, facing each other.

Would this dark horse, Qin Wentian, finally reach the end of his limitations?

A golden suit of armor, in the shape of a dragon, covered Shi Potian's body as the ancient primordial blood within him began to surge. He advanced forward, and in that moment, Shi Potian resembled a dragon-shaped, ancient demonic beast, wielding a long spear for a weapon.

The Golden Dragon Battle Art was one of the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia. Shi Potian had been cultivating it since a long time ago, which helped sharpen his combat prowess immensely.

As he walked over to Qin Wentian, everyone felt as though Qin Wentian was about to square off against an ancient demonic dragon.

Scaly demonic armor enveloped Qin Wentian's body. Similarly, towering amounts of demonic qi gushed forth from him as his bloodline seethed and surged in response. His palms were filled with limitless strength.

Behind his back, a pair of demonic wings appeared and began to flap furiously. The movement created an intense bout of demonic wind, gusting violently throughout the arena platform.

“BOOOM!”

Shi Potian took a step forwards as his silhouette disappeared from sight. Stellar Transposition! The next instant, he reappeared right in front of Qin Wentian as the golden spear in his hands stabbed out with ferocious speed, aiming to pierce right through Qin Wentian's brain. The furious strike brought to mind a dragon's attack, with a speed as fast as lightning. Essentially, Qin Wentian was left with no time to react.

It was at that moment, in the centre of Qin Wentian's brows, his third eye opened and a harsh and powerful ray of light burst forth at the instant the golden spear stabbed towards him. He had totally

anticipated Shi Potian's movements.

It was impossible for Yuanfu Realm cultivators to truly achieve teleportation. However, Stellar Transposition managed to emulate a similar effect; a huge quantity of Astral Energy is collected and then attributed to an explosive magnification in speed. The end result gave people the impression that instant teleportation had occurred. But if one were to face off against a true expert, that expert would be able to anticipate the trajectory of the user's Stellar Transposition and react accordingly. Naturally, the Stellar Transposition's power still ultimately depended on the user's proficiency, as well as the user's method of combat.

With his third eye, Qin Wentian was effortlessly able to perceive all sorts of fluctuations in the space around him—there was nothing that could hide from his sight. This was also the reason why he had been able to stab his finger right into Emperor Azure's heart during their earlier battle.

“Bzzz!”

As his wings fluttered, a raging wind kicked up. Qin Wentian's silhouette turned into a series of after-images, as the golden-colored, dragon-shaped spear pierced at the space he'd been standing at just moments ago.

Shi Potian's expression faltered as he stared at Qin Wentian's demonic wings. Such a speedy short-movement technique didn't lose out that much in terms of explosive movements when compared to the Stellar Transposition.

“Peng!” Shi Potian stepped forwards once again as he vanished completely. This time around, he reappeared at Qin Wentian’s side, thrusting his spear with even more power. With a single stab, the space cracked as spatial fissures were created. Yet for all its power, it still couldn’t hit Qin Wentian!

“How can this be?!”

The spectators saw Qin Wentian leisurely hovering on the platform, while staring at Shi Potian. He was completely unfazed by his attacks.

“Can he see through the trajectory of Stellar Transposition? How is he able to?” The spectators finally concluded that Qin Wentian’s perception was beyond what anyone could have predicted, he was able to sense the fluctuation in space and therefore ‘see’ the trajectory of Stellar Transposition.

Evidently, Shi Potian had also realized this; he didn’t continue using Stellar Transposition. Then, since speed had failed, he would use strength instead. He advanced towards Qin Wentian, the aura gushing from him growing increasingly stronger with every step he took.

The demonic qi exuding from Qin Wentian climbed rapidly, as though reaching the Heavens. His arms turned into the arms of a Kirin, thick and muscular, and his claws glistened with a terrifying sheen.

“PENG...” Shi Potian’s golden dragon spear unleashed another attack. This time around, he attacked directly without bothering with any tricks. The golden light of the spear penetrated through all things, and it only needed an instant to explode Qin Wentian’s head. The attack of that spear was akin to that of a true dragon, shooting out with the speed and ferocity of a comet.

“How powerful. Shi Potian’s strength borders on the unbelievable.”

Indeed, Shi Potian excelled in strength—his attacks were incomparably tyrannical.

Yet Qin Wentian proceeded to slam forth with his arm as well. The violent kirin claws and the illusory shadow of the demonic dragon collided, resulting in an explosive impact.

Booming sounds rang out as Qin Wentian was forced backwards. His Mandate of Force and Mandate of Demons had already reached the second level, yet in terms of a showdown based on strength, he still lost out by the slightest of margins to Shi Potian.

Shi Potian had comprehended the Mandate of Demons, Mandate of Gold and Mandate of Great Earth. All three of his Mandates had reached the Advanced Boundary of the second level while Qin Wentian’s still remained at the Initial Boundary.

Hence in terms of pure strength, Shi Potian surpassed him and even exceeded Chen Wang.

And precisely because of his overwhelming strength, Shi Potian was at heart, a firm favourite of many a spectator when it came to obtaining the position of first ranker.

Qin Wentian's arms trembled violently, jarred from the impact. In the collision this time around, he'd felt several kinds of Mandates infused inside Shi Potian's attack, and the power within was so domineering that his bones had almost been crushed into a powder. If he hadn't already reached the third stage of the Fiend Transformation Art, he would definitely have been injured by this.

On the topic of strength, Shi Potian was truly terrifying. Yet Qin Wentian discovered that Shi Potian had a weakness—his speed and agility was abysmal.

The real reason why Shi Potian chose the Stellar Transposition to cultivate in was because he wanted to make up for his deficiency in speed. If it was truly a battle among equals for those at the pinnacle of Yuanfu, how could his opponent be slow?

“Swish!” A massive wind kicked up as the gigantic demonic wings of Qin Wentian flapped furiously.

Demonic qi gushed out as gradually, the silhouette of a demonic beast appeared. Qin Wentian's body was enveloped in a demonic light, as the outlines of a giant, golden roc took form.

There was a limit to a human's speed. But what if that human transformed into a roc? How terrifying would his speed be then?



Able to enjoy the attributes of a demon, while retaining one's own comprehension over their respective Mandates—this was the true power of the Fiend Transformation Art!

Combining the perfect traits of humanity and demonkind into one.

The third stage of the Fiend Transformation Art—Demon Transformation.

Qin Wentian had transformed into a gigantic, golden roc.

“What a powerful art.” The hearts of the spectators pounded, they had seen with their own eyes how Qin Wentian transformed into a demon.

The defeated Emperor Azure could only stare on with a sharpness in his eyes. Qin Wentian had reached the third stage of the Fiend Transformation Art, far exceeding him—someone who was of the main bloodline of the Di Clan!

Gusts of wind billowed intensely, and Qin Wentian completely disappeared from sight before appearing in front of Shi Potian. This time, it was his turn to initiate the attack. The ringing echoes of ancient bells sounded, as the manifestation of a gigantic ancient bell appeared. At the same time, the claws of the golden roc extended, lunging straight for Shi Potian.

Shi Potian's expression turned grim, and he immediately reacted

with a swipe of his spear. Although his movement speed was atrociously slow, his attack speed was the total opposite. Yet in spite of this, his attack still couldn't hit Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian's silhouette flashed by, appearing behind him as the sounds of the ancient bells continued unabated, pulverizing his heart.

Shi Potian abandoned the golden spear in his hands, then instantly turned and blasted forth with a terrifying Heavenly Dragon Ancient Imprint. Draconic roars shook the void, yet the instant the attack 'brushed' against Qin Wentian, the great roc flashed again with greater speed, leaving countless after-images trailing behind it.

Too fast, too quick. Qin Wentian's speed had broken the limits of humanity at the Yuanfu Realm. He wanted to use speed to defeat Shi Potian's advantage in strength.

In the span of a few breaths, the two of them exchanged countless moves. On the arena platform, poor Shi Potian was encircled and surrounded by numerous gigantic rocs, all tearing at him with their claws, wings and beaks.

Shi Potian's overwhelming strength was completely without an outlet through which it could be unleashed. Even after he used the Mandate of Great Earth, Gravity, he still wasn't able to lower Qin Wentian's speed. Qin Wentian's Mandate of Force was too powerful, enough to counteract his Mandate of Great Earth.

Shi Potian could only use Stellar Transposition to break out of the encirclement, yet a mere instant later, he was once again on

the receiving end of Qin Wentian's ferocious attacks.

"This..." The spectators were completely speechless—Shi Potian had no chance to use his strength at all.

Shi Potian was extremely infuriated, as his heart continued pounding with increasing intensity. If this continued on, his heart would definitely pulverized. When that time came, only death awaited him.

With a wrathful howl, Shi Potian channelled his bloodline, as the illusory manifestation of an ancient, gigantic demonic beast appeared from Shi Potian's body. His entire physique became stronger, with his stature also growing taller. The terrifying sound waves from his wrathful roars even had the power to shatter the ground surrounding him.

"Shi Potian's bloodline is awakening."

The hearts of the crowd pounded with excitement. As expected, all of these contenders had their own trump cards. At this moment, Shi Potian ignored all attacks and stretched out an impossibly gigantic arm, aiming to grab for Qin Wentian. Qin Wentian flashed past his reach yet again, appearing behind him and delivering a wing slash on Shi Potian's back. Yet, now that the power of his bloodline had awakened, such an attack was no longer enough to break past his defenses. His demonic frame was as huge and heavy as a mountain, indestructible.

"Too late." Qin Wentian's voice issued out from the golden roc.

The spectators stared in disbelief when they saw how Shi Potian was still frenziedly attacking his surroundings, his attacks hitting thin air while Qin Wentian quietly stood behind him, watching impassively.

“Shi Potian is trapped in an illusion?”

“Is this the reason why Emperor Azure missed that slash of his when he fought against Qin Wentian back then?”

Qin Wentian’s eyes widened in surprise as he studied the force in each of Shi Potian’s attack. Even now, he had still underestimated Shi Potian’s strength. But no matter, everything was going to come to an end.

Countless manifestations of giant rocs sprang out into being as a resplendent glow surrounded Qin Wentian. The runic outlines of the numerous rocs all fused together into one big monstrosity, and even enveloped Qin Wentian’s roc-form into it.

“Combat-type Divine Inscriptions?”

# AGM 384 - Identity Of The Black-Robed Figure

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Truly, Qin Wentian never failed to amaze the crowd.

Initially, they had all thought that with Shi Potian's strength, even if he couldn't completely suppress Qin Wentian, his victory would be a certainty.

But at this moment, their confidence was already wavering. Shi Potian had actually entered into a state of illusion.

But was it truly an illusion?

“No, that's definitely not an illusion.” Emperor Azure had once experienced this type of attack from Qin Wentian. Not only that, he himself excelled in the usage of illusions, so how could he be mistaken about something like this? When he slashed at the wrong location, it didn't feel as though he was in a state of illusion at all. In fact, it felt like reality.

With Emperor Azure's expertise in illusions, he definitely wouldn't fall into an illusive state. Furthermore, one could break out of it by using the powerful wills of their Mandates. And leaving that aside, with Shi Potian's overwhelming power, he would definitely not fall into an illusion trap.

Back then, Emperor Azure had strongly felt that it was a reality, which was why he targeted that spot. Yet in the end, he was

evidently mistaken. Now that he observed from the sidelines, he understood that that was no mere illusionist trick; it must have been powered by a specific type of will from a Mandate.

And as for that terrifying gigantic roc that was currently taking form. Was that a fourth-ranked combat-type Divine Inscription?

Along with Qin Wentian, the terrifying roc sped towards Shi Potian at the speed of light. That fearsome strength annihilated everything, and his Purgatory Vermilion Bird was also at an absolute advantage when facing against that of Shi Potian's, almost to the point of already devouring it. As Qin Wentian grew stronger, his Purgatory Vermilion Bird also seemed to gain in strength.

Finally, Shi Potian appeared to sense something. And currently, what his senses were telling him were fake. This wasn't an illusion, but rather a reality he created from his imagination.

“BOOOM!” The powerful great roc slammed into Shi Potian's body, instantly flinging him into the air. The armor on his body shattered into pieces as he was ruthlessly slammed into the ground, with his blood spraying in the air like a fountain. His Vermilion Bird met the same fate—it was already fully devoured by Qin Wentian's Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

The Qin Wentian-Roc gradually transformed back into a human. His aura fluctuated as his long hair and robes fluttered in the wind.

Upon seeing his imposing figure on stage, the spectators all understood that this dark horse had the ability to continue all the

way down to the very end.

Qin Wentian had defeated Shi Potian, the Shi Potian that was regarded as an equal to Chen Wang.

Although Qin Wentian won only because he had an advantage in the speed attribute, which was a perfect counter to Shi Potian's weakness—his slowness—a victory was still a victory.

The overall combat strength of Qin Wentian was extremely well balanced and more than a little intimidating. It was as though he had no apparent weaknesses. For those stronger than him, they were no match for his speed. Not only that, he could also enter into a demonic form to boost his strength, alongside with a control ability that was more terrifying than any illusion.

He also had an unfathomable attack that could directly target the hearts of his opponents.

He could also inscribe powerful combat-type Divine Inscriptions instantly during combat.

The three battles had all been concluded.

Chen Wang defeated Zhan Chen.

Si Qiong defeated the black-robed figure.

Qin Wentian defeated Shi Potian.

The last battle out of these three brought the most shock to the hearts of the spectators. It wasn't the process but rather, the ending.

“Next, Chen Wang vs Shi Potian, Si Qiong vs Zhan Chen, Qin Wentian vs the black-robed figure,” Old Man Tianji stated. The three victors would fight against the three losers in a different battle order to better determine the rankings.

For example, although Shi Potian lost to Qin Wentian, what if he was stronger than Si Qiong? It was only fair to have multiple battles before finalizing the rankings.

But naturally, before the next battle, everyone would have a chance to rest and recover from their injuries.

When the next round finally commenced, the gazes of the spectators landed onto Chen Wang and Shi Potian who stood on the arena platform. This time around, the Vermilion Bird hovering behind Shi Potian had already disappeared, yet the crowd was still full of anticipation regarding this battle.

However, because Shi Potian had suffered defeat earlier, the crowd's perspective of him had already changed. They all felt that Chen Wang would definitely be the winner of this match. The aura of invincibility he used to possess had disappeared completely.



But if Shi Potian were to somehow defeat Chen Wang, didn't that mean that Qin Wentian would be able to defeat Chen Wang as well?

This battle was extremely critical to Shi Potian. He couldn't allow himself to be defeated again. Yet, the opponent he was facing this time around was none other than Chen Wang.

Right from the start of the battle, Shi Potian immediately unleashed the power of his bloodline, causing his physique to be visibly strengthened akin to an ancient primordial beast. His strength, attack and defense, they were all enhanced to an incredible degree.

Similarly, Chen Wang chose not to underestimate his opponent. With a blast, his Astral Souls were released, bathing the entire platform in brilliant sunlight. Both opponents had chosen the most direct method to square off—frontal collision.

On the platform, a flame giant was fighting against another gigantic ancient demonic beast. Even the mere shock waves ricocheting off their collision made those spectating it feel fear in their hearts. Chen Wang's flame giant form was about to shatter while Shi Potian's gigantic demonic frame was burning from the agonizing flames.

“Shi Potian, you aren't enough.”

Abruptly, a voice echoed forth. Moments later, the spectators saw a huge flaming ball of resplendent sun flames above Chen

Wang with his Astral Soul fused into it. An overwhelming palm strike slammed downwards, resembling the sun itself smashing onto the Earth. Shi Potian howled, yet he didn't evade the strike with his Stellar Transposition. Instead, he chose to face it head on, intending to use the most direct method to settle everything. How could he retreat when it came to a competition in strength?

“PENG!”

As the strike slammed down, Shi Potian's frame transformed into one of burning flames, his bones, flesh and even blood started to turn into lava, forcibly transformed by Chen Wang. Shi Potian wore an expression of struggling intensity on his face.

“Get down.” Chen Wang blasted him off the stage.

Chen Wang was the victor for their battle, Shi Potian had lost once again.

If Qin Wentian defeated the black-robed figure, then Shi Potian would have one last chance to fight against Si Qiong. If he defeated Si Qiong, it would indicate that he would be stronger than the black-robed figure or Zhan Chen, who would have a higher probability of losing to Si Qiong in their upcoming battle. By then, he would at least be ranked third. But if Qin Wentian lost to the black-robed figure, all his hopes would go up in smoke.

Because the black-robed figure had lost to Si Qiong before. If he defeated Qin Wentian, this meant that he would have also defeated Shi Potian. In that case, there was no longer a need to continue

battling.

And when that time came, Shi Potian would lose all chance of being ranked in the top three, losing the recognition of the entire Grand Xia.

Indeed, in the next battle, Si Qiong defeated Zhan Chen, but still no one believed that Shi Potian would be able to win against Si Qiong.

Both Shi Potian and Zhan Chen lost two in a row, causing the spectators to sigh in their hearts.

On one of the world's most dazzling stages, even the powerful Shi Potian and Zhan Chen suffered consecutive defeats.

Reality was that cruel. Zhan Chen had prepared so much just for this day, yet he still lost to Chen Wang and Si Qiong. But he told himself he wouldn't allow for another defeat to occur. No more, definitely.

Shi Potian was even worse off in comparison. Not only did he lose to Chen Wang, he even lost to Qin Wentian. As the person ranked #3 in the previous ranking, his performance was sorely disappointing this time around.

“Next is the battle between the black-robed figure and Qin Wentian, and we'll have to see how that will go. By right, their power levels should be roughly similar. Qin Wentian is exceedingly

strong, but the black-robed figure can even injure Si Qiong, he's definitely not a simple character." The spectators mused as they started to engage in their fervent discussions.

What would the end result of the next battle be?

The tyrannical devil art of the black-robed figure, that strange disappearing technique, would it be able to counter Qin Wentian?

Qin Wentian's own attacks were also becoming increasingly unfathomable. Would that illusion-like technique be effective against the black-robed figure?

When both of them stood atop the platform, the heartbeats of the spectators quickened yet again as they eagerly watched on.

Both Qin Wentian and the black-robed figure were the dark horses of this tournament, gaining victory after victory all the way till here.

Qin Wentian didn't belong to any major power, whereas the black-robed figure's identity was a complete mystery. And now, the two strongest dark horses were finally in a direct confrontation.

"Who exactly are you?" Qin Wentian stared at his opponent. Contrary to the expectations of the spectators, Qin Wentian didn't immediately initiate the battle. Instead, he chose to question the black-robed figure.

The black-robed figure had helped him twice, Qin Wentian was always filled with curiosity over the identity of this person. Yet, this person had also injured Mo Qingcheng on this platform before.

Initially, Qin Wentian was filled with gratitude towards the black-robed figure. But after this person's battle with Mo Qingcheng, that feeling of curiosity intensified. He had to know for sure who this person was exactly.

The black-robed figure only stared coldly at him, choosing to remain in silence.

"It's fine if you don't want to tell me. I will just personally tear your veil off then." Qin Wentian indifferently replied, as his aura gushed forth.

"Kill me, or injure me heavily, and you may have a chance to see who I am. But if I'm the one that defeats you instead, I won't be the slightest bit courteous to you," the black-robed figure hoarsely replied. In the memories of the spectators, this was the first time this person actually spoke. He had always been maintaining his silence.

A devilish qi started to emanate from the black-robed figure, as a terrifying devilish black cloud appeared in the sky.

"As you wish." Qin Wentian advanced step by step towards the black-robed figure, as his aura climbed up rapidly with no signs of

stopping. Gathering demonic energy in his hands, a pair of wings appeared on his back, and Qin Wentian gave it his all right from the start. He didn't have the notion of underestimating his opponent the slightest.

With a flap of his wings, Qin Wentian's silhouette vanished, instantly appearing in front of the black-robed figure. The black-robed figure immediately reacted with a devil palm imprint—Qin Wentian coldly smiled as he too, blasted forwards with a dragon imprint, fully confident in his own strength. The power of their attacks was inexorably terrifying.

Instantly, as they clashed, the fearsome will of Qin Wentian's Mandate shot from his eyes into his opponent's mind. But at that very moment, the devil might exuding from his opponent's devil palm imprint abruptly disappeared in its entirety as the black-robed figure shifted away his palm, allowing Qin Wentian to freely unleash his attack.

Qin Wentian's countenance drastically fell, it was too late to pause his attack. The draconic roars echoed in the void as the overwhelming dragon imprint blasted with full force into his opponent's body.

“BOOOOOM!”

The black-robed figure instantly flew through the air, like a kite with its string cut, and was ruthlessly slammed into the ground as fresh blood unceasingly seeped out.

At this moment, the entire crowd was dumbstruck. Why would the black-robed figure give up on his attack right at the last moment?

What was going on?

A lack of comprehension could also be seen etched on Qin Wentian's features. He didn't understand why his opponent chose to do this.

After an instant of stupefaction, Qin Wentian flickered then appeared next to the black-robed figure. The black cowl around the figure's head had already disintegrated, yet the veil still remained. Qin Wentian saw a head full of long, raven-black hair, and a pair of extremely beautiful eyes looking right back at him.

Somehow, they looked exceedingly familiar.

"Who are you?"

Qin Wentian felt his heart pounding with an indescribable emotion. He squatted down and lifted away the veil obscuring the black-robed figure's features.

An extremely delicate and exquisite countenance was revealed, full of youth and beauty.

The majority of the crowd felt as though a bolt of thunder had gone off in their hearts as they observed the features of the black-

robed figure before them.

How can this be? That person who cultivated such a tyrannical art was actually such a young and beautiful maiden?

Not only that, although blood was still seeping unceasingly from the corner of her mouth, a smile could be seen in her sparkling eyes, unshed tears shimmering as she gazed at Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian finally recognized her. Although her transformation was great, he could still recognize who she was. His heart shuddered violently as he felt an intense pain pierce through him, causing him to convulse involuntarily.

“WHY? WHY DID YOU DO THIS?”

Qin Wentian let out a low-sounding roar, filled with raw pain and agony. His hands gently caressed the face of the beautiful young woman lying on the ground, as he wiped away the traces of blood from her mouth.

“To atone for the crimes of my sister and father, to apologize to you on their behalf.” A voice of incredible gentleness sounded out.

In her eyes, that warm smile could still be seen.

Her lips gently quivered, she stared intently at Qin Wentian, then smiled happily as she called out, “Wentian gege!”



# AGM 385 - Zhan Chen's Determination

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“Wentian gege!”

The crisp and gentle voice rang in Qin Wentian's ear and permeated the void in his heart, causing time to stop momentarily.

The flabbergasted faces of the spectators indicated that they were all stunned by what they saw. The practitioner of the tyrannical devil arts was actually a maiden—this was already enough cause for them to be thunderstruck. But what was even more astounding was that the practitioner was actually a young and beautiful maiden.

And even more surprising, she was actually acquainted with Qin Wentian, and their relationship was so close to the extent of calling him Wentian gege.

The tears at the corner of the girl's eyes, as well as the smile etched on her lips, shining with her blood, contained a poignant beauty. The spectators didn't understand, since the black-robed maiden was so close with Qin Wentian, why did she do all that in the first place?

In the crowd, Bai Qingsong clenched his fist tightly while Autumn Snow bit her lips, staring at the scene playing out in front of them. No one hated themselves more than they did now.

They revealed the truth of everything to Bai Qing. For her sake, Qin Wentian chose not to kill Bai Qingsong despite all the things

he'd done, and perhaps it was for this reason that she carried such guilt in her heart. Hence, she'd chosen such a method to reciprocate his kindness. In actual fact, her actions had been completely unnecessary.

“Silly girl.”

Qin Wentian sat on the platform arena, gently guiding Bai Qing to rest her head against his thigh. He lightly caressed her face as he stated, “Do you know that by doing what you did, Wentian gege now feels even more miserable? If I had used the slightest bit more force in that earlier attack, I would have regretted it for my entire life.”

Even in his wildest imagination, Qin Wentian didn't expect that the black-robed figure would actually turn out to be Bai Qing! That little girl who loved to follow him around, annoying him at all times when they were back in Sky Harmony City.

Now, Bai Qing had already grown up and had become even more beautiful. She was even more radiant compared to her sister, Autumn Snow, who was declared as one of the four great beauties of Sky Harmony City. Not only that, she had become so powerful! Yet, in Qin Wentian's memories, she would always be that naive and adorable little girl. Qin Wentian would never forget that night when Bai Qingsong wanted to silence him—he had managed to escape unharmed only because of Bai Qing's intervention. Behind her father's back, Bai Qing had passed him a dagger and then threw herself at him, begging him to use her life in exchange for his escape.

To think that now, after so many years later, this young lass still hadn't gained some sense; she was still acting in such a silly manner.

"If that really happened, wouldn't Wentian gege remember me forever?" Bai Qing laughed, her smile was still the same even after so many years had passed, still so pure and radiant. Even after donning her black robes and becoming the devil, whenever she faced her Wentian gege, she would still be that little girl.

"You are not allowed to say things like that." Qin Wentian glared at her. After which, he turned his gaze below the platform and shouted, "Qingcheng, meet my little sister, Bai Qing."

Mo Qingcheng's silhouette flickered as she appeared on the platform. A few medicinal pills appeared in her hands, which she gently fed to Bai Qing.

"Sister Qingcheng, you are so beautiful." A mischievous-looking smile appeared on Bai Qing's face. "Sister Qingcheng, I had no malicious intentions, I merely wanted to see what my future sister-in-law would be like."

"Who's your sister-in-law?" Mo Qingcheng weakly replied, yet when she saw that innocent smile adorning Bai Qing's face, she couldn't bring herself to blame her.

This silly girl had almost thrown her life away earlier.

“Then if I refer to you as Sister, you can’t get angry at me, alright?” Bai Qing smiled. Mo Qingcheng nodded lightly, “Don’t worry about it, it’s all in the past.”

“Hahaha, let’s go down.” Qin Wentian felt a little uncomfortable with the multitude of stares riveted on him.

Gently guiding Bai Qing to a standing posture, he saw Bai Qing’s eyes shifting towards the group of Mystic Moon Hall members, her gaze landing on a woman robed in black. She lightly bowed in that direction, “Master, in the battle to contend for the Heavenly Fate Rankings, your disciple’s ability only permits me to walk up till this point. I hope I didn’t embarrass your esteemed self.”

The spectators noticed that the black robes on Bai Qing’s body were extremely similar to the one worn by the woman in the winding pathway. So it turned out that Bai Qing was someone from the Mystic Moon Hall.

That woman nodded as she calmly stated, “Qing`er (referring to Bai Qing), since the knot in your heart has already untied itself, I can ask for nothing more. Your results are more than satisfactory for our Mystic Moon Hall. Take a good rest.”

“Thank you, Master.” Bai Qing smiled as she left the platform, accompanied by Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng.

Throughout history, the majority of the positions on the Heavenly Fate Rankings had always been dominated by members of the nine grand clans of Ancient Grand Xia. The fact that Bai

Qing, someone from the Mystic Moon Hall, had achieved such a result was truly an outstanding achievement bringing glory to her sect.

Many pair of eyes were still fixated on Qin Wentian. Their curiosity regarding this person only grew increasingly higher.

The dark horse, Qin Wentian, had actually managed to lock his ranking among the top four. He had Mo Qingcheng as his companion and even had such a beautiful and powerful younger sister. Yet, this 'sister' of his, didn't seem to be related to him via flesh and blood, causing the crowd's imagination to run wild.

For the Heavenly Fate Rankings, yet another round of battles were being concluded.

Chen Wang defeated Shi Potian.

Si Qiong defeated Zhan Chen.

Qin Wentian defeated the black-robed figure. Or maybe, it couldn't be said that he'd won his victory through a battle.

The black-robed figure had voluntarily given up and bowed out of the ranking battle.

On the shimmering score board, for the ranking position of #6, the name of the Mystic Moon Hall was displayed.

In that case, the next battle would be between the defeated two—Shi Potian and Zhan Chen.

Shi Potian lost to Chen Wang and Qin Wentian, while Zhan Chen was defeated by Chen Wang and Si Qiong.

This meant that if Shi Potian gained victory over Zhan Chen, there was no longer a need for Zhan Chen to fight against Qin Wentian. Zhan Chen would be directly ranked as #5, while Shi Potian would gain an opportunity to fight against Si Qiong.

But if Zhan Chen defeated Shi Potian, then this also meant that there was no longer a need for Shi Potian to fight against Si Qiong. Shi Potian would be ranked #5 while Zhan Chen would gain the opportunity to challenge Qin Wentian.

After Old Man Tianji's announcement, he allowed them to take another break. For the next battle, the spectators' support was split evenly, with some in favor of Shi Potian winning, while others were in favor of Zhan Chen.

Both of them had lost two rounds, which among them would be the strong one?

They both lost to Chen Wang. The reason why Shi Potian lost to Qin Wentian was because their speed was too far apart; while the reason why Zhan Chen lost to Si Qiong was because in all other aspects, Zhan Chen didn't have an advantage. When it came to offensive attacks to the soul, he was left sorely suppressed. In spite

of his invulnerable golden body, his soul could still suffer damage. This was the reason why Si Qiong had defeated him.

Shi Potian and Zhan Chen both stood upon the stage, radiating an intense will to battle.

Although both of them had continuously lost two fights, they couldn't allow themselves to be defeated once again for this round. If they lost again, their ranks would be fixed at #5. Only by winning would they still have a chance to contend for one of the positions in the top three rankings.

In this battle, both their conviction and determination to win was beyond overwhelming.

Shi Potian's physique expanded as his primordial blood erupted forth, his body containing boundless strength.

Shi Potian's attacks and defenses could be claimed as one of the most terrifying ones in this ranking battle. Sadly, he lost to Qin Wentian because of speed and that fourth-ranked Inscription, and following which, he'd met Chen Wang for the second battle.

Zhan Chen's entire body turned golden—he could strongly feel the sense of a threat coming from Shi Potian's current form.

“I can't be defeated here, no matter what.” Zhan Chen's eyes glimmered with an exceedingly fearsome light. And with that, he closed his eyes, his lips mumbling, as an unfathomable energy

surrounded him.

That energy felt incredibly strange, yet contained a majestic and boundless aura within.

“Zhan Chen still had a secret art in reserve?”

The hearts of the crowd trembled, after which they saw columns of starlight descending downwards, fusing together with the golden light before being absorbed into Zhan Chen’s body. Zhan Chen radiated a sharpness that grew perceptibly stronger with every second.

“Summon, Will of the Ancient!”

Zhan Chen mumbled in a low voice while his body convulsed violently. When his eyes snapped open, a beam of light shone resplendently in the centre of his brows as golden lightning arced in the irises of his eyes.

His eyes had turned incredibly strange, giving off a feeling that that pair of eyes no longer belonged to a human. Yet somehow, they still contained a human-like quality to it. It was extremely terrifying to look at.

“I borrow the boundless origin of gold, Punishment!”

Within Zhan Chen’s surroundings, a terrifying golden light glimmered, with him in the centre.



“Peng...!” Shi Potian advanced, with an overwhelming strength gushing forth from him. Yet at this moment, he actually felt a strong sense of danger emitting from Zhan Chen.

Zhan Chen similarly stepped forth, moving towards Shi Potian. This single step shook the hearts of the entire crowd.

Demonic qi interweaved with the golden light, and flooded the entire platform. Zhan Chen radiated a force so sharp that it could penetrate through anything in this universe.

“ARGHHHHH!”

Finally, at the instant the two of them neared, Shi Potian used the strongest attack he could muster, as the roars of a gigantic, golden dragon shattered the skies. The terrifying shadow of an ancient primordial demon manifested, and with a single strike, it appeared as though Shi Potian could sunder the Heavens and level the Earth.

Zhan Chen, also unleashed his attack. Boundless golden light concentrated into the form of a Punisher Sword, piercing outwards, eradicating everything in its path.

“Peng peng peng peng peng—”

The terrifying light from the Punisher Sword exploded forth with violence, in never-ending torrents. Cracks began appearing

on the golden dragon and finally, at the point of contact, the Ancient Golden Punisher Sword disintegrated the entire golden dragon, as the armor enveloping Shi Potian's body fragmented into pieces. The sword continued onwards with an undeniable force, heading straight towards his chest.

BOOM!

A thunderous sound echoed, Shi Potian was forced up to the skies as the sword penetrated through his body.

The spectators witnessed Shi Potian flying through the air before slamming down onto the ground outside the platform. Zhan Chen stood at the boundary of the platform as his aura continued to gush out uncontrollably. He then closed his eyes and began to retract his aura.

Zhan Chen had won. He'd used his strongest attack in a frontal collision with Shi Potian and actually won.

But that strength he'd summoned, it seemed as though Zhan Chen didn't have full control over it, and couldn't use it as easily as he wished to.

When Zhan Chen opened his eyes again, he turned around and stared in Qin Wentian's direction.

Although he had lost two rounds, he still had the opportunity to contend with Qin Wentian for the third position.

And when the spectators noticed the intensity of Zhan Chen's stare, they couldn't help but lament in their hearts that Qin Wentian's path had already come to an end. Zhan Chen would do what he did against Shi Potian, giving his all as he wielded that terrifying strength to pulverize Qin Wentian.

After the conclusion of that battle, the next round would be Zhan Chen fighting against Qin Wentian; Chen Wang against Si Qiong.

If Zhan Chen could defeat Qin Wentian, he would be ranked third while Qin Wentian would be pushed to number four.

As for Chen Wang and Si Qiong, they were fighting to see who would be the champion.

Naturally, if Qin Wentian defeated Zhan Chen, he would be contending against Chen Wang and Si Qiong for the ranking positions among the top three.

As of now, the sentiments of the crowd had all swayed over in support of Zhan Chen. Although Qin Wentian was very powerful, Zhan Chen had defeated Shi Potian in a direct confrontation. Up till now, only Chen Wang had managed to do so. Zhan Chen, was the second one.

The match between Chen Wang and Si Qiong would most likely be the final deciding factor, with Zhan Chen ranking third overall!

# AGM 386 - Battle At The Peak

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The battle for the Heavenly Fate Rankings would probably need more than just two final matches to determine the victors. As long as Zhan Chen could defeat Qin Wentian, the final battle would belong to Si Qiong and Chen Wang.

Chen Wang truly hadn't let down the people who held expectations towards him. He'd walked all the way to the bloody end, but who would have thought that his opponent wasn't Shi Potian nor Emperor Azure, but rather a dark horse, Si Qiong instead?

The power level of Si Qiong was so strong that it was terrifying. It was as though he had no weaknesses, had proficiency in a variety of the ultimate arts and could even unleash soul attacks. This was something that couldn't be defended against, and every opponent he'd faced had to give him three portions of fear and respect.

And precisely because Si Qiong had no apparent weaknesses, the spectators didn't know what kind of ember sparks would appear when the two of them clashed.

Chen Wang, the person who had the highest amount of recognition, vs Si Qiong, the most terrifying dark horse character.

In the air, Old Man Tianji studied the remaining four contenders, as his gaze landed on each of them, staying for a moment before shifting to the other.

Grand Xia's destiny began to change with this battle of the Heavenly Fate Rankings. He knew for sure that the person the demon star represented would surely emerge from this ranking battle.

Shi Potian's primordial beast bloodline, Emperor Azure's demonic transformation ability, yet both of them had already been defeated. The only character remaining that cultivated a demonic art was none other than Qin Wentian, and he had slaughtered his way to this very point. Could he be the one? Or would he be stopped here today?

"The next two battles, Zhan Chen vs Qin Wentian; Chen Wang vs Si Qiong," Old Man Tianji stated. After which, his gaze landed on Zhan Chen as he asked, "Zhan Chen, do you still want to battle?"

"I need a period of time to rest," Zhan Chen replied.

Old Man Tianji nodded his head before announcing, "In that case, let the battle between Chen Wang and Si Qiong first begin."

"Mhm?" The spectators were slightly stunned when they heard Old Man Tianji's words. Let the battle between Chen Wang and Si Qiong begin first?

The winner of this battle might emerge a character that could influence the destiny of Grand Xia, by right, theirs should be the last fight. Why was it pushed forward?

Naturally, the most spectacular battle should always be left for last.

Earlier when Zhan Chen revealed his trump card, many people all thought that defeating Qin Wentian was a given. He would be ranked #3, while Qin Wentian ranked #4.

And if that was the case. Wouldn't the battle between Chen Wang and Si Qiong be the final one?

Yet Old Man Tianji wanted to push forwards their battle.

Several in the crowd didn't understand the reasoning behind this, but throughout history, the judge for the Heavenly Fate Rankings had always been the Venerate Heavens Sect. Since Old Man Tianji had spoken, the spectators could only accept this outcome and bring forwards their anticipation at watching the final battle.

The blazing sunlight flooded the arena platform. Chen Wang and Si Qiong both stood on the stage, soaking in the sunlight, as well as the countless gazes from all the spectators.

Who today, would be the most dazzling character on this stage?

Would it be Chen Wang or Si Qiong?

“Your strength isn’t bad, although I don’t have too much interest in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, but since I’m already here, the position of number one will naturally belong to me,” Si Qiong calmly stated, as though there was nothing more natural in the world.

“In the ranking battle three years ago, I was number two. Today, since I’m standing here once more, how can the position of the first ranker not belong to me? Even if it’s you, you won’t be able to block my way.”

Chen Wang stared straight at Si Qiong, exuding an intense feeling of arrogance.

He, Chen Wang, only wanted the position of the first ranker. Nothing more, nothing less.

He had waited a total of three years just for today.

“Fine, let our strength do the talking then,” Si Qiong serenely replied, it was as though nothing could affect his state of heart, which was as still as water.

Chen Wang’s body started to blaze, drinking in the sunlight while bathing in sun flames. His entire body transformed into that of a flame giant, while his third and strongest Astral Soul—a giant sun—fused together with him, causing the surrounding temperature to skyrocket.

It was as if a person only needed to be near him for them to die. Death by incineration, caused by the Great Solar Flames.

Si Qiong also released his third and strongest Astral Soul, that of an evil spectre. Its eyes could draw away the souls of those who looked into them, and just by being in its presence caused the souls of those nearby to tremble.

“Peng!”

“Peng!”

Astral Light erupted as they both instantly used Stellar Transposition. The two of them immediately clashed against each other, moving so fast that even their silhouettes were blurry after-images.

A terrifying giant ember palm slammed out, capable of incinerating everything. It released a terrible heat that instantly evaporated the water vapour in the air, causing sizzling sounds to resound.

Si Qiong sent out his left palm in response, and instantly numerous water-screens in the form of shields appeared, and when Chen Wang’s ember palm slammed downwards through the shields, he experienced a sensation similar to dunking his palms into a soft, water-like substance.

This was Si Qiong’s Mandate of Water. He excelled in soul attacks



and had even comprehended the Mandate of Water. He'd been hiding his strength all the way up till now, for this final battle with Chen Wang.

“PENG!”

The water shields dried up as the terrifying fire continued forwards. The scorching temperature from Chen Wang's ember palm was too scary but Si Qiong had already achieved his objective. The water shields were only there to slow Chen Wang down for an instant. Just an instant, that was all he needed. Si Qiong grinned as he then stabbed out with a finger.

Soul Destruction Finger, destroying the soul with a single stab.

“Separate!”

The next moment, Chen Wang's body split into three, dodging the attack as two more flame giants appeared, akin to Magma Divinity Wargods.

Such a scene, deeply rocked the hearts of the spectators.

Number one, Chen Wang wanted to be number one. This was Chen Wang's true strength, only exploding forth at this very moment. Apparently, he had been hiding his strength as well, similar to what Si Qiong had done.

The three flame giants then lunged towards Si Qiong at the same

time. The two other flame giants exuded an aura so powerful that people were left breathless from terror. Their cultivation bases were also at the pinnacle of Yuanfu, infinitely close to Heavenly Dipper.

The soul-stirring melody drifted out—Si Qiong stared at the real Chen Wang as he waved his hands. Within moments, two gigantic water shields sprang out to engulf the flame giants within, while he himself violently pierced forth with the Soul Destruction Finger, intending to annihilate Chen Wang's soul.

“His speed. Why is Si Qiong's speed this fast? Using his soul techniques as attacks and water shields for defense, Si Qiong has virtually no weaknesses,” the spectators excitedly commented. Even Chen Wang was forced back from the terrifying power exuding from that finger attack, and his two other incarnations of the flame giants were close to being extinguished. He bellowed with a heaven-shaking rage, the two incarnations zoomed back into Chen Wang's body and an aura greater than the pinnacle of Yuanfu surged forth.

“Indeed, it's as expected, Chen Wang has long completed his preparations to step into Heavenly Dipper. All this time, he's always been suppressing his cultivation base, intending to wait until after the conclusion of the Heavenly Fate Rankings before stepping into it. Right now, the might of his aura should essentially be at the Heavenly Dipper Realm.”

The crowd watched on in dumbfounded amazement—Chen Wang's Astral Soul was close to fusing with his body.

No one questioned this—the moment the Heavenly Fate Rankings were concluded, Chen Wang would immediately step into Heavenly Dipper.

Not only that, based on his attainment in his Mandates, the moment he stepped into Heavenly Dipper, he would immediately be ranked above those ordinary Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

Hence, despite bidding his time, the Heavenly Fate Ranking battle this time around didn't make Chen Wang lose out. In fact, he'd received tremendous gains instead.

Now that his incarnations had fused back into him, the sun flames around him surged with even more intensity. Now, when he blasted out with his palms, even the space in front of him was scorched into nothingness.

Si Qiong rushed up to the skies and with a signal, manifested a protective cage made of water. He entered the protective sphere of water, then rushed towards Chen Wang with his five fingers outstretched, grabbing hold of Chen Wang's head.

“ROAR!” Chen Wang spat out, as flames of terrifying intensity ferociously surged upwards. Everything near him was obliterated, and even the protective water cage was evaporating at an extremely terrifying speed. Si Qiong had no way to escape, he was trapped inside the very thing that was initially designed to protect him. If he were to leave the water cage now, he would, without a doubt, be incinerated to death.

“You’ve lost!”

Chen Wang hollered, and with a fearsome punch, Si Qiong was explosively catapulted through the air. Even though he’d been thoroughly protected by the water cage, his body still suffered from burns.

The dark horse Si Qiong still couldn’t match up to Chen Wang. This battle between those standing at the absolute peak was an eye-opener to the crowd, so spectacular that it kept them breathless.

Si Qiong got up, staring at Chen Wang with a newfound respect in his eyes. “Indeed you do have the qualifications to stand at the absolute pinnacle of Yuanfu. Congratulations on obtaining the position of first ranker.”

Chen Wang nodded in polite response before inclining his head and staring upwards at the vast Heavens.

“You were very strong today, as well. I fear that I’ll have to recover for a long period of time after this battle before I can regain my original strength. It truly wasn’t easy to obtain first here today,” Chen Wang calmly added.

The spectators burst out into excited discussion, what a fascinating battle. Chen Wang was now number one, he had finally obtained what he’d sought after.

“Do all of you think that the Heavenly Fate Rankings has already concluded?”

A voice abruptly sounded out as Qin Wentian soared into the skies, staring imperiously down at Chen Wang and Si Qiong.

From their conversation, it was obvious that they truly thought the rankings had been concluded.

Chen Wang swept his gaze towards Qin Wentian, with contempt flashing in his eyes. “Count yourself lucky that you weren’t the one fighting against me.”

“Are you preparing to battle against me with such an attitude?” Qin Wentian’s lips curled up in sarcasm. “If you truly want to fight now, as long as Old Man Tianji agrees, I wouldn’t mind blasting you off the stage in front of millions of spectators.”

Chen Wang frowned but said nothing.

“The ignorant are fearless,” Chen Wang then icily remarked.

“Extremely ridiculous.” Qin Wentian’s eyes glinted with a demonic light. “The Heavenly Fate Rankings has yet to be concluded and you truly think of yourself as first? Even the word ‘shameless’ would be insufficient to describe you. If you’re defeated in the next battle, wouldn’t that be the equivalent of you smacking your own face?”

When the sound of Qin Wentian's voice faded, he was already standing upon the arena platform. The powerful Purgatory Vermilion Bird hovered behind him as a sharp light glimmered in its eyes, staring at Chen Wang.

Qin Wentian quietly stood on the platform as demonic qi rolled off him in waves. The crowd involuntarily shifted the topic of discussion to him as they felt interest pricking their hearts.

Qin Wentian didn't seem to want to give up—he also wanted the top position. Sadly, even though he was powerful, he was still a distance away from Chen Wang. At the very least, he had to overcome both Zhan Chen and Si Qiong first.

“You seem truly confident.”

A voice sneered as Zhan Chen stepped onto the platform, coldly laughing at Qin Wentian. “Finally, we meet. You'd better think first about how to save your own life.”

Qin Wentian glanced at Zhan Chen, this was someone he had to defeat.

Regardless of whether it was for the position of the top three rankers, or because of his promise to Mo Qingcheng, only by defeating Zhan Chen would he be able to proceed onwards.

“Where does your confidence come from then? It has been so many years yet you are still at this level of strength? How

pathetic,” Qin Wentian quietly remarked.

“Oh, is that so? Do you really dare to utter such words with your cultivation base only at the eighth level of Yuanfu? On what grounds do you have to compete against me?” The sharpness radiating from Zhan Chen intensified as he spoke.

He wanted nothing more than to slaughter Qin Wentian in front of the millions of spectators.

Qin Wentian’s fiend-like eyes stared at the skies as his lips curled upwards. When he shifted his gaze onto Zhan Chen again, the aura that exuded from him, explosively skyrocketed.

Taking a single step forward, his demonic qi intensified as the smile on his face widened.

“Who said my cultivation base is only at the eighth level of Yuanfu?”

His statement was punctuated by his next step, as he ferociously unleashed his aura directly towards Zhan Chen—an aura that could only belong to one at the peak of Yuanfu!

# AGM 387 - Domineering Overkill

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Ninth level of Yuanfu.

Qin Wentian's cultivation base wasn't at the eighth level, but was at the ninth level instead.

When Chen Wang and Si Qiong fought against Zhan Chen, they had always been hiding their true strength. Qin Wentian, on the other hand, had chosen to conceal his true cultivation base instead. Only now, at this moment, when the curtains were about to fall, bringing the ranking battle almost to a close, did he choose to reveal it.

Only now did the spectators understand that before facing each other, no other contenders were qualified enough to make Chen Wang and Si Qiong display their real strength and similarly, before this, there were no other contenders qualified enough to make Qin Wentian fight with a power equivalent to the ninth level of Yuanfu.

At this moment, the spectators involuntarily recalled the brazen arrogance Qin Wentian had shown when he faced off against Emperor Azure, proclaiming to the world that he would be able to smash him within ten breaths. Now, the reason for his arrogance was clear, it was because he knew that his true cultivation base was at the ninth level and not the eighth.

“When did he step into the ninth level?”



At this moment, the spectators all had looks of puzzlement and bewilderment reflected on their faces. At the start of the ranking battle, Qin Wentian was clearly only at the seventh level of Yuanfu, there should be no mistake. And when he was forced into the cave by Chen Wang, after he came out, he broke through to the eighth level of Yuanfu. That should be all there was to it, so when exactly did he break through to the ninth level of Yuanfu?

Not only that, from the start of the ranking battle up till now, only a short period of time had passed. Qin Wentian had actually advanced two levels? There were so many notable changes and transformations to everyone who partook in this ranking battle, but Qin Wentian's transformation was the greatest.

Mo Qingcheng stood together with Bai Qing. At this moment, Bai Qing no longer wore her black robes, revealing her perfect figure. Every time a spectator's glance drifted over to her, they couldn't help but sigh as they wondered why would such a sweet young lady choose to practice the devil arts.

"Wentian gege is so awesome, he's actually at the ninth level of Yuanfu."

"He made a promise with me, that he'd defeat Zhan Chen. I know he will surely keep his promise." A smile blossomed on Mo Qingcheng's face. It seemed like her limit-break pellets hadn't gone to waste. As long as Qin Wentian defeated Zhan Chen, her Master would no longer prevent them from being together.

Those from the White Deer Institute also sighed, they never would have expected for Qin Wentian to reach such a height in

such a small amount of time. And now, he was only a step away from what they had requested.

Zhan Chen may have his secret art, but would it be enough to defeat a Qin Wentian with a cultivation base at the ninth level of Yuanfu?

No one had any idea why, but right now hardly anybody was entertaining the thought that Zhan Chen would win against his fight with Qin Wentian. In fact, an overwhelming majority believed that Qin Wentian would be the victor.

They naturally had their reasons for this. In all his earlier battles, Qin Wentian fought with the power available to someone at the eighth level of Yuanfu, purposely suppressing himself, and yet he was still able to win all his battles almost effortlessly. Now that his true strength was exploding forth, revealing his true cultivation base at the ninth level, so what if his opponent had a secret art? Nobody dared forget how tyrannical Qin Wentian was when he only had the power of an eighth level Yuanfu.

“Zhan Chen, do you even have the face to fight me?” Qin Wentian’s voice was ice-cold as he continued, “Back then, while you were at the pinnacle of Yuanfu, I only had a cultivation base at the beginning levels of Yuanfu. You are unworthy to stand in the same stage as me.”

Zhan Chen’s countenance stiffened, but he had nothing to refute. How had Qin Wentian accomplished this? He actually broke through to the ninth level of Yuanfu. Zhan Chen could feel a sense of intense pressure bearing down on him.

If he lost to Qin Wentian, where would all his honor go? Where would his face be?

His aim was to slaughter Qin Wentian on the arena platform.

Chen Wang couldn't understand it as well. His memories told him that Qin Wentian's cultivation was only at the seventh level of Yuanfu.

"When did you break through to the ninth level of Yuanfu?" Chen Wang coldly asked. Qin Wentian swept him a glance, his eyes gleaming with a demonic light as he replied, "All thanks to you driving me into a corner. If not, I don't think I would have reached the ninth level this fast."

In the formation world, Chen Wang frenziedly pursued Qin Wentian with the sole intent to kill him, eventually forcing him into a cave. After which, Hua Feng, Yang Fan and the rest, tried to humiliate him from the outside, even dragging Mo Qingcheng's name into it while they did it. At that moment, Qin Wentian's anger soared to the heavens and under the mist of rage, he no longer had need for the limit-break pellet he'd planned to consume. His Yuanfu receptacles expanded on their own accord, and he proceeded to break through to the eighth level naturally.

Hence, the limit-break pellet was saved. Qin Wentian broke through to the eighth level of Yuanfu by himself.

Afterwards, he rushed out of the cave in anger, and the flames of

his fury could already burn the heavens. He wanted nothing more than to use the most tyrannical method he had at his disposal to kill Hua Feng and the rest.

As to when he broke through to the ninth level, it was during the time when he found the legacy of the Demonic Divinity Sacrificial Transformation Art. He'd decided to learn it in order to pass down to a fated successor, and during that period of time, he consumed the limit-break pellet and thus broke through to the ninth level of Yuanfu.

Qin Wentian chose not to reply to Chen Wang's question. He stared at Chen Wang for a moment before stating in a cold voice, "I hope that you who proclaim yourself 'number one' will be able to defend this title all the way till the conclusion of the ranking battle. If not, where can you still hide your face, especially with the whole of Grand Xia spectating today?"

"Do you really think you have the qualifications to act so arrogantly, just because you stepped into the nine level of Yuanfu?" Chen Wang's gaze was filled with disdain. So what if Qin Wentian was at the ninth level? It didn't matter to him. The strong, ultimately was strong.

"Defeat Zhan Chen first before you start your daydreaming. Whether you conceal your cultivation base or not, it makes no difference to me."

Chen Wang gave a cold laugh as he walked down the arena platform.

He had to recover his strength—he'd paid a huge price in order to defeat Si Qiong earlier and currently the Astral Energy in his Yuanfu had almost been completely expended in its entirety.

Si Qiong flicked his sleeves as he mirrored Chen Wang's actions, walking down the arena platform.

In an instant, only two contenders remained on that dazzling stage.

Zhan Chen and Qin Wentian.

Would this be the last battle before the Heavenly Fate Rankings concluded? If Zhan Chen won, there was no longer a need for Qin Wentian to carry on fighting.

Before Qin Wentian revealed his ninth level cultivation base, the spectators all thought that this would be the last battle. Now, their hearts were once again seized by fervor as they watched with bated breath, as an intense feeling of expectation pervaded the air.

“Why are you still not making your move? Stop wasting my time.” Qin Wentian stared at Zhan Chen, ready for battle.

A golden armor manifested and enveloped Zhan Chen within. His lips mumbled as his eyes shut tight, summoning the Will of the Ancient.

“Swish~” A massive wind gusted, as a pair of wings took form on Qin Wentian’s back. His silhouette moved like lightning, instantly vanishing from sight before reappearing right in front of Zhan Chen.

With a blast of his palms, the entire space trembled. The wrathful roars of savage dragons could be heard, as manifestations of the dragon palm imprint flew towards Zhan Chen. Zhan Chen’s eyes suddenly snapped open as he slashed apart the dragons with a sword in his hands, his entire person radiating an incredible sharpness.

“BOOM!”

Yet, the force that powered the imprint carried forward, and an overwhelming force bore down on Zhan Chen. It sent him flying through the air, forcing him to cough blood as his countenance paled.

Strength, this was the suppression of absolute strength.

This attack was powered by Qin Wentian’s cultivation base at the ninth level of Yuanfu, in addition to fusing it with the will from his Mandate of Force and the Mandate of Demons. The might of this strike had already reached an unimaginable degree.

This single attack made Zhan Chen cough out blood.

“You...” Zhan Chen hovered in the air as his eyes glimmered with

untold rage, turning ashen as he stared at Qin Wentian.

“What? Do you think I should just stand here like an idiot and let you attack me?”” Qin Wentian’s eyes flickered with an overwhelming killing intent that penetrated through the air, the message clearly shooting into Zhan Chen’s mind.

“This battle, will be one of life and death.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian’s silhouette disappeared once more. The center of his brows glowed with a resplendent light, as the terrifying will of his Mandate gushed forth. Zhan Chen’s body turned completely golden as a ruthless and merciless light flashed in his eyes. In the instant he closed his eyes, a source of strength began to surge up, one that didn’t belong to him.

“Regardless of what secret arts you have, you no longer have a chance to win this battle.”

A quiet voice penetrated into Zhan Chen’s mind. In that moment, in Zhan Chen’s mind’s eye, it was as if he could see Qin Wentian fiercely lunging at him, and he reacted instantly with a slash of his sword.

But before his sword could land on its target, Qin Wentian split himself into millions of shadow images that were frenziedly attacking him. Zhan Chen weaved about with his sword in an intricate dance, continuously defending and slaying each Qin Wentian one by one, all the while exuding an aura that appeared to

grow stronger with every second.

But at this moment, not even one pair of eyes in the crowd was staring at Zhan Chen. Instead, they were all looking at Qin Wentian.

Because... Zhan Chen's sword was waving haphazardly around in funny postures, like a clown in a circus performing his antics to make people laugh. Qin Wentian quietly stood at the side, as amusement flashed in his eyes.

This scene felt so unbelievable. Was this really a battle between Zhan Chen and Qin Wentian?

Why did it feel like they were watching a comedy instead?

“Since your heart has wavered, how could the will of your Mandates be invincible? How then, can you differentiate between the true reality, and the reality of your own making?” Qin Wentian murmured. Zhan Chen was powerful, there was no doubt about that, but his heart was already shaken once the seeds of fear germinated after learning that Qin Wentian was at the ninth level of Yuanfu. Hence, the will of Qin Wentian's second level Mandate of Dreams made Zhan Chen feel that everything he experienced was real. A reality within his dream.

Just like when he fought against Shi Potian, he'd angered him greatly with his speed attacks, causing his heart to be filled with fury, before he then used his Mandate, silently watching on as Shi Potian wasted his strength. With but an intention on Qin



Wentian's part, his opponents would fall into a dream, unconsciously using their imaginations to fuel Qin Wentian's power.

The Mandate of Dreams was even stronger than the Mandate of Illusions and many times more tyrannical. He made his opponents sink into the reality of their imagination, woefully unable to extricate themselves.

A violent wind kicked up as Qin Wentian's silhouette disappeared once more. Just when Zhan Chen's sword landed, in that very instant, he finally sensed something was wrong as an expression of fear appeared in his eyes.

“Your life, is mine to reap.”

A cold voice sounded out, Qin Wentian fiercely punched out, as the force he sent out vibrated the entire space. Under the awestruck gazes of the crowd, the booming sounds of an explosion thundered out, and with his strength—that beyond comparison, destructive strength—he devastated everything, imploding Zhan Chen's body, and even his head from within.

Kill. Qin Wentian, by using the most tyrannical and domineering method he could muster, had sent Zhan Chen to hell.

And just as he'd said, he would be the one to reap Zhan Chen's life.

In the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle, the Heaven's Chosen from the Pill Emperor Hall died in full view of the crowd, slain by Qin Wentian.

Such a scenario was too overwhelming for the spectators, and their hearts pounded in an ever increasing tempo before reaching a crescendo.

In the centre of the platform, at the place where Zhan Chen fell, a round golden bead emanating resplendent beams of light appeared. A glacial intent radiated out from Qin Wentian as he made a grabbing motion in the air, using his terrifying force to bind it forcibly.

“Bzzz!” The golden bead tussled violently in an attempt to break the binding. Qin Wentian coldly snorted as he sneered in his heart. This must be the reason why Zhan Chen appeared less and less human. Luckily he abandoned the inheritance back then, he had already sensed that there was something amiss.

“Break!” As a single finger descended, a bloodcurdling scream echoed in the air. In the next instant, the golden bead shattered, before completely dissipating away.

“This...”

Even the spectating powerhouses were stunned as their pupils narrowed. That golden bead actually had fluctuations of life. Qin Wentian also sensed it, which was why he showed no hesitation, immediately moving to destroy it.

This young man's personality could be extremely ruthless and decisive to the extent that it terrified others. Just like the killing of Zhan Chen, he showed no hesitation at all.

Because of their long-standing grudge, he knew with certainty that Zhan Chen had to die. His heart desired his death, and so Zhan Chen must die! Whatever the consequences to his actions, whether it would come back to haunt him, so be it. Even in the face of the fierce winds and intense rain, he would never falter. He only knew that Zhan Chen had to die.

Hence, he killed him!

# AGM 388 - Incantation

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Zhan Chen had fallen. The #4 ranking had an empty slot, and once the ranking battle was concluded, the Heavenly Fate Rankings would then be reshuffled.

After this battle, Qin Wentian formally entered into the top three. But as to what his actual ranking would be, that had yet to be determined.

Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi both had smiles on their faces, and even the large-eyed elder laughed. He then added in a low voice, “This young man actually did it, stepping into the top three. With such talent, his future is immeasurable.”

But as the large-eyed elder spoke, his eyes also flashed with a hint of worry.

Zhan Chen wasn't an ordinary person, he was the pride of Pill Emperor Hall and one of their core disciples.

But in the ranking battle, Qin Wentian had killed him like it was nothing, without caring for the consequences. He had already slain so many of the Heaven's Chosen from the various transcendent powers, how could the large-eyed elder not be worried?

Even if Qin Wentian obtained first, the grudges he'd formed with those transcendent powers would definitely carry over. They would seek his death.

Geniuses? One must definitely murder them while they were still in their cradle, before they had a chance to grow.

“Revealing his talent and potential like this, I don’t know if it would be a blessing or a calamity instead.” Bailu Yi’s father sighed.

“Maybe it’s just in his nature. Since the start of history, all those that were successful would choose not to suppress their heart. They dared to love, and dared to hate, and by yielding to their emotions, their dao-hearts became clear and tranquil, with no knots obstructing their progress. Even if the entire world was their enemy, so what of it? They would just take it in their stride. The Azure Emperor back then had the same personality as him, one that led him to soar brilliantly in the skies. But sadly, the hatred he garnered eventually became the cause of his downfall.”

The large-eyed elder spoke in a low voice. There were two kinds of people that would enjoy great success in life. The first kind, were people like Qin Wentian and the Azure Emperor, displaying their talent, not suppressing their heart, doing as they wished wherever and whenever they wanted it. The second kind, were those that could tolerate and endure what shouldn’t be tolerated and endured, lying to the world and even to themselves, appearing like a perfect gentleman, yet had the heart of a devil. Such a person, had a heart as deep as night, with an extremely sinister nature.

The root of it all, was still one’s nature. If one’s heart was strong enough, nothing could cause it to waver.

Mo Qingcheng stood there with a radiant smile on her face, as her white robes fluttered in the wind, emitting an aura of world-shaking beauty.

She looked at the silhouette standing on the arena platform, gazing upon her wonder and her pride. Throughout his entire journey, he had experienced so much. He'd killed Hua Xiaoyun for her, and today, by defeating Zhan Chen, had accomplished the condition her Master had imposed.

The spectators all had excitement on their faces. After the Purgatory Vermilion Bird devoured Zhan Chen's, it emitted a baleful aura so intense it could cause the hearts of others to quail from looking at it. Right now, it seemed to greatly resemble its owner Qin Wentian, able to sweep through all obstacles impeding their way.

Qin Wentian's gaze slowly shifted onto Si Qiong and Chen Wang.

Chen Wang also opened his eyes, and matched gazes with him. It was as though terrifying arcs of electricity were clashing in the space where their eyes locked.

"Just one more battle, and I will be standing in front of you. I hope that by then, you will be able to achieve what you proclaim, Mr. 'Number One'," Qin Wentian stated. After defeating Zhan Chen, he would be facing off against Si Qiong. If he was defeated, he would be ranked third place. But if he defeated Si Qiong, he would stand on the pinnacle of this stage, going head to head against Chen Wang.

Qin Wentian was the same as Chen Wang, they both had an unshakable confidence in themselves. It was as though Si Qiong served no other purpose than to become their stepping stones.

His statement completely disregarded Si Qiong's existence.

There were people who thought that Qin Wentian was arrogant, but leaving him aside, whether it was Chen Wang and Si Qiong, or the defeated Shi Potian or even the deceased Zhan Chen, which among them wasn't arrogant?

If they couldn't be confident in their own strength, how could they remain standing on this stage? Confidence was a conviction, a force that would shape one's destiny.

Si Qiong's countenance grew sharp as he regarded Qin Wentian. What brazen arrogance, by saying such a thing to Chen Wang, he had totally brushed off his existence.

He, Si Qiong, appeared here today because he also desired to obtain the first ranking, yet he lost to Chen Wang. He could accept this, because Chen Wang had spent a longer time suppressing his own cultivation base to stay in Yuanfu. But against Qin Wentian who'd recently stepped into the ninth level, how could he be defeated?

"All of you will have a day of rest, the next fight will be Qin Wentian vs Si Qiong," Old Man Tianji announced, as the spectators glanced at him.

Could it be that Old Man Tianji had sensed a premonition earlier? Is this why he arranged for Chen Wang to fight against Si Qiong first?

Back then when Old Man Tianji announced for Chen Wang and Si Qiong to fight first, the majority of the spectators felt puzzled. And now, they were starting to see the light. Had Old Man Tianji seen something when he peered into the future?

“Old Man Tianji is even able to observe the movement of the constellations and foretell the future. He must have known of the matter of Qin Wentian concealing his cultivation base.” The spectators mused, those with special Astral Souls or those who were extremely sensitive to the fluctuations of Astral Energy could tell the cultivation of others with a single glance, let alone someone stronger observing someone weaker.

Old Man Tianji must have this kind of ability, he must have known for quite some time that Zhan Chen had a very high probability of being defeated by Qin Wentian.

In that case, had Old Man Tianji also seen Si Qiong’s defeat from Qin Wentian’s hands?

Was this the reason why he’d pushed forward Chen Wang’s battle with Si Qiong?

Qin Wentian returned back to where Mo Qingcheng and Bai Qing were. After consuming the medicinal pills Mo Qingcheng passed



her, Bai Qing's injuries had already mostly recovered. She adorably pulled his arm as she smiled, "Wentian gege, you're so awesome, you're already in the top three!"

"As ranked #5, you aren't too bad yourself. Not only that, you gave up voluntarily." Qin Wentian rustled her hair, causing Bai Qing to pout lightly as she glared at him. "Wentian gege, I'm no longer a small girl."

Qin Wentian studied Bai Qing for a moment as a smile appeared on his face. The little girl back then had really grown up, she was even more beautiful than her elder sister and with a far lovelier figure.

"In my eyes, there's no difference."

Qin Wentian smiled and proceeded to pinch her cheeks, causing Bai Qing to glare at him fiercely. This fellow was still the same, always pinching her cheeks and rustling her hair, he hadn't changed despite the passing of the years. How despicable.

"Hmph." Bai Qing snorted, but a similar grin soon appeared on her face.

It was a great feeling to have, it was as though she'd returned to her childhood, back to a life of innocence with no worries. Sitting with her Wentian gege, chatting leisurely.

How long had it been since she experienced such contentment?

“You should hurry and recover your Astral Energy.” Mo Qingcheng pulled his other arm as she gently reminded him. Qin Wentian stared at her and nodded, “The earlier battle didn’t consume too much of my energy reserves. Now that Old Man Tianji is allowing us to have a night of rest, this time span should be more than sufficient for my Astral Energy reserves to recover.”

“Don’t worry, I know what you’re thinking. I will take care of myself.” Qin Wentian held Mo Qingcheng’s hand tightly as they stared warmly at each other. Mo Qingcheng wasn’t worried about Qin Wentian getting first place or not, but rather, for his safety.

Qin Wentian sat cross-legged as several Yuan Meteor Stones appeared around him. After a short period of time passed, his Yuanfu Receptacles were all re-filled to the brim. At the same time, he made use of the excess energy to convert even more Divine Energy for the battle tomorrow.

After some time, Qin Wentian suddenly opened his eyes. Recently, there were too many things happening that made him feel puzzled, and more than a little curious.

For example, who was Yun Mengyi? Was she truly Princess Tianyu?

And his own father, back then when he descended onto Ancient Grand Xia and brought away a woman. Was that woman Yun Mengyi?

And if this were the case, then Yun Mengyi shouldn't be this young.

If he wanted to know, the only way was for him to forage through the memories stored in the tiny astral-being.

As he thought of it, Qin Wentian's attention zoomed onto the astral-being in his sea of consciousness. With the abundance of astral energy provided by the Yuan Meteor Stones, he once again arrived at a place of boundless starry skies, with many astral fragments floating around the atmosphere.

Each fragment contained a memory.

Throughout these years, he had unlocked several memories and gradually accepted the fact that the middle-aged man in these memories was his father.

These memory fragments, were all regarding his father.

Qin Wentian started to unlock the memory fragments one after another, seeking the memory regarding information about Ancient Grand Xia.

Many moments later, Qin Wentian stopped the unlocking process, as he began to tidy up and study the fragments which he had already unlocked. In these memory fragments, he saw an elegant pavilion with the middle-aged man sitting cross-legged, currently in the midst of cultivation. Above the Heavens, columns

of resplendent Astral Light cascaded downwards to be absorbed into his body, when suddenly, a gigantic constellation was birthed next to the middle-aged man, shining with a brilliance beyond compare.

“How powerful.” Qin Wentian involuntarily drew in a breath. However at this moment, the middle-aged coughed as the manifested constellation abruptly vanished. He then spat out a mouthful of black blood as his countenance paled. Evidently, he was grievously injured.

Gazing at the Heavens, emotions of frustration and disappointment could be seen in the middle-aged man’s eyes, before the emotions transformed back into tenacity. That gaze, was as though it transformed into a terrifying sharp sword, shooting straight up the dome of Heavens, desiring to split it apart. Even though this was nothing but a memory, Qin Wentian could feel a sharpness so acute it terrified him.

Behind the middle-aged man, a figure slowly walked up, and upon nearing, that figure half-knelt on the ground, remaining motionless.

The middle-aged man turned his head before walking above to guide the figure up. He then patted the figure’s shoulder heavily, as though the figure was a very close friend which he hadn’t met for a long time. But despite the middle-aged man’s actions, there was still a hint of respect in that figure’s eyes.

“It’s him?!” Upon seeing this, Qin Wentian’s heart pounded violently as huge waves akin to a tsunami crashed into it.

The Heavenly Stele Steps trial, that hadn't been a coincidence. It was a test designed for, and left behind for him.

Beside the middle-aged man, another silhouette appeared, this was none other than the woman who bore a striking resemblance to Yun Mengyi.

And at this moment, the recording in the fragments abruptly ended.

When Qin Wentian opened his eyes, a sharp gleam flickered within as he turned his head, upon noticing a female figure currently making her way to him. This person was none other than Yun Mengyi.

Yun Mengyi cast a glance at Mo Qingcheng, feeling stunned beyond words, marvelling at her beauty. No wonder Qin Wentian wasn't tempted by her, it was because he already had a companion like Mo Qingcheng.

"I have some things I need to speak with him alone," Yun Mengyi lightly spoke. Mo Qingcheng glanced at Qin Wentian before nodding lightly, pulling Bai Qing away.

"Tell me the truth, who are you?" Qin Wentian's gaze turned extremely sharp as he questioned.

"I told you before, it's up to you whether you believe it or not.

Now, I'm going to impart an incantation to you," Yun Mengyi stated, "If you take out the three pieces of the Divine Stele and recite this incantation, you will be granted the power to summon the ancient will. This will bring forth the other six broken remnants, unifying them into a single, flawless piece. And with the restoration of the Divine Stele, only then will you possess the true nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia. But heed my words—the remnants are still guarded closely by the other six out of the seven surviving grand clans. Once you've made your decision to summon the other six steles, the result may not be a blessing, it may bring nothing but calamity instead!"

## AGM 389 - Your Turn

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Qin Wentian's heart shook slightly when he heard the words Yun Mengyi whispered in his ear. She actually knew such an incantation? Could it truly be as she'd said, that she was Princess Tianyu?

A deep and low melody resounded. Yun Mengyi's mouth was almost touching Qin Wentian's ears as her lips moved, and an extremely cryptic incantation drifted into his mind. Such a scene appeared immensely intimate, causing the two beauties near them to fix their gazes over.

"Sister Qingcheng, aren't you jealous?" Bai Qing mischievously commented, as though she was purposely trying to cause trouble.

Mo Qingcheng felt a little unsettled in her heart when she stared at Qin Wentian and Yun Mengyi. Even just watching her gaze would cause people to feel hurt deep in their hearts.

"If I were you, I definitely wouldn't tolerate this." Bai Qing grinned. Mo Qingcheng stared at her before laughing as well, "Are you trying to provoke me into doing something?"

The gazes of some other spectators also turned to them. Many among them envied Qin Wentian—not only was this young man extremely outstanding, he was also surrounded by so many beauties.

And it was even more impressive that not one of those beauties

could be termed as just a simple character.

Mo Qingcheng—the foremost beauty in the Moon Continent, the pride of Pill Emperor Hall, the companion of Qin Wentian.

Bai Qing—for the sake of Qin Wentian’s forgiveness, willing to risk her life by taking on one of his palm strikes. From this, one could see how deeply her feelings ran for Qin Wentian. Not only that, she was a Heaven’s Chosen from the Mystic Moon Hall as well.

Yun Mengyi—similar in strength with Qin Wentian. She was also one of the top ten rankers in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

The three of them could already be said to be the most alluring and most striking of all the women here in the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle. And all of them, had a connection with Qin Wentian. How could the other males not feel some jealousy?

“There’s another secret I must tell you, regarding the Purgatory Vermilion Bird hovering above your head.” After Yun Mengyi imparted the incantation, she continued to explain, “With the platinum battle robe, you became the first person to step within the Vermilion Bird Formation. The true spirit of this formation world bestowed upon you the spirit of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird. The stronger you grow, the stronger it will grow, and subsequently its intelligence and wisdom will also improve as well. This is why it relentlessly gobbles up the ancient luck of others, and if it completes its evolution, it will be powerful enough to summon the true spirit of the formation world’s Vermilion Bird. This is the advantage of entering into the formation world first.”



Qin Wentian's eyes glimmered incessantly. Yun Mengyi actually knew this much about the Vermilion Bird Formation—even if she wasn't Princess Tianyu, she definitely had a connection with Ancient Grand Xia. Qin Wentian's trust in her deepened by several degrees.

The profound meaning of the Vermilion Bird Formation was something that not even those powerhouses from the transcendent powers could fathom. Throughout the entire Grand Xia, many accepted it as the highest-tier trial grounds that catered to the Yuanfu Realm. Yun Mengyi actually knew of such a deep secret.

“Before this, those transcendent powers only knew that they had to be the first to step inside the formation world, but they didn't know the actual reason behind it. Your Vermilion Bird already has a soul-deep connection with you. If you wished it to die, it wouldn't even hesitate.” With these last words, Yun Mengyi turned and departed.

Qin Wentian gazed at her retreating back, as a look of contemplation appeared on his face. After which, he inclined his head to look at his Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird was even larger than before, emitting a terrifying aura. With a single thought, it understood and landed on the ground beside him, leaning its head against his body.

“You already evolved to the extent that you have a true body.

How about being my companion in the future?” Qin Wentian asked. This Vermilion Bird already had a true soul and body of its own, so it was now a living thing and no longer something illusory.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird was extremely excited when it heard Qin Wentian’s words. It soared into the skies and rapidly flew circles above Qin Wentian, letting out screeches of excitement, only coming to a stop after a long while. After which, it landed beside Qin Wentian, appearing extremely docile.

Qin Wentian gently stroked its wings, as a gentle smile appeared on his face. Inclining his head, he noticed Mo Qingcheng and Bai Qing walking over with radiant smiles on their faces.

And in that moment, this demonic young man suddenly appeared warm-hearted and kind. Spectators couldn’t reconcile the differences between his current appearance and that of the tyrannical demonic young man on the stage.

“It’s about to begin.”

Mo Qingcheng sat next to Qin Wentian, leaning upon his arm.

In her heart, there was still a faint trace of worry.

Would Qin Wentian be able to return unharmed after the ranking battle? She hoped that he wouldn’t suffer unduly just because he wanted to prove a point. His safety was the most important thing to her, after all.

“Mhm, soon soon,” Qin Wentian lightly commented. The two of them huddled together, reveling in each other’s warmth.

Over in the horizon, the sunlight gradually cascaded downwards as the clouds drifted by. The sunrise was so striking that it made people breathless.

“How beautiful,” Mo Qingcheng murmured.

“Yeah, just like that day when we admired the winter snow, it truly warms the heart.” Qin Wentian had a peaceful smile on his face.

The two of them were like an immortal couple that had descended down to earth.

“Qin Wentian.”

A voice abruptly echoed out; Si Qiong was already standing on the arena platform. His eyes were ice-cold as he stared at Qin Wentian and Mo Qingcheng.

Qin Wentian actually dared to disregard him, arrogantly declaring he’d be fighting against Chen Wang. How dare he show such an attitude?

The spectators stared at Si Qiong who was on the stage, clearly

feeling the intense battle intent emanating out of him.

Were the two dark horses about to begin their battle?

Before this, Si Qiong was seen as the strongest dark horse character.

But now, after Qin Wentian's slaughter of Zhan Chen, no one dared to belittle him.

The strongest dark horse characters in this ranking battle would be facing each other in this next battle.

Who exactly, would be the strongest?

Qin Wentian slowly stood up, smiling to Mo Qingcheng before his silhouette vanished, reappearing on the platform. The Vermilion Bird atop his head shrilly cried out as its baleful stare fixated on Si Qiong's Vermilion Bird.

"Your ancient luck appears to be terrified," Qin Wentian casually commented. He was currently giving off a feeling completely different from before.

"So what? Ancient luck is just ancient luck, it doesn't matter if it's devoured or not. But you actually rejected the offer exchange, so I'd be really keen to see inside your memories, and find out what exactly makes you so confident to do so," Si Qiong coldly remarked. He was skilled in soul attacks and knew of a soul search

technique as well. He revealed this when he fought against Mu Feng, but ultimately, he'd failed and was grievously poisoned instead.

This time around, he wanted to search Qin Wentian's soul.

“Let's get started, then.”

Qin Wentian added quietly. The gentle wind fluttered their robes, the entire surroundings were silent.

This was a battle of the strongest dark horses. If Si Qiong won, he would instantly be ranked #2. If Qin Wentian won, he would then gain the qualifications to contend against Chen Wang for the position of the top ranker.

Qin Wentian stretched out his palm, as demonic qi enveloped it, transforming it into the arms of a kirin. A crimson light shone as the blood within his body surged.

After stepping into the ninth level of Yuanfu, how strong was Qin Wentian exactly?

Qin Wentian himself didn't know, he had never fully utilized his strength before.

Fiend Art Transformation, with second level Mandates in the Mandate of Demon and the Mandate of Force—in addition to the Divine Energy within his Yuanfu, which were further reinforced

and augmented by the release of his Astral Souls. What realm of power would his full strength reach?

Even he himself, wasn't clear on this.

“Sizzle!” A gurgling sound rang out as the Divine Energy in Qin Wentian's Yuanfu began to surge.

He stood there unmoving, yet giving people a sense that he was brimming with power.

A demonic wind gusted as a pair of terrifying demonic wings formed behind his back. With a slight intention of thought, a pair of wings was instantly formed.

Si Qiong could also feel the pressure, and he immediately released his Astral Souls. His first Astral Soul was classed as a wind-type; his second Astral Soul was a water python that revolved in midair; his third Astral Soul, was that of the evil spectre. The golden corona around the Astral Souls indicated that the first two came from the 4th Heavenly Layer, and the third from the the 5th Heavenly Layer respectively!

“How terrifying!” The hearts of the spectators shuddered. Just based on the quality of his Astral Souls, not many could be comparable to Si Qiong.

“You want to win against me? Have you even seen Astral Souls like mine?” Si Qiong's lips mumbled as the strange soul suppressing melody rang out, aimed at Qin Wentian. The evil spectre he'd released was currently staring at Qin Wentian, as

though it wanted to affect Qin Wentian's soul.

“BOOM!”

Qin Wentian's third eye snapped open as a resplendent light flooded the area. His third Astral Soul was released—the Demon Sovereign Astral Soul, as expressions of awe filled the faces of the crowd.

“Ranked #1 in the Warbeast Index, Demon Sovereign.”

The hearts of the spectators quaked, they had witnessed how terrifying Qin Wentian could be from the last time he'd used this particular Astral Soul. Just the summoning aspects alone were sufficient to waste experts at the pinnacle of Yuanfu.

“5th Heavenly Layer.” Si Qiong's brows furrowed. But, so what of it? In this ranking battle, there were many contenders whose third Astral Soul came from the 5th Heavenly Layer.

“BOOOOOOM!”

Qin Wentian took another step forwards as his Great Dream Astral Soul was released. The resplendent corona of golden light was so blinding, causing a rush of impact no smaller than when his Demon Sovereign Astral Soul was released.

“5th Heavenly Layer.”

Qin Wentian's second Astral Soul also originated from the 5th Heavenly Layer. If it weren't for Si Qiong possessing a strong will, ordinary experts would already be invaded by that will of drowsiness, falling into a deep sleep. And by then, they could only wait to be slaughtered.

“What a terrifying Astral Soul, but how strong were his perceptions exactly? Two Astral Souls condensed from the 5th Heavenly Layer?” The crowd burst into fervent discussion, Qin Wentian's second Astral Soul was also from the 5th Heavenly Layer!

“You are nothing but a frog sitting in a well, gazing at the vast skies.”

Qin Wentian stated, causing Si Qiong's countenance to turn incredibly ugly. His earlier words to Qin Wentian were now like a smack on his own face.

“I will show you the world.”

Qin Wentian took another step forwards as his first Astral Soul, the Heavenly Hammer Astral Soul erupted into being. Staring at its corona of resplendent golden light, the spectators felt as though a thousand hammers were concurrently pounding at their hearts.

All three of his Astral Souls originated from the 5th Heavenly Layer. What ridiculous concept was this?



Didn't that mean from the moment Qin Wentian began cultivation, he could already condense an Astral Soul from the 5th Heavenly Layer?

How can this be? How did he accomplish this?

“Have you ever seen Astral Souls like mine?”

He flung Si Qiong's own words back against him, smacking his face with double the damage, right in front of the million of gazes currently staring at him.

But in the next instant, Qin Wentian's silhouette flickered and vanished from sight.

“Peng!”

The moment Qin Wentian moved, Si Qiong used Stellar Transposition and vanished from sight, only to see Qin Wentian instantly shift his direction. He moved like a bolt of lightning, stabbing out with a single finger. Vast amounts of demonic qi converged onto the platform as his finger descended.

The space on that platform was on the brink of collapse, transforming into a black hole where countless sharp swords could be seen within. The black hole employed a suction force that drew everything into its gaping maw, concentrated on the tip of Qin Wentian's finger. Although the suction force appeared to be slow,

it required only an instant before the suction force locked onto Si Qiong.

Si Qiong paled, although his attacks and defenses were both extremely fearsome, he knew that he was somewhat lacking when it came to strength. This was also the reason why he'd lost to Chen Wang. It was fine if Qin Wentian didn't make a move, but when he did so, it was an earth-shattering and heaven-sundering strike, stabbing out with a single finger aiming right for Si Qiong's heart.

Regardless of how powerful his soul attacks were or how formidable his water shields defenses could be, in front of this attack, everything was useless.

Maybe if Qin Wentian's opponent was Chen Wang, Chen Wang might be able to use his violent strength to counter this attack. But it was impossible for Si Qiong to do the same.

“RUMBLEEE!” A brilliant light flashed, as a water-screen divine armor enveloped Si Qiong. The armor was made of a formless, water-like substance, which continuously flowed protectively around his entire body.

The black hole powered by Qi-sword-type Divine Energy smashed onto Si Qiong, flinging his body through the air. Qin Wentian's Purgatory Vermilion Bird then proceeded to feast on Si Qiong's ancient luck.

“Si Qiong, he actually broke the rules and used divine armor.”

“That piece of divine armor had no form to it, Si Qiong definitely originates from a terrifying major power, seeing that they granted that to him as a life-saving treasure.”

Upon seeing Si Qiong's body getting blasted off the arena platform, Qin Wentian's countenance remained calm as he stared. His voice, was filled with sarcasm as he remarked, “Unable to even withstand a single strike. How sad is it that you even need to go so far, breaking the rules and equipping divine armor to save your pathetic life?”

But naturally Qin Wentian also understood that with Si Qiong's background, even if he broke the rules, Old Man Tianji and the rest wouldn't dare penalize him for it.

Hence, he no longer paid any attention to Si Qiong. He shifted his gaze over, in the direction where Chen Wang currently was.

His eyes were like sword beams, penetrating through space to fixate on Chen Wang. “Your turn.”

# AGM 390 - The Last Battle

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“Your turn.”

Qin Wentian’s calm voice permeated the air, sounding so serene it was as though Si Qiong had been nothing at all. He had never once treated Si Qiong as his opponent.

Qin Wentian was the strongest dark horse character in this ranking battle. He had walked all the way till the end, and gained the qualifications to issue a challenge to Chen Wang.

This fight would decide the top two ranks on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. This was the only ‘true’ battle.

To see who stood at the pinnacle, this battle meant everything. The final, decisive match.

The dazzling Astral Souls, the immense Purgatory Vermilion Bird hovering behind his back, as well as the devilishly handsome-looking countenance—it all radiated a sense of majesty, giving the impression that Qin Wentian was the Monarch of this entire world.

He stood there casually, regarding the spectators with a hint of arrogance shining in his eyes.

The powerful Si Qiong couldn’t even withstand a single strike and had to resort to his life-saving treasure to protect his life.

At this moment, Si Qiong's countenance was beyond unsightly, it was incredibly hideous as it alternated between shades of purple and red.

He had come to participate in the Heavenly Fate Rankings battle because of Grand Xia's secret art, and since he was already here, he might as well aim for the position of the number one ranker. But who would have thought that his eventual ranking would actually be third place?

And what was even more lamentable was that his last battle on the Vermilion Bird arena platform had been the one to bring him the most humiliation he'd ever experienced in his entire life.

One strike, just one.

He broke the rules, yet Qin Wentian disdained to even glance at him.

How pathetic indeed, unable to withstand a single strike. Si Qiong had never been so humiliated before.

After that, not one of the spectators were even interested in him. Although he should be punished for breaking the rules, it was... no longer important, because nobody cared.

This battle platform had always made it so that the the victor was king while the losers would all be vilified.

No matter how dazzling you were before, the spectators would only remember the one standing at the end. Only one person, the person ranked at the very top.

Glancing left and right, Si Qiong could make out expressions of pity as the spectator's discussion revolved around him. He had suffered too miserable a defeat to fully recover from.

He wanted to rage at the Heavens, asking for an opportunity to battle with Qin Wentian again, but he couldn't do so. He could only silently watch as the man who defeated him issued the final challenge of this ranking battle to Chen Wang.

Chen Wang inclined his head, staring at Qin Wentian. That attack which Qin Wentian had used to blast Si Qiong off the platform, even he, the great Chen Wang, felt threatened by it.

That silhouette standing on the stage did indeed have the capabilities to fight against him.

His three Astral Souls, were almost beyond belief. But even Chen Wang couldn't deny that in the entire Grand Xia, he had yet to meet someone like Qin Wentian, who had three Astral Souls all from the 5th Heavenly Layer.

Those representatives from the various transcendent powers all appeared silent, yet their hearts were violently rocked by this revelation.

From the start of the ranking battle, nobody had given a damn about that little unknown figure. But now, he had become the most dazzling existence on this platform, with his talent even surpassing that of Chen Wang's.

Even if he were to be defeated by Chen Wang today, the gap in their innate talents would never be breached.

“What kind of monster is he?”

Bailu Jing drew in a deep breath, he didn't know how to describe Qin Wentian. Only the word 'monster' seemed appropriate.

Bailu Yi could only smile bitterly, how could she have known that Qin Wentian would have such an outstanding performance? He was only twenty, yet he stood at the pinnacle of the Heavenly Fate Rankings alongside with Chen Wang.

Who would ever have imagined this, even the White Deer Institute wouldn't have predicted this at all. And it was even more astounding to know that Qin Wentian's attainment in Divine Inscriptions, also made him a fourth-ranked Grandmaster. And he was only nineteen back then.

Those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan were similarly stunned—only Ouyang Kuangsheng had an excited expression on his face. Ouyang Ting on the other hand, was completely dumbfounded, she couldn't believe the reality of what she had witnessed.

Bai Fei of the Pill Emperor Hall shared similar sentiments to Ouyang Ting. She had always secretly been in love with Zhan Chen, in awe of his martial prowess as well as his suave and gentlemanly countenance. Yet today, he'd actually fallen at the hands of Qin Wentian. That young man whom she'd once despised was shining so brightly, akin to the radiance of a blazing sun that even Zhan Chen hadn't been able to match.

Upon seeing his three Astral Souls, as well as his challenge to Chen Wang, Bai Fei couldn't help but sigh and shake her head. Maybe, she herself was the crow instead—they weren't people belonging to the same world.

The things in this world had changed too quickly. Not even five years had passed, and yet the Heavens and Earth had been reversed. The young man from the small country appeared in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, producing cloud and rain with a single hand, a grand character of their times. He wasn't someone she could be remotely compared to. How small and useless did she feel now?

Shu Ruanyu was also gazing at Qin Wentian, her countenance at a loss for words. She suddenly had an absurd notion in her mind. Back then when Qin Wentian had abducted her, what if the two of them had intimate relations?

The instant this notion flashed past her mind, Shu Ruanyu silently scolded herself. Yet never would she have expected that her abduction all those years ago, that which had left her with such bad memories, would actually brand itself in her mind with



such impactful feelings.

Chen Wang's silhouette stepped upon the platform once more, walking towards Qin Wentian.

There was only silence, as the two of them stood face to face.

This would be the ultimate deciding battle, to finally see who would obtain the position of the number one ranker.

Who would stand at the pinnacle of Yuanfu?

The spectators had once thought that Chen Wang would be number one without question. But right now, they were all doubting their earlier assumptions—the surprising revelations that Qin Wentian brought to them was too overwhelming. Would Chen Wang be able to stop him? Seeing how Qin Wentian had the title of being unrivalled among those in the same level.

The spectators all couldn't wait for the battle to begin.

Chen Wang didn't have anything to say, flames immediately erupted forth from his body. Under the dazzling starlight that flooded the arena, the spectators were all shocked to see that he had two fire-type Astral Souls. The first one was a Flame King Astral Soul, the second, was a Magma Giant Astral Soul. Both these Astral Souls contained the explosive power of volcanic eruptions. His third Astral Soul, was actually an incarnation-type Astral Soul, granting the ability to summon clones as powerful as himself to do

battle.

The combination of these Astral Souls allowed Chen Wang's combat prowess to reach the very limits of Yuanfu. He was so powerful that he could even battle against newly ascended Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

Earlier, Chen Wang had already been known as a contender that had tremendous attacking power. But now, the contender facing him similarly had a strength that awed the Heavens.

“BOOM BOOM!”

Two other flame incarnations appeared onstage, and their combined auras, together with the real Chen Wang, made the hearts of the crowd tremble in terror.

However at the same instant, a vast column of astral light cascaded down onto Qin Wentian, as an immense figure appeared out of nowhere.

Peng...

A massive wind kicked up, the tyrannical Golden Primal Ape madly rampaged about on the stage.

Peng Peng Peng....

Countless demonic beasts appeared, summoned by Qin Wentian. In the place of legacy found inside the formation world, Qin Wentian had obtained the true souls of several demonic beasts. He could use these to sense the innate connection between them, as well as form a resonance with the constellations that represented them. Hence, Qin Wentian was currently able to summon those beasts.

Not only that, now that Qin Wentian's cultivation base was at the ninth level of Yuanfu, the strength of the astral warbeasts he summoned were all at the pinnacle of Yuanfu, almost at the level of half-step Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. He had always been able to jump levels when it came to summoning, but right now, since he was still limited by the Yuanfu Realm, he couldn't yet summon Heavenly Dipper-level astral warbeasts.

Chen Wang's incarnations immediately flew towards the summoned beasts, clashing fiercely with them. Instantly, the entire platform shuddered from the impact of his attacks. As for his main body, along with Qin Wentian, both merely surveyed each other impassively, coldly locking their gazes.

In their eyes, there was only one opponent.

"I truly want to see exactly how strong you really are." Chen Wang strode out, clad in terrifying sun flames, akin to a Flame Divinity Wargod.

"As you wish," Qin Wentian calmly replied, similarly advancing towards Chen Wang. Strength, boundless strength, infused his arms.

Both of them punched out at the exact same instant, one fist of magma, against one demonic fist, instantly colliding against the other.

The sun flames on Chen Wang's body spread onto Qin Wentian's arms, wanting to incinerate his body into ashes.

"You are not strong enough to accomplish that," Qin Wentian commented unperturbedly, staring at Chen Wang. He retracted his fist before sending yet another punch out.

"BOOM BOOM BOOOM!"

A maelstrom of destruction ensued, with Qin Wentian and Chen Wang standing in the centre. The terrifying shockwaves blasted all around, while the summoned astral warbeasts and Chen Wang's incarnations clashed madly against each other in an incomparably tyrannical manner.

Qin Wentian's body had flames eating at it, yet Chen Wang's internal organs felt as though they were about to be crushed into powder. The will of both their Mandates devastated each other's bodies.

"Peng..."

They collided intensely once more. Chen Wang was forced back several steps, his two incarnations also stepping back with him,

before fusing once more inside his body. His body turned into that of a magma giant as he stared hatefully at Qin Wentian, wanting nothing more than to pulverize Qin Wentian into pieces.

“Rumble!” Utilizing the third stage of the Fiend Transformation Art. Qin Wentian’s physique started changing, as the blood in his body seethed and surged. His physique grew perceptibly taller and many times stronger, giving him the appearance of a demon overlord.

“Peng peng....”

The Heavens shook and the Earth trembled. Those astral warbeasts frantically threw themselves onto Chen Wang, attacking him in a frenzy. They gave no regards to their own injuries, they only wanted to deal the maximum amount of damage they could to Chen Wang.

Chen Wang had second level Mandates at the Advanced Boundary, cultivated the Great Solar Universe Art, and further augmented them with his flame-type Astral Souls. His power was unimaginable at the Realm of Yuanfu. But wasn’t Qin Wentian’s strength on the same level as well? Since no one knew who the victor would be, why not directly engage in a showdown of absolute strength?

“BOOOOOM!”

Finally, an explosive sound thundered out, one of Chen Wang’s gigantic magma arms directly shattered from the impact.

Was this a sign or an omen?

The crowd held their breath, their hearts pounding madly with excitement. The strongest of all the dark horses, hadn't been equal to Chen Wang after all. He had actually exceeded him!

# AGM 391 - Ascending The Peak

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The flame giant that was Chen Wang retreated a step backwards, one of his arms had forcibly exploded. Qin Wentian's entire body was covered in raging flames yet the glow in his eyes never faded—they shone like torches in the darkness, illustrating his determination.

“Strength, can yours surpass mine?” Qin Wentian ferociously stomped forwards, and a huge rumbling sound rang out as his aura gushed forth. He was like an unrivalled Monarch, staring imperiously at his lowly subject.

Great Solar Chen Wang was his opponent? So what of it?

Among those on the same level, Qin Wentian was unrivalled.

Chen Wang glared hatefully at Qin Wentian. At the instant Qin Wentian blasted forth with his palm strike, Chen Wang stomped on the ground, causing a bout of astral light to flood the area as his silhouette disappeared. Although Chen Wang knew that Qin Wentian was able to read the trajectory of the Stellar Transposition, he had no choice but to execute it.

Yet the instant Chen Wang stomped the ground, disappearing from sight, Qin Wentian had already turned and pierced forth at a previously empty location with his Heaven Breaking Finger.

Over there, Chen Wang's fiery left palm slammed down at that spot, descending from the Heavens, containing enough might to

shatter everything, and disintegrating all things into nothing but ashes.

The two bursts of energy frenziedly collided in the air, and with rapid thrusts of his palms, numerous ancient bells manifested and slammed onto Chen Wang's gigantic flame body.

Under its lingering effect, the relentless echoes of the ancient bell, combined together with Qin Wentian's external force attacks, this all enabled them to work in perfect synergy.

Although he transformed into a flame giant, and possessed the Great Solar Universe Art, his main body was still a human. He still had a heart.

The Heartbreak Echo, precisely targets the heart.

Chen Wang's heart was swelling from the echoes of the ancient bell, his heartbeat pounding with increasing intensity. Chen Wang could clearly feel his heart expanding, as though preparing to explode.

“Peng!”

Yet another burst of astral light flooded the area as he used Stellar Transposition again. Chen Wang vanished once more, but Qin Wentian instantly used Roc Flash as well. This time, Qin Wentian didn't move to intercept Chen Wang but rather, he created even more ancient bells at each of the four boundaries of



the arena platform, locking Chen Wang within a cacophony of ringing.

“Pu...” Chen Wang spat out a mouthful of crimson flames, resembling lava. He tried to exit the platform yet Qin Wentian relentlessly chased after him, not giving him the chance to do so.

This was something Chen Wang and the rest had decided. Life and death would be determined by one’s combat prowess. It would not be against the rules to kill your opponent in the ranking battle.

Chen Wang howled, and despite the cost, he once again split his body into three. Two of his flame giant incarnations rushed towards Qin Wentian, in an attempt to buy time while his true self used the last of his astral energy and executed Stellar Transposition once again.

Peng, Peng...

The two flame giant incarnations shattered into fragments, while Chen Wang was successful—he stepped off the platform in the nick of time. This meant that he, Great Solar Chen Wang, was the loser in this battle.

The position of the first ranker had flown from his hands, but he was still number two. Always number two.

Standing on the ground, Chen Wang only saw Qin Wentian staring down at him from the platform with heavy disdain in his

eyes. An intense burst of shame flooded every fibre of his being. He had lost, defeated by someone that he never thought he would lose to.

In the formation world, how imposing was he then, chasing after Qin Wentian to kill him. But now in a one-on-one fight, he'd been defeated fair and square, and it was impossible to describe the bitter aftertaste of defeat he was feeling right now.

“Didn’t you say earlier that you are number one?”

A flash of contempt flashed past Qin Wentian’s eyes. “The Heavenly Fate Rankings had yet to be concluded, yet you and Si Qiong were so dead set in your conviction of being superior over all others. Apparently, frogs in a well are only good at talking.”

As the sound of his voice faded, Qin Wentian returned back to the arena platform, no longer bothering to speak to Chen Wang.

Ultimately, actions spoke louder than words.

Chen Wang had proclaimed that he was number one. Now that he'd been defeated, all of his achievements would merely serve to smack him in his own face.

If it were some other contender obtaining the position of number two instead of Chen Wang, then it would have been a matter of glory. But for Chen Wang, it was the exact opposite.

Without the participation of Hua Taixu, Chen Wang was originally supposed to be the brightest blazing sun. He thought he was invincible in the whole of Yuanfu, yet who would have thought that someone like Qin Wentian would appear. Not only that, he was defeated by somebody whom he'd once failed to kill when his opponent was merely at the seventh level of Yuanfu. How could this not be a humiliation?

He'd suppressed his cultivation base for so long, refusing to step into Heavenly Dipper, all for one reason and one reason only. To obtain first in the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

The winner becomes the King, the losers become vilified. Chen Wang, was the loser.

The gazes of the spectators slowly shifted towards the arena platform.

When Qin Wentian first joined the ranking battle, he was an unknown contender with a cultivation base at the seventh level of Yuanfu.

During the first test, he was the one that sounded out the most echoes, breaking the record.

During the second test, Duan Qingshan and the rest wanted to slay him above the Life and Death River, but Duan Qingshan was

counter-slain instead.

During the third test, he surpassed Chen Wang and Shi Potian and donned the most dazzling platinum battle robes, obtaining the qualifications to be the first to enter the Vermilion Bird Formation. Right after, he offended Chen Wang by refusing to heed his command to forsake those qualifications, which would have allowed Chen Wang to be the first to enter. Qin Wentian had totally ignored him.

Although he'd started to attract attention, none of the spectators had believed in his chances. At the very most, they only thought that he would have an opportunity to be ranked within the top thirty-six rankers.

After which, he entered the formation world and obtained the Purgatory Vermilion Bird, and started to pave his way to prominence.

Step by step, all the way up till now, to finally stand at the true pinnacle of Yuanfu.

The gentle wind fluttered his robes, as the Purgatory Vermilion Bird hovered above his head. This scenario caused a deep rush of impact, rumbling the spectators' hearts.

This dark horse had really walked all the way till the end.

No one would have predicted that Qin Wentian would be ranked

first in the Heavenly Fate Rankings this time around.

In the air, Old Man Tianji stroked his beard as he took in the scene. There was now no doubt in his mind who the demon star represented.

If they wanted to change the destiny of Grand Xia that had already set on its new course, the only viable method was to kill the one represented by the demon star.

However, since the demon star had already been birthed, this meant that more or less destiny was already set, and any actions they took now would merely be a pebble toss in the ocean, incapable of affecting either the direction of the currents or the intensity of the tides. It wouldn't be that easy if one wanted to kill him.

From today onwards, calamity might befall Qin Wentian. But as to how the ending of the calamity would turn out, even Old Man Tianji had no idea.

Those from the Pill Emperor Hall had incredibly complicated expressions on their faces. Luo He's reflected a calmness that didn't match her trembling heart.

Those from the Hua Clan had extremely cold looking expressions on their countenance. They never would have expected that Qin Wentian would be the top ranker.

Those from the Chen Clan, Shi Clan, Wang Clan—they all had nothing to say as well.

For the first time, the position of the top ranker in the Heavenly Fate Rankings had been seized by a nobody. He wasn't affiliated with any of the transcendent powers in Grand Xia.

As for the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, they had another perspective on this. Taking into account the relationship between Ouyang Kuangsheng and Qin Wentian, as long as Qin Wentian was able to continue on and mature, it would only be beneficial to their Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

Shu Ruanyu, Xuan Yan, Xuan Xin, all looked on speechlessly as well.

Only Mo Qingcheng and Bai Qing wore radiant smiles on their faces.

Chu Mang and Fan Le had their fists pumped up in the air and were roaring in pride and laughter.

Those from the White Deer institute all felt extremely gratified in their hearts, they had made the right choice.

They were all filled with anticipation for Qin Wentian's performance. But when Qin Wentian truly stood at the pinnacle of the Heavenly Fate Rankings, other than gratification, they also felt a sense of surrealism, as well as disbelief.

Mustang involuntarily trembled, overcome by his emotions. Yet never had he smiled this widely before.

“Teacher, Junior Brother now stands on the pinnacle of all Yuanfu in Grand Xia. He’s only twenty yet he achieved such an accomplishment, one that most people could never achieve in their entire lives.” Luo Huan laughed, feeling extremely moved as well.

Earning a place on the Heavenly Fate Rankings was the aim of all Yuanfu Cultivators in Grand Xia, yet Qin Wentian had obtained the first ranked position.

“Mhm.” Mustang stared at Qin Wentian as he added with pride, “Never in my wildest dreams would I have expected this disciple of mine would achieve such an unimaginable feat.”

“Teacher, it’s still too early to be happy. That fellow is merely twenty. What would happen after he steps into Heavenly Dipper? Don’t be so emotional now, okay?” Luo Huan teased but the twinkle in her eyes betrayed the fact that she too, was extremely emotional right now.

When she stepped into the vast world, everything she heard had all pointed to the transcendent powers as being those at the peak of Grand Xia.

Pill Emperor Hall, Hua Clan, Ouyang Aristocrat Clan, Great Solar Chen Clan and the rest— they were all highly revered beings that possessed an unattainable prestige. The Heaven’s Chosen that

originated from their clans were all the stuff of legends in the entire Grand Xia, but today, those legendary characters were all defeated by her junior martial brother.

If those in Chu knew of Qin Wentian's current achievements, she wondered what thoughts they'd have in their hearts.

“Let the rankings be fixed.”

Old Man Tianji spoke, causing the gazes of the spectators to be fixated on the shimmering scoreboard.

Because Zhan Chen had fallen, those behind him in ranking all advanced a position ahead.

The contenders for the top three rankings remained unchanged.

Si Qiong, ranked #3.

Chen Wang, ranked #2.

Qin Wentian, ranked #1!

When the three characters forming the name of ‘Qin Wentian’ were engraved onto the board, the spectators collectively drew in a huge breath. They knew that from this moment onwards, Qin Wentian's name would become a symbol in Grand Xia. A symbol of his generations that would resound throughout Grand Xia, just like



Hua Taixu before him.

He would become the idol of countless youngsters of future generations—who would use him as a standard, the one they would look up to and try their utmost to surpass.

From today onwards, there would be countless people discussing him, with worship in their tones as they told of his legendary deeds.

He domineeringly crushed all the Heaven's Chosen, and stood together with the number one beauty of the Moon Continent, Mo Qingcheng. Their symbolic act of holding hands to announce their relationship to the entire world, they were akin to an immortal couple, and their story would eventually be canonized as legendary.

In fact, many rumors began to be passed around, one in particular declared that Qin Wentian participated in the Heavenly Fate Rankings solely for Mo Qingcheng. To romanticize their story, the embellishers added all sorts of details to spice up the telling of it.

“Qin Wentian.”

At this moment, Old Man Tianji spoke. Qin Wentian shifted his gaze towards him, only to hear him continue, “You obtained first in the ranking battle this time around, consider this as an extremely valuable experience for you on your pathway to become stronger. I hope that you will be able to remember the

determination in your heart and strive to achieve even greater heights in the future.”

“Many thanks to Senior.”

Qin Wentian dipped in a slight bow to Old Man Tianji, this was truly a valuable experience to all those who had participated and survived.

“From this moment, here in the Ancient Kingdom, the Heavenly Fate Rankings is thereby concluded. The mark left behind from your battles shall be remembered here for all eternity,” Old Man Tianji stated.

The Heavenly Fate Rankings was concluded!

The various battles between this particular batch of contenders, those who may affect the future destiny of Grand Xia, had been beyond fascinating, truly an exciting spectacle for all who’d witnessed it. Without a doubt, these batch of monsters had left an indelible mark in their hearts!

# AGM 392 - An Exceedingly Arrogant Power

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Qin Wentian slowly turned and gazed upon those familiar silhouettes.

He looked towards Teacher Mustang, and his Senior Sister Luo Huan; towards Ouyang Kuangsheng, Fan Le, Chu Mang; towards Mo Qingcheng and Bai Qing. A radiant smile appeared in his eyes, he had achieved what he'd set out to accomplish.

“HAHA, AWESOME!” A straightforward voice echoed with laughter, only to see Ouyang Kuangsheng flying upwards, rushing towards the Vermilion Bird arena platform. “First in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, I’m too ashamed of my own ranking.”

Chu Mang, Fan Le, Mo Qingcheng and the rest also ascended the arena platform.

Now that the Heavenly Fate Rankings had already been concluded, those rules that restricted non-combatants from entering the arena platform had naturally been lifted.

Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi also came, standing to the side as they stared at the people celebrating on the platform. Bailu Yi smiled when she saw Qin Wentian pulling Mo Qingcheng into a hug; she truly wished them all the best.

“Boss, this battle felt so good, it blew all our negative emotions away. I feel so satisfied when I look at their faces HAHAHA.”

Fan Le was grinning from ear to ear—Qin Wentian stared at his friends standing around him, feeling extremely moved in his heart.

He knew that despite obtaining the position of first ranker, he had offended too many people from transcendent powers. To see that his friends were still willing to stand on the same stage, celebrating his victory with him, how could he not feel moved? Their message was clear—they were willing to stand with him against all odds.

“Junior Brother, your luck with the ladies isn’t bad at all,” Luo Huan snickered, as she glanced at the beauties around Qin Wentian.

Mo Qingcheng, Bai Qing and Yun Mengyi were all there and upon seeing that look in Luo Huan’s eyes, Qin Wentian could only helplessly roll his eyes. Luo Huan had a thing for making such jokes, and Little Rascal who was originally being held by her, suddenly transformed into a white beam of light and leapt into Qin Wentian’s arms, rubbing its head against his chest. It then proudly stared at the Purgatory Vermilion Bird above Qin Wentian’s head and growled, as though establishing its dominance.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird immediately let out a shrill screech as it swooped downwards, enveloping Qin Wentian’s entire body into an embrace with its wings, causing the others to burst out in laughter at its antics.

Qin Wentian’s two demonic beasts were also vying for his

affection?

The spectators below stared at the silhouette of the young man standing on the stage as their hearts were filled with warm traces of expectation.

They naturally understood the future Qin Wentian would soon face but still, people always liked to believe in the concept of heroes, of a single man standing alone against the world. They couldn't help wishing Qin Wentian would succeed, and trusted in him to overcome the odds.

Also, it had been too long since they'd seen such a touching scene. That violent demonic young man who showed no mercy to his enemies—he seemed to actually have such a gentle side to him as well, with a group of friends willing to stand by him even if it meant laying down their lives.

In the direction of the Mystic Maiden Palace, Xuan Xin was about to dash over but was held back by Xuan Yan, who asked, “What are you doing?”

“I want to offer my congratulations as well.” Xuan Xin turned her head as she replied.

“Do you even understand the situation now?” Xuan Yan glared at Xuan Xin, her junior sister was too blind at times. The top ranker this time around was not someone from the seven grand clans, and didn't even belong to any of the transcendent powers. Such an outcome was unprecedented. Not only that, seeing the vast

number of people Qin Wentian had offended, it was still unknown whether anything would happen to him.

“Yup I understand, but he’s Fan Le’s brother. This is something I ought to do.” Xuan Xin smiled and shook Xuan Yan’s hold away, before instantly dashing towards the arena platform. Her sudden action took Xuan Yan by surprise, and when Xuan Yan stared at those silhouettes standing on the stage, her gaze involuntarily landed on Chu Mang—her heart suddenly fluttered, feeling slightly chaotic.

“Nonsense.” Her master from the Mystic Maiden Palace snorted, “Xuan Xin, return here this instant.”

On the arena platform, Qin Wentian and the rest all heard that voice. As they turned, they saw Xuan Xin already at the boundaries of the platform, making a ghost face with her back facing her master. She directed her stare towards Qin Wentian as she stated, “Congratulations for obtaining first place, it seems that you are even more powerful compared to a certain someone.”

“My loss was accidental.” Fan Le grinned. Naturally, he was that someone Xuan Xin was referring to.

“Right.” Xuan Xin mischievously grinned. Qin Wentian stared in the direction of the Mystic Maiden Palace as he said in a low voice, “Xuan Xin, you’d better return first.”

He understood Xuan Xin’s goodwill; Fan Le was truly blessed to have found such a girlfriend.

“Understood.” Xuan Xin made a face, she was naturally unhappy about her sect’s attitudes towards them.

“Qingcheng, you come back as well.”

In the direction of the Pill Emperor Hall, Luo He quietly remarked as she gazed at Mo Qingcheng.

Mo Qingcheng steadily matched her stare. “Master, remember what you promised me?”

She was referring to the fact that Luo He had personally promised her before, that as long as Qin Wentian defeated Zhan Chen she wouldn’t interfere in the relationship between Mo Qingcheng and Qin Wentian.

“Indeed, I did promise you, did you think Master would break her promise to you? Come back with me first, if he wants to woo my disciples, he can pay a visit to our Pill Emperor Hall,” Luo He coldly stated, yet Mo Qingcheng still hesitated.

She naturally wished to stay here together with Qin Wentian, yet her master Luo He had been very good to her. Luo He’s words didn’t seem to say that she wanted to restrict her—she was only asking her disciple to return together with her.

“Qingcheng, you go back first as well.” Qin Wentian held Mo Qingcheng’s hands as he stated in a low voice.

If the Pill Emperor Hall really wanted to stop them, as of now, he truly didn't have the ability to do anything. But for the sake of Mo Qingcheng, he didn't mind repairing the relationship between himself and the Pill Emperor Hall. After all, Zhan Chen alone couldn't represent the entire Pill Emperor Hall.

The grudge between him and Zhan Chen had already reached a boiling point in both their hearts. Hence, he hadn't hesitated to kill Zhan Chen.

Mo Qingcheng nodded lightly, gazing at Qin Wentian. He smiled warmly back at her and nodded his head in encouragement. "Go on first."

For Mo Qingcheng, he was willing to take a step back. But if the Pill Emperor Hall tried in any way to renege on their promise to Mo Qingcheng, even if he had to trample the Pill Emperor Hall to dust, he would also do so to bring Mo Qingcheng away.

Hopefully, things wouldn't reach such a stage. After all, there weren't any grudges between himself and Mo Qingcheng's master, Luo He.

Mo Qingcheng could only reluctantly slip her jade-like fingers out of Qin Wentian's hands and walked back towards the direction of the Pill Emperor Hall.

"We are leaving," Luo He stated, and with a flick of her sleeves, those from the Pill Emperor Hall mounted their demonic beasts



and flew away.

Mo Qingcheng turned her head back to gaze at Qin Wentian. In her eyes, there was an intense unwillingness to be parted from him.

“Once this matter ends, I will pay a visit to the Moon Continent.” Qin Wentian transmitted his words to Mo Qingcheng. Mo Qingcheng nodded, but her eyes started to glimmer with unshed tears.

They’d finally met after such a long time, only to be separated again.

Qin Wentian also felt extremely uncomfortable in his heart. He could only blame himself for not having sufficient strength. If he was the top ranker for the Heavenly Dipper Rankings instead, how could those from the Pill Emperor Hall even stop him? Even if he were to blatantly ignore Luo He, taking Mo Qingcheng away, no one would have dared to say anything.

But now that Mo Qingcheng had left, it might have been a blessing instead. After all, Qin Wentian didn’t know what would happen in the near future.

“It’s good that she left, if she were here, she would only be a hassle. Don’t look down on the transcendent powers, I don’t think things will proceed that smoothly between you and her.” Yun Mengyi walked over to Qin Wentian, as she stated in a low voice. “Those from the Pill Emperor Hall definitely believe that you will

not survive what comes next. You will not survive past today.”

Qin Wentian’s countenance stiffened yet he understood the truth of Yun Mengyi’s words. After all, he had slain several geniuses belonging to the other transcendent powers—how could they let him go, just like that? Although Yun Mengyi gave Qin Wentian a sense of mystery, he had to admit that she was cool-headed and mature in her thinking. It was as though the Heavens themselves could collapse, yet her heart would still remain as calm and as determined as before.

“The Heavenly Fate Rankings has concluded. The Ancient Kingdom shall be closed to all save for the rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Rankers, you can still stay here and continue on your pilgrimage.”

At this moment, a voice descended from the skies but as to who it belonged to, nobody could tell.

The voice caused the hearts of Qin Wentian and the rest to pound slightly. The owner of that voice should have belonged to the group of power Si Qiong was from. These people were still eyeing the secret arts hidden within the formation world.

“For us, by participating in the ranking battle, we have already obtained the ancient legacies of Grand Xia. Now that the rankings are concluded, we no longer have the desire to stay in the Ancient Kingdom,” A person calmly spoke—this person was none other than Qin Zheng. He could feel the sinister intent from those people belonging to the ancient kingdom.

If they still stayed here now, wouldn't they be slaughtered at will? Their legacies forcibly stolen away.

"This is a custom of Grand Xia, how can we ignore it?" That voice was suddenly infused with a cold tyranny, as it boomed out in the atmosphere yet again.

"I believe we have our own will and freedom," Qin Zheng quietly replied.

"Obtaining the ancient legacies of Ancient Grand Xia, yet unwilling to continue with the pilgrimage. What are your intentions?" That voice now contained an immense surge of pressure. Those from the Great Solar Chen Clan wore sinister smiles on their faces, adding, "This is a tradition that's lasted throughout the ages, no one can defy it."

The expressions on Qin Wentian and the others all stiffened. These people had failed once when they wanted to exchange the nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia for their legacies found through the ancient luck. Now that they were forcing them to stay behind, surely they didn't have good intentions.

"This is an ironclad tradition of Ancient Grand Xia. You guys had better follow through with it." Those from the Hua Clan grinned.

"Follow through with it," The Wang Clan echoed.

Those who were from the seven grand clans of Ancient Grand Xia, definitely had prior connections with the power behind Si Qiong.

In fact, Qin Wentian even suspected that this mysterious remnant from the ancient kingdom was involved in the rebellion that happened thousands of years ago. After all, history was written by the hands of the victor, no one could say for sure what was true and what was false.

“If you will not respect the tradition, please forsake your legacies and get lost from here.” That cold voice blasted out once more, bent on achieving its objective.

“If you guys are truly people from the ancient kingdom, why do you have a need to hide your faces? Why do you not dare come out in the open?” Qin Wentian inclined his head and stared at the air around him, his eyes gleaming with a sharp light.

As the sound of his voice faded, a row of figures appeared in the air with such speed it was as though they’d teleported.

These group of new arrivals were all extraordinary—they all exuded an aura that didn’t lose out in the least to the transcendent power leaders presently overseeing their respective groups for this expedition.

Their gazes were all filled with murderous intent, as sharp as unsheathed swords as they stared upon Qin Wentian and the rest on the platform.

“Which transcendent power do you belong to?” In the lead, there was a middle-aged man clad in golden robes. His gaze was directly riveted onto Qin Wentian as he enquired.

“None,” Qin Wentian replied.

“Fine then. Since you’ve acquired one of the legacies, this means that you are also a child of destiny. I will grant you the chance to join us. We will definitely nurture you all the way and accomplish your every desire. How about it?” The golden robed man spoke as though with great concern for them. “I shall bestow the same opportunity to those who have acquired legacies as well.”

How arrogant did they sound? Bestowing them this opportunity, the chance to join them? Didn’t the legends state that only an extremely weak branch of Ancient Emperor’s bloodline remained? The attitude these people were displaying hardly seemed to fit such an image. And evidently, the newly arrived group seemed to belong to a power that surpassed even the transcendent powers—at the very least, they were superior in their exceedingly arrogant attitudes!

# AGM 393 - Gathering Of The Divine Stele

## Remnants

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Old Man Tianji and the leaders from the various transcendent powers didn't intervene, as though this matter had nothing to do with them.

This made the contenders speculate, who in the world were these people exactly?

Wasn't the ancient kingdom completely destroyed? Weren't the surviving remnants from the ancient kingdom supposed to be extremely weak? It seemed like the story everyone had been told was cloaked in half-truths and half-lies.

The story stated that a few thousand years ago, the ancient kingdom in Grand Xia was overwhelmingly powerful, to an inconceivable extent that far exceeded the combined might of the transcendent powers of the present age. The rebellion cost the lives of countless powerhouses from both sides, and by its bitter end, the ones to emerge were the nine main powers. Each of them took control of one of the nine continents that used to be one united Grand Xia.

But there was no proof to all that had been recorded—history is written by the victorious.

Qin Wentian and the others had a strange glow flickering in their eyes. It was definitely not a shallow relationship between this group of unknowns and the transcendent powers. Earlier, Chen

Wang and the others had agreed to the exchange offer, and when Mo Qingcheng was brought away by Luo He, they didn't object as well.

Mo Qingcheng was also one of the contenders that acquired a legacy!

The ancient luck obtained by Qin Wentian, Qin Zheng, Mu Feng and Yun Mengyi, it all led them to their respective legacies, and all were powerful secret arts of Ancient Grand Xia! Yet, none of them agreed to the exchange offer. Naturally, after the ranking battle had concluded, they would become the targets.

At this moment, Qin Zheng and Mu Feng both had extremely cold expressions on their faces. Obviously, they had no intention of accepting the invitation.

With their talent, it wouldn't be difficult for them to join a major power, should they wish it. But for cultivators, they would naturally prefer a major power that closely matched the ideals in their hearts—a transcendent power that was truly to their liking.

But now, this middle-aged man's invitation felt like a threat, a forceful show of dominance. How could anyone be happy when presented with such a choice?

Not to mention after joining them, their fates would all be under the control of this unknown power; who knew what would become of them then? These people were skilled in soul-searching techniques and might very well renege on their promises, turning

them into bumbling idiots.

They could never stand for such a humiliation.

Hence, they were naturally unwilling. But the contenders were more worried over the fact that these people originated from a power that far exceeded anyone in Grand Xia. Even Old Man Tianji and the rest of the transcendent powers remained silent, watching as the scene played out.

Qin Wentian and Yun Mengyi, were of the same mind as Qin Zheng and Mu Feng. Both of them weren't willing to join as well.

The Purgatory Vermilion Bird hovered above Qin Wentian's head, emitting a baleful screech of intense rage. It could understand the scene happening before it and knew that this unknown party of people standing before them harboured ill intentions.

“Vile beast.”

The golden-robed man flicked out a finger as a resplendent beam of light shot off from it. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird tried evading the beam, but was unable to do so, resulting in a hole that had cleanly penetrated through its body, causing it to let out a miserable cry.

Its wings were still flapping furiously, as the look in its eyes remained as baleful as ever, showing an unwillingness to submit.



Coldness flashed past Qin Wentian's eyes—he floated upwards and stood next to the Vermilion Bird, gently patting it.

The Vermilion Bird let out a low cry, using its wings to gently envelope Qin Wentian into an embrace as an intense expression appeared in its eyes, as though it desired nothing more than to leave this place immediately together with him.

That expression in its eyes made Qin Wentian's heart clench. Lifting his head, embers of rage flickered in his eyes as he spoke, "Isn't Senior someone who proclaims himself to be from the ancient kingdom? This Vermilion Bird formed from ancient luck is a symbol of Ancient Grand Xia, what do you mean by treating it like this?"

"I am indeed from the ancient kingdom. It's just a spirit birthed from ancient luck that obtained a true body by devouring others. Merely a vile beast, yet it dares to be so brazen? Hence, I taught it a lesson."

The golden-robed middle-aged man exuded an intense arrogance—his actions were also a warning to Qin Wentian and the rest. They controlled everything, and if the rankers dared to show anger or retaliate in any way, they had better be prepared to end up like the Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

Qin Wentian naturally understood the unspoken words, the light in his eyes grew colder and colder. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird was stroking Qin Wentian's back gently with its wings. A look of

extreme reluctance could be seen in its eyes, but also, one of unbreakable determination.

It was a true spirit born because of Qin Wentian and now similarly, it would die because of Qin Wentian.

It would have no regrets for this was its destiny.

“It intends to sacrifice itself to summon the true soul of the Vermilion Bird Formation.” Yun Mengyi’s voice directly transmitted into Qin Wentian’s ears—her words were unheard by any of the others.

“Stop.” Qin Wentian stared at the Purgatory Vermilion Bird, trembling. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird stared right back at him. Even though it was unwilling to leave Qin Wentian, it knew that it had to do so.

“I forbid you to do this.”

The will of Qin Wentian’s heart could clearly be felt by the Purgatory Vermilion Bird, its eyes glimmered with unshed tears, visibly moved. It leaned forward, emitting a strong sense of affection for Qin Wentian.

Qin Wentian’s eyes shifted onto Yun Mengyi.

Yun Mengyi understood Qin Wentian intentions and hence, she transmitted, “You can summon the Divine Stele, as they contain

the ancient will and can be used to attack. But I can't be sure as to how much strength the ancient will has remaining, and if you summoned the remnant pieces to fuse the Divine Stele back into one piece once more, who knows how many transcendent powers will end up hunting you down because of it."

Qin Wentian mused, since he had already offended the transcendent powers, there was no harm if he offended them further. To hell with them all.

Qin Wentian's eyes slowly shifted back to the Purgatory Vermilion Bird, his eyes flickering with a sharp glint of light.

How could he watch on impassively while one of his companions sacrificed itself for him?

"Do you know how beneficial it would be for you to summon the true soul of the Vermilion Bird Formation as it recreates the formation world?" Yun Mengyi spoke again, but Qin Wentian's heart didn't waver.

"To me, you are not just something born from ancient luck—you are alive, you are my companion." Qin Wentian gently gazed at the Vermilion Bird, "I won't allow you to sacrifice yourself."

Qin Wentian's gaze contained an unbending resoluteness as he stared up in the air, looking at the golden-robed man. "I don't believe you."

“I don’t believe you.”

Qin Wentian’s voice resounded throughout the area, causing the crowd to freeze. Qin Wentian was truly audacious.

“Senior, are you really someone from the ancient kingdom? How can you prove that?” Qin Wentian quietly asked.

“Proof? Do I even need to prove myself to you?” that golden-robed man coldly replied.

“What if I can prove otherwise?” Qin Wentian’s eyes bore into the golden-robed man. An intense pressure exuded from him, pressing down on Qin Wentian as though the golden-robed man was losing his patience.

“How can you prove it?” Abruptly, a voice echoed out. Qin Wentian discovered that the owner of this voice was none other than Old Man Tianji.

A sharp gleam of light appeared in the eyes of the golden-robed man as he stared at Old Man Tianji. To which, Old Man Tianji merely replied, “Let’s see what he plans to do.”

That golden-robed man remained silent for a moment before shifting his eyes back onto Qin Wentian, a cold smile on his face. “Fine, I shall give you the opportunity. I’d like to see your proof.”

This place was the ancient kingdom of Grand Xia, it wasn’t his

territory. Furthermore, Old Man Tianji was being exceedingly unfathomable—since he had requested it, the golden-robed man could only take a step back.

Qin Wentian gazed at Old Man Tianji with a look of gratitude in his eyes. He didn't think that someone would come to his aid, how unexpected.

Turning his gaze back onto the golden-robed man, Qin Wentian's countenance turned steel-like with resolution.

With but a thought, a total of four pieces of stele appeared instantly before him; the Yellow Springs Monument, as well as the three-sided Heavenly Stele he obtained from the Heavenly Stele Steps. They were all part of the Divine Stele.

The four pieces of stele floated in the air, causing thunderbolts to go off in the hearts of those who saw this.

“Aren't these...?”

The golden-robed man's expression faltered as he stared at the four pieces of floating stele.

“Divine Stele,” Old Man Tianji whispered, before gazing at Qin Wentian. This young man had actually obtained a total of four pieces of the Divine Stele.

Only to see Qin Wentian mumbling an incantation. The sound of

his voice, was transformed by the incantation into a formless mass of energy, being channelled into the Divine Stele. Instantly, the four pieces of the Divine Stele started vibrating intensely, while a terrifying droning sound echoed from them.

An overwhelming ancient will pervaded the air.

“Bzzz!” The ancient will transformed into a beam of light shooting straight up to the Heavens before penetrating the void, scanning through the entirety of Grand Xia.

“What a powerful will.” The hearts of the spectators shuddered, they could clearly feel the intense might contained within. At this moment, a stone stele abruptly trembled with violent force within the Venerate Heavens Sect in the Ginkou Continent. It emitted a droning sound, forming a resonance with the ancient will, attempting to obey the summons.

“BOOOM!” An explosive sound thundered, the stele soared up into the skies and zoomed towards its place of summoning at a speed too fast for the naked eye to glimpse.

“What was that?” Those from the Venerate Heavens Sect only saw a blazing trail through the skies. The flying speed of that object was simply too fast, to an inconceivable extent.

A similar occurrence took place in the Great Solar Chen Clan, as well as the Shi Clan.

Not only that, even in the Moon Continent far away, from the Hua Clan and Pill Emperor Hall, two steles enacted the exact same scene and flew with blinding speed towards the summoning location.

In the ancient kingdom, countless spectators stared at the steles hovering above Qin Wentian's head. The eyes of the golden-robed man glimmered with a terrifying light, yet he made no move to stop Qin Wentian, allowing him to proceed with the re-fusion of the Divine Stele.

“A gift from the Heavens.” The golden-robed man coldly laughed in his heart. He would snatch the Divine Stele away the instant it appeared.

“Bzzz...Bzzz...Bzzz...” Three beams of light mingled with Qin Wentian's four original pieces, and commenced their fusion. A droning sound echoed, incomparably fearsome as it overwhelmingly permeated the entire atmosphere.

“Isn't that remnant from my Venerate Heavens Sect? They're all fusing together.” Old Man Tianji trembled.

Indeed, the remnants of the fragmented Divine Stele were fusing together yet again. Was this truly Heavenly Fate?

A short moment later, two more beams of light shot into the mix, as a blinding radiant light exploded outwards.

“How swift!”

Although those from the transcendent powers knew what was happening, even they were stunned by the speed in which the steles gathered.

“All the signs are lining up. Indeed, even destiny is congregating—all for the fusion of the Divine Stele. This young man will definitely influence Grand Xia’s future.” Old Man Tianji had no more doubts. Qin Wentian was whom the demon star represented. He was the one that caused the nine broken remnants of the Divine Stele to once again fuse together.

Back then when the ancient kingdom was destroyed, the Divine Stele was split into nine portions. But today, all nine had congregated in the ancient kingdom, currently fusing back into one. Wasn’t this also a sign? An omen of Heavenly Fate?

The nine remnants of the Divine Stele radiated an overwhelming might that pressed down on everyone on the scene. They fused together, gradually forming into one perfect whole.

The Divine Stele reappeared once more in Grand Xia!



# AGM 394 - Purgatory

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Peng!

A thunderous sound rang out. There were scars of light marking the partitions of the Divine Stele, as though it could be separated into nine portions again.

The fused Divine Stele had a total of nine sides, but the amount of light each side radiated was different. The amount of ancient will radiating from each side was different as well.

“If senior is truly someone from the ancient kingdom, why is the Divine Stele now in my hands? Unless... Could it be that senior doesn’t know the summoning incantation?” Qin Wentian inclined his head and stared at the golden-robed middle-aged man standing in the air, only to see the golden-robed man laughing coldly as he took a step forward. “Boom!” Instantly, Qin Wentian let out a low groan, that single step felt as if the golden-robed man was trodding right on Qin Wentian’s heart.

“Boom!”

The golden-robed man took another step forward. Not only Qin Wentian, everyone standing on the arena platform coughed out fresh blood from the impact.

The disparity between their strength and his were too great—they were not of the same level.

“How dare you steal our Divine Stele,” the golden-robed man coldly stated. With a grabbing motion, an immense palm-type Astral Nova manifested and directly grabbed at the Divine Stele.

The Divine Stele burst forth with a resplendent light, inexorably blinding, as it suddenly disappeared from its original location, then appearing before the golden-robed man. A sword beam descended from the Heavens, radiant in its magnificent splendor, as it lacerated the void, containing a power of annihilation so mighty that everyone on the scene felt their hearts trembling with fear.

“Aren’t those the Stellar Transposition and Heavenly Swordplay arts?”

Thunderstruck expressions appeared on the faces of the spectators. The Divine Stele was actually able to execute the nine ultimate arts solely by itself?

A drop of blood appeared on the Divine Stele, right before it began to weep blood as a heaven-reaching might of destruction emanated forth from it.

The golden-robed man’s expression stiffened as an incomparably sharp light flickered in his eyes, “The ancient will from a few thousand years ago was not diminished in the slightest, is it still thinking of overturning the heavens?”

After speaking, the golden-robed man blasted forth with a palm

strike. A great solar divinity seemed to emerge forth from that casual palm, the embers emitted a scorching temperature that evaporated everything around it.

“Sizzle...” The sword beam lacerated the void, breaking the manifested palm apart, as the golden-robed man rapidly retreated with explosive speed. The Divine Stele emitted a shrill echo as blood-colored palm imprints zoomed forth in all eight directions with incredible speed. Those from the golden-robed man’s faction drastically changed in countenance, as all of them immediately retreated backwards.

Not all were fast enough to evade that attack, and the droplets of blood from the blood-colored palm imprint sprinkled on the bodies of some. For the unfortunate ones, each droplet immediately burrowed into their bodies, corroding at a speed visible to the naked eye. Two breaths of time later, only their bones remained—they were deader than dead—causing the hearts of the others to palpitate with fear.

“One of the nine ultimate arts of Ancient Grand Xia—Bloodcurse Imprint.”

“What a powerful ancient will, the Divine Stele hasn’t weakened at all after all these years?”

The hearts and minds of the spectators trembled violently, but the people from the golden-robed man’s faction weren’t going to be so easily defeated. Terrifying divine weapons appeared in their hands, and an ancient stele of their own suddenly appeared in the air. Countless runic words could be seen projected from the

ancient stele, shimmering in the air, as a terrifying sealing energy enveloped the entire space, attempting to seal the Divine Stele with its power.

The Divine Stele frenziedly began to struggle. A slash of inexorable might descended down from the Heavens—Thundergod's Slash—directly cleaving one of the opposing enemies into two before it executed Stellar Transposition, fleeing from the gap it created.

The golden-robed man roared in wrath as a gigantic sword appeared in his hands, with radiant starlight revolving around its edge.

“Bzzz!” The gigantic sword flew up in the skies and flew to block the Divine Stele which was rushing towards the gap. With no way to break through it, the Divine Stele engaged in a violent and intense struggle with the gigantic sword of that gold-robed man.

“Seize him—I want him alive.”

The golden-robed man commanded coldly, his gaze directed on the rankers standing upon the arena platform.

Old Man Tianji frowned while the experts from the Great Solar Chen Clan stepped forwards.

“He's obtained the position of first ranker, so wouldn't it seem a little inappropriate for you all to make a move now?” Old Man

Tianji slowly spoke, clearly wanting to stop this.

“Senior, you are too polite. Although this brat obtained the position of first ranker, his character is atrocious. He’s actually stolen the stele belonging to my Great Solar Chen Clan. I’m going to seize him for interrogation.” An expert from the Chen Clan spoke as he glanced at the surroundings, “What do you guys think?”

“The stele from my Hua Clan was stolen as well. I agree to the interrogation.” A person from the Hua Clan coldly spoke, taking a step forward to indicate his stance on the matter.

“After the issue has been resolved, I can return the stele to your respective clans,” Qin Wentian stated, his countenance ice-cold.

“Since you’d decided to be a thief, you have already gone past the point of no return. With your personality, you’ll definitely bring great trouble to Grand Xia in the future. Best to eliminate you right now.” A frigid voice echoed out, the person who spoke was from the Wang Clan of the War continent.

The various transcendent powers all stated their stance. Qin Wentian’s talent was too outstanding and in their hearts, they were all extremely unhappy with him—he had already offended many transcendent powers prior to this. Even if the golden-robed man wasn’t around, they would still try to do something in the shadows to deal with Qin Wentian. Now that there was this ready-made excuse, how could they still allow Qin Wentian to safely exit the ancient kingdom, fully ablaze with glory from being in the top ranked position on the Heavenly Fate Rankings?

Leaving aside Qin Wentian, Mu Feng, Qin Zheng and the rest were all people with rankings nearing the top. In the future, it was a certainty that they'd all become extremely fearful opponents. If they landed in the hands of the golden-robed man today,, their souls would be thoroughly searched, causing them to be turned into idiots before being finished off.

“What an eye opener this is, and truly showcases the majestic transcendent powers of Grand Xia. I can practically see the dark mark of jealousy all over your faces. So, tell me, does this mean all the younger generations in your respective clans are nothing but trash?” Ouyang Kuangsheng coldly laughed—the fact that Qin Wentian had stolen their steles was nothing but an excuse for them to act.

“It seems like the ancient will is slowly weakening,” Yun Mengyi added in a low voice as she gazed at the Divine Stele.

In this current era, the imposing and majestic Divine Stele of Ancient Grand Xia had actually been held captive in the hands of a few mere Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns.

Qin Wentian's eyes flickered as he stated, “All of you leave first.”

This matter arose because of him, and all these enemies were here solely because they wanted to target him.

“Fool. Since we are already standing here with you, it already means that we have no intention of leaving,” Ouyang Kuangsheng

replied. Ouyang Kuangsheng stared at the transcendent powers, before shifting his gaze onto his own Ouyang Aristocrat Clan.

“Kuangsheng, come back here!” Ouyang Kuangsheng’s uncle shouted, only to be met with a shake of Ouyang Kuangsheng’s head. Helpless, his uncle could only call out to the other transcendent powers, “Please pardon my nephew and try not to injure him.”

“My disciple is there as well.” Over in the direction of the Mystic Moon Palace, Bai Qing’s master quietly spoke as well.

At this moment, those who wanted to deal with Qin Wentian were the seven grand clans. They couldn’t stop them and they had no reason to stand against the seven grand clans for matters of the junior generations. It was too illogical.

“Bailu Yi, leave.” Qin Wentian didn’t want to implicate the others, and glanced towards Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi. Bailu Yi adamantly shook her head, she would not leave here unless Qin Wentian did the same.

“Hu...”

Qin Wentian was extremely moved. And when he shifted his gaze back onto the approaching figure, his eyes flashed with a cold and terrifying light.

“If I leave, the rest of you must immediately leave, too.”

Qin Wentian spoke to his friends. After which, he took a step forward as his eyes glimmered with a demonic light.

Directly facing the crowd, Qin Wentian had a cold grin on his face as he started to mumble an incantation. Instantly, as this low sounding rumble from his voice resonated in the air, a surge of ever-increasing torrential energy descended right from the heavens.

“Rumble...” The space within the area began to tremble, as demonic qi madly gushed forth in astronomical amounts. The qi gave rise to a demonic wind that contained an immense aura of destructive might within.

“With the chant of demonic divinities, the ancient will stretches across the skies...”

A terrible light flashed past Qin Wentian’s eyes. His head was inclined, staring at the dome of heavens as demonic qi gathered around him from all eight directions. The demonic wind gusted with increasing strength, striking fear in the hearts of people. What energy was this?

“What’s going on?” On the platform, Ouyang Kuangsheng’s long robes were fluttering about, he found himself unable to keep his eyes open in the face of that terrifying demonic gale. Expressions of shock appeared on all their faces—what kind of power was Qin Wentian using?



A long bird screech filled the air as Heaven and Earth trembled. The immense silhouette of the Vermilion Bird of the Vermilion Bird Formation appeared again, its illusory form interposing with that of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird as the entire space turned into a Purgatory world.

“This...”

The crowd stared at the immense body of the Purgatory Bird hovering above them, cloaked in perpetual flames. The pressure it emitted caused the entire location to violently tremble, and even the surrounding earth began to crumble from its might.

“Do it.”

Those approaching Qin Wentian transformed into beams of light and dashed towards him, only to hear a terrible screech thundering out from the Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

Peng! Its wings created a powerful gust of wind that slammed right into Qin Wentian, disrupting his chant.

He inclined his head and stared at the Purgatory Vermilion Bird with his eyes red, “I can transform into a demon divinity, why are you stopping me?”

“But, you are unwilling to...”

A voice rang out in Qin Wentian’s heart. At this moment, he

involuntarily trembled—he could actually hear the thoughts of his Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

Qin Wentian saw unshed tears in the eyes of the Vermilion Bird, filled with a deep sadness. It was no longer just a being in spirit form—it had a life now.

A terrifying palm strike slammed forth towards Qin Wentian, only to see the Purgatory Vermilion Bird separating itself from the illusory manifestation of the Vermilion Bird Formation, then swoop down to place itself before Qin Wentian in an attempt to absorb the blow from him. With a thunderous sound, its body was blasted backwards, causing it to spit out blood. Yet, the perpetual flames around it grew even stronger, as the illusory manifestation of that immense Vermilion Bird grew significantly larger.

“Courting death.” The expert from the Great Solar Chen Clan coldly spat, as he slammed another palm strike downwards.

A wail of anger echoed from the Purgatory Vermilion Bird, it rushed out to block the strike again. RUMBLEEE, its body seemed about to break apart yet its eyes remained clear of terror.

With a sad-sounding screech, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird turned back and looked deeply at Qin Wentian, its gaze filled with an incomparable longing, as well as sadness.

A bright light flashed, as the bird transformed into a ray of light shooting straight up to the heavens, once again merging itself with the illusory silhouette of the immense Vermilion Bird. But this

time around, boundless light shone from its body, as it exploded forth into shimmering astral motes that covered the entire skies, giving birth to a Purgatory Constellation. The dark flames rained down madly, and the entire world transformed into darkness.

“What’s going on?”

At that moment when the crowd inclined their heads and gazed upwards, they could only see the Purgatory Constellation forming a pair of eyes and opening them. The entire region trembled, transforming back into a formation world once again.

“Purgatory!” Qin Wentian’s heart was assailed with pain when he stared at the constellation birthed by the distant silhouette of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird.

He had never once treated the Purgatory Vermilion Bird as a tool, but rather, a true companion. Those eyes filled with deep longing casted one last glance, drawing a scar on his heart.

Because it knew that he wasn’t truly willing to become a demon, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird had chosen to sacrifice itself.

At this moment, the immense body of the Purgatory Vermilion Bird flew over, and fixed its gaze onto the expert from the Chen Clan. Great balls of dark flame hurled towards the expert, and the Chen Clan expert’s silhouette flickered, in an attempt to escape. But in a mere few breaths of time, he was surrounded by a sea of flame that transformed into Purgatory Lotuses, wanting to burn him to death despite his resistance to fire.

A bloodcurdling scream rang out, that powerful Heavenly Dipper Sovereign from the Great Solar Chen Clan was instantly incinerated into ashes.

# AGM 395 - Facing Danger Head-On

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Qin Wentian stared at his Purgatory Vermilion Bird before shifting his gaze onto the constellation it summoned. This was an indication of a powerhouse at the Celestial Phenomenon level.

The constellation was like a magical enchantment, turning this place into hell on earth—a true purgatory.

“Are you still there?!”

Qin Wentian’s silhouette soared up into the skies with explosive speed, towards the illusory silhouette of the true spirit of the Vermilion Bird Formation that his Purgatory Vermilion Bird had merged with. Forcibly withstanding the pressure, he wiped the traces of blood away from his mouth as he continued flying upwards. Around him, miserable cries filled with pain and agony resounded, many of the crowd had perished in this hellish Purgatory.

Each of the still surviving spectators all had unmasked terror on their faces, they would never have expected such a thing to happen, not even in their wildest dreams. Under that Purgatory Constellation, the legs of several grew weak as they collapsed to the ground from the gut-wrenching fear—they didn’t even have the energy to run away anymore. With but a single thought, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird would be able to slay them effortlessly.

“Wentian gege!” Bai Qing shouted in panic when she saw Qin Wentian flying up to the skies. That baleful aura the immense

Vermilion Bird was exuding gave her pause—was the Purgatory Vermilion Bird still inside there somewhere after the merge?

Qin Wentian finally stood next to the face of the Vermilion Bird. Right now, if the true spirit of the Vermilion Bird formation willed it, he would definitely die.

Qin Wentian stretched out his hand. The true spirit of the Vermilion Bird Formation stared back at him, with no warmth in its eyes, causing the hearts of everyone that stood on the arena platform to pound with nervousness, perspiration drenching their back in a cold sweat.

“I don’t believe that you would vanish just like that.” Qin Wentian stared into the eyes of the Vermilion Bird as his hands gently caressed its face.

“BZZZ!” A massive wind kicked up, as meteors of purgatory flames descended with increasing speed from the Heavens. Violence flashed in the eyes of the Vermilion Bird as it glared at Qin Wentian.

“Wentian, COME BACK!” Fan Le and the rest screamed in worry. This fellow was too impulsive.

It was as though Qin Wentian couldn’t hear their calls. He continued looking into the eye of the Vermilion Bird until a hint of warmth and gentleness emerged from within. After which, it let out a soft coo as it lowered its immense head softly against Qin Wentian’s palm, allowing him to caress it as he wished.

Upon seeing this scene, only then did those on the arena platform relax. Qin Wentian was really too impetuous; he had no definite odds of success, yet he went ahead and gambled anyway.

“I know you are still inside there somewhere. Although you fused and became a formation’s spirit, I will definitely think of a way to bring you back,” Qin Wentian gently stated, hating himself immensely. If only he were strong enough, he wouldn’t have had to depend on the Purgatory Vermilion Bird’s strength to get out of this danger.

The spirit of the Vermilion Bird Formation issued a screech as it gazed at the cultivators that were trapped in this world. Qin Wentian similarly mirrored its actions[a][b][c], before stating in a cold and emotionless voice, “As for those who made a move against us earlier, kill them all.”

“Qin Wentian, you dare?”

A voice clad in heavy killing intent gushed out.

“If you kill us here, be it soaring up to the skies of Grand Xia, or tunnelling deep into its earth, DO YOU THINK YOU CAN STILL SURVIVE?”

His threatening intent was clearly heard, but as the sound of his voice faded, the Purgatory Constellation shone brightly, and in a single instant, that person let out a terrible scream as he vanished within a sea of purgatory flames.

Qin Wentian turned and gazed at the other figures, his eyes thick with killing intent.

“Regardless of whether I can survive, at the very least, all of you, **MUST DIE.**” Qin Wentian voice radiated with cold fury, these people were the ones that wanted to kill him first, not allowing him to walk out of the ancient kingdom alive. Since they were being so merciless in their decisiveness he would return the favor in kind by killing them to break the grudges formed.

These experts had all tried to escape, yet they simply weren’t fast enough. Those experts who’d made a move earlier, those from the Chen Clan, Hua Clan, and Wang Clan, had all died the most miserable deaths. The number of people trying to escape continued on, amidst a sea of death.

The countenance of the middle-aged man grew incredibly ugly to behold—the purgatory flames relentlessly rained down, and even his faction had more than a few who died. At this moment, he unfurled an ancient scroll, containing the power of the concept of space within—it was his life-saving treasure.

With a flick of his hands, the ancient scroll emitted a terrifying light as the power of space enveloped him and his faction within. As the purgatory flame rained down, that ancient scroll trembled intensely before breaking apart, but the silhouettes that it enveloped had all already disappeared.

Such a treasure could only be used once.



Several experts from the transcendent powers were all frenziedly trying to escape. Those spectators who stayed behind dared not remain any longer, as they joined the experts in their escape.

The whole space had already transformed into Purgatory on Earth, easily causing several powerful experts to fall.

At this moment, just when a figure was attempting to escape, Qin Wentian's gaze immediately shot towards that person as he stated in a cold voice, "Di Feng, stay behind."

The face that turned to look back at him, wasn't that of the old Emperor Azure. It was the pale face of a young man, with an extremely ordinary appearance, looking totally inconspicuous.

That person gazed at Qin Wentian, "Sir, are you talking to me?"

"If you had directly left instead, maybe I wouldn't have blocked you. But because you feared that I would kill you, you actually resorted to changing your entire appearance within the chaos. In that case, you will have to die here today." Qin Wentian's gaze sharpened, as the purgatory flames rained down with greater intensity. Di Feng took advantage of the earlier chaos earlier to change his appearance and tried to sneak away. If it weren't for Qin Wentian's monstrous perception, he would never have noticed him.

Di Feng had ruined himself with his own cleverness.

“It seems that you’ve mastered the art of disguise. If that’s the case, there are no doubts he’s the person who impersonated me and interacted with Mu Feng and his family back then.” Qin Wentian’s voice was ice-cold, as an intense murderous urge could be seen flashing past his eyes. Di Feng wanted to act ignorant? Too bad, it wouldn’t work in front of him.

“What did you say?” Nearby, Mu Feng stared at Di Feng, his eyes erupting with a frigidness so cold that those near him could feel the deathly chill.

“I’ve only met you once, yet you wanted me to die so much you would devise such a method to kill me using Mu Feng’s hands?” Qin Wentian stepped out as his aura soared upwards, and a terrifying pressure enveloped Di Feng.

Di Feng’s countenance turned ashen, and he knew that his plot had been seen through. With his skills in the illusion-arts, it was a simple thing to mask his true features.

“We may have this grudge between us, but after today’s performance I’m more than totally convinced of your abilities. I will submit completely, and will aid you in accomplishing great things in the name of the Azure Emperor,” Di Feng replied, in a manner neither servile nor overbearing. This person was extremely intelligent, able to sense the flow of matters.

Yet, the killing intent in Qin Wentian’s eyes didn’t lessen. He replied detachedly, “You are not worthy.”

Di Feng's countenance turned incredibly ugly, "If you kill me, you will definitely form an enmity with the Di Clan."

"No matter, I shall clean the Di Clan of trash." The expression on Qin Wentian's face was as sharp as ever, his words causing Di Feng's countenance to turn grim. To the side, Mu Feng walked up, step by step, as poison qi dangerously gushed out of his body.

Di Feng retreated, staring at Mu Feng, "I have no idea what's going on. And if I wanted to kill Qin Wentian, I would have done it myself and not through the hands of others."

Even at this moment, Di Feng refused to admit the truth.

A raging wind kicked up, Qin Wentian's silhouette vanished from its original spot and instantly appeared before Di Feng. With a striking speed akin to lightning, he blasted out with a dragon imprint. Di Feng hurriedly raised his palms in defense, but as an explosive sound thundered out, he was directly flung through the air.

With no lapse in his movements, Qin Wentian appeared before Di Feng once more as countless ancient bells slammed into Di Feng's body. Di Feng's heart pounded rapidly, feeling as though it would explode at any moment as fresh blood sprayed out from his mouth. He had no way to withstand Qin Wentian's attacks.

Mu Feng's poison palms descended as well, slamming into Di Feng's chest. An instant later, a surge of terrifying poison instantly

gushed into Di Feng's body, causing his entire face to turn black. Since he was already dying, Di Feng finally revealed his real face, which was harshly painted with malevolence.

"Your sister tasted excellent." Di Feng stared at Mu Feng as he laughed evilly. Mu Feng paled, then sliced one of his fingers, allowing the black-colored blood within to drip onto Di Feng's body. A moment later, Di Feng's body was drying out, as the reservoir of blood within his body slowly turned black.

"ARGHHHH!" A horrifying, gut-wrenching scream rang out. Di Feng's body was contorted by his convulsions, yet the hatred in his eyes never lessened. He never would have thought his cleverness would be the cause of his own downfall. If he hadn't changed his appearance before sneaking away, Qin Wentian wouldn't have noticed him.

The terrible screams rang out without cease, and ultimately, Di Feng turned into a dry husk that shattered into dust with a single touch. He had died an extremely pitiful death.

Mu Feng's eyes were completely red as he stared at the spot where Di Feng was once at. Seeing an interspatial ring in that pile of dust, Qin Wentian made a grabbing motion, causing Di Feng's ring to fly into his hands.

Di Feng had been a successor of the Di Clan, and Qin Wentian wondered if there would be any items in Di Feng's interspatial ring which he could use.

Mu Feng turned his head back to gaze at Qin Wentian. “I’ve misunderstood you in the past and today you’ve helped me once again by helping me to unmask my enemy. From today onwards I will follow you up till the point where the transcendent powers of Grand Xia will no longer be a threat to you.”

Qin Wentian had a strange glow in his eyes as he looked at Mu Feng, “You don’t need to do this.”

“I know that my current strength is useless when facing against those transcendent powers. But in the future, you will surely find a use for me,” Mu Feng calmly spoke, before turning and walking back in the direction of the arena platform.

Although his personality had undergone a huge change, becoming extremely uncommunicative, he was still filled with great confidence regarding his own future.

And because of the promise he’d made today, in future, the new Poison Monarch Mu Feng would become the character by Qin Wentian’s side that his enemies would fear the most.

Qin Wentian turned back as he stared at Mu Feng, yet he didn’t say anything. The things he’d done today were for himself, and had nothing to do with Mu Feng. But since Mu Feng was so adamant, there was nothing he could say that would influence Mu Feng’s decision.

At this moment in that vast space, not many remained. Those who died, died. Those who escaped, had already escaped. A

terrifying energy frenziedly circulated around towards the direction of the ancient kingdom. From this moment onwards, the ancient kingdom became a forbidden location.

Qin Wentian returned back to the platform and stared at his friends with a bitter smile on his face. “I’m afraid I have no idea how we’re going to leave here safely today.”

Although the Vermilion Bird Formation had slain many that day, this place was still the Ginkou continent and other experts from the transcendent powers would definitely arrive here to surround them before they could make a move.

Stretching out his arms, a violent wind gusted by as the Divine Stele flew into his hands. Qin Wentian then extended his will and immersed it into the Divine Stele. An instant later, his perception touched upon the cultivation arts and innate techniques recorded within.

The nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia!

Qin Wentian opened his eyes and gazed at his comrades, smiling as he stated, “Everyone come here and choose the ultimate art most suitable for yourself to cultivate.”

The countenances of everyone stiffened, when suddenly Ouyang Kuangsheng began to laugh loudly. “Seems like being trapped here has its own advantage. Why be sad when we can cultivate Grand Xia’s ultimate arts? We might as well stay here for a year or two and master them all.”

Qin Wentian smiled bitterly, giving a helpless shrug. He turned his gaze onto the Heavens while wondering in his heart: obtaining first place, was this a blessing or a curse?

But what's past was past, he'd fight only for the present.

Even if the entire Grand Xia ended up as his enemy, he would still do what it took to achieve his goal—to create a world that belonged solely to him.

# AGM 396 - Beginning Of Chaos In Grand Xia

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The nine ultimate arts of Grand Xia are:

Great Solar Universe Art, Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, Heavenly Swordplay, Golden Dragon Battle Art, Stellar Transposition, Formless Heart Sutra, Seal of Life and Death, Bloodcurse Imprint and Thunder God's Slash.

Among these nine arts, Stellar Transposition and Formless Heart Sutra belonged to the category whereby it was possible for anyone to learn them.

As for the other seven remaining ultimate arts, the Great Solar Universe Art was most suitable for cultivation by those with an affinity to fire.

For the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil, Bai Qing was already cultivating it. This cultivation art was an exceedingly tyrannical one, so dangerous that any misstep may lead to death. One must not cultivate this art lightly.

For the Heavenly Swordplay, anyone proficient with swords could cultivate in this.

The Golden Dragon Battle Art was suitable for people with an affinity for metal-type elements.

The Seal of Life and Death was yet another extremely tyrannical



art that had incredibly high requirements before users could cultivate in it. This art required the user to have a basic understanding of the power of life and the power of death.

The Bloodcurse Imprint was similar to the Seal of Life and Death, both with extensive conditions to learn, as well as the style of attack being in the form of seals. Of those present, only Mu Feng met the criteria for cultivating this.

The Thunder God's Slash contained the mightiest force when it came to single attack power, but one major drawback was the required consumption rate of astral energy. The art converts the user's force into the might of thunderbolts, before further refining it into a sabre's slash, shattering everything that dared stand before it.

"The Divine Stele is a miraculous object. Tell the others to walk up to it, and the respective ultimate art will light up in response to their presence," Yun Mengyi explained.

"The Divine Stele is able to inspect one's heart?" Qin Wentian mused.

Yun Mengyi's understanding of the Divine Stele seemed to be extremely thorough. Qin Wentian glanced at her, before walking up as the first person to approach the completely reformed Divine Stele.

Astral light revolved around the Divine Stele before enveloping Qin Wentian within.

Qin Wentian felt himself appearing in the void. With a groan, he felt a massive pressure pressing against him, not only on his body, but on his spirit, will, consciousness and his heart as well. This felt like an attack, and also a test. Death was a probable outcome should he fail to pass it.

“Bzzz!” Abruptly, a terrifying heat descended on Qin Wentian’s body. In the endless void, his body was bathed in flames, somewhat resembling Chen Wang, with an appearance akin to a Flame Divinity War God. The terrible flames burned intensely, yet Qin Wentian was as calm as ever—he knew that these flames wouldn’t hurt him.

The next instant, tyrannical devil-might gushed right into his body. Thunder snaked down from the skies, as the devil-might suppressed everything. A devilish sabre coalesced from the devil-might and slashed horizontally to aim right at him. Qin Wentian felt as though his body was about to explode—this devil-might was extremely tyrannical, and he had no way to withstand it. His eyes flashed with devilish intent and he appeared close to descending into madness at any given moment, about to begin a slaughtering frenzy.

“Is this the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil?” Qin Wentian involuntarily trembled when he thought of Bai Qing. This was the precise art cultivated by that lass—how much difficulty and how much torment had she undergone exactly to reach her current level?

Different kinds of energy devastated Qin Wentian’s body, who

endured through it all and at long last, nine shimmering walls of text and images appeared before him. Each contained an overwhelming power, with all being imprinted into his mind.

Finally, he was ejected from the endless void. Qin Wentian drew in a deep breath, his entire body was already drenched in sweat. Yun Mengyi gazed at him as she asked, “How many ultimate arts did you witness when you were in the endless void?”

“Nine,” Qin Wentian replied.

Yun Mengyi’s countenance faltered as she spoke, “With your connection with the Divine Stele, you would naturally be able to sense all nine arts. I’m asking you, how many of the ultimate arts did you actually witness appearing before your own eyes when you were in the endless void?”

“Nine,” Qin Wentian replied. “Is there a problem?”

“Monster—” Yun Mengyi gasped out after being stunned for a moment. “Do you know what this means? It means that you are qualified to cultivate all nine of Grand Xia’s ultimate arts. But of course, this assessment is a result of your talent. Not all the nine arts might necessarily be suitable for you. For example, since you don’t cultivate the energy of life and death, the Seal of Life and Death wouldn’t be appropriate for you. The Divine Stele didn’t reject you because it judged you as a candidate worthy of cultivating the Seal of Life and Death, that is, once you managed to comprehend and gain energy from the concept of Life and Death.”

Qin Wentian contemplated for a moment before nodding. He understood what Yun Mengyi was trying to say. He then turned to the others. “All of you can go try this out, and see which of the nine arts are suitable for you.”

“Let me try first.” Fan Le waddled up, facing the Divine Stele. Similar to Qin Wentian, his consciousness was brought to the empty void by the Divine Stele.

A few moments later, Fan Le opened his eyes, which gleamed with excitement. “I will cultivate the Great Solar Universe Art and Stellar Transposition. These two are more suitable for me.”

“Your flames don’t appear to be any weaker compared to Chen Wang, and in addition to the power of your Empyrean Flames bloodline, your accomplishments in the future will surely surpass his own.” Qin Wentian nodded.

Chu Mang stepped forward. There were plenty of ultimate arts suitable for him, but he chose to start with cultivating the Golden Dragon Battle Art, Stellar Transposition and Thunder God’s Slash.

Stellar Transposition could be cultivated by everyone, and no one would mind spending a little time to learn it, as it may determine the difference between victory and defeat. The power of this art depended on one’s talent as well as one’s proficiency with it.

Ouyang Kuangsheng’s choice was similar to Chu Mang; Stellar Transposition and Thunder God’s Slash. He had an affinity with the lightning element, hence he was one of the most suitable to

cultivate the Thunder God's Slash.

Yun Mengyi did not make it known what her choices were.

As for Mu Feng, he chose Stellar Transposition and the Bloodcurse Imprint. Among everyone here, he was the only one truly qualified to cultivate this tyrannical Bloodcurse Imprint Art—he excelled in both the Mandate of Blood as well as the Mandate of Poison.

Everyone made their choices, even Mustang and Luo Huan. Qin Wentian had allowed them to try and see if there were any arts suitable for them. Although Mustang's talent was limited, at the very least he could still be several degrees stronger compared to now.

After everything was concluded, Qin Wentian inclined his head and stared up at the skies. He then stepped forwards and walk to the side of the true spirit of the Vermilion Bird Formation, gently gazing at it.

“Will Purgatory be able to return?” Qin Wentian felt an extreme sadness in his heart. He truly missed the Vermilion Bird, the companion that chose to sacrifice itself for him. It had already become a real life form but in order to summon the Vermilion Bird Formation again, it sacrificed itself and fused together with the true spirit of the formation world.

“It won't be able to. The Purgatory Vermilion Bird was originally born because of the true spirit of the Vermilion Bird Formation.

Now that the entire ancient kingdom has turned into the new Vermilion Bird Formation, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird had to fuse its essence with the true spirit in order to enhance its powers. For your sake, it chose to protect this place and it is fortunate that the transcendent powers are no longer at the peak of their strength. They're no longer able to compare to the ancient nine grand clans, so even if the current Chen Clan were to amass experts to storm this place, they wouldn't be able to break the formation apart."

Yun Mengyi explained as pain flashed past Qin Wentian's eyes. Could the Purgatory Vermilion Bird that transformed into this new true spirit, forever be unable to come back?

It would stay here acting as the guardian forever, protecting the ancient kingdom, protecting Qin Wentian.

At this moment the true spirit issued a terrifying screech as purgatory flames rained down on the other unfortunate members of the transcendent powers with greater intensity. Emotion flashed past its eyes—despite being part of the true spirit, the Purgatory Vermilion Bird could control the formation to some extent, and it could also sense Qin Wentian's deep emotions for it.

This made Qin Wentian feel even more guilt, as though it had let down his companion.

"Currently, we should all be trapped here, right?" Qin Wentian asked Yun Mengyi.

“I guess so. Look at how many transcendent powers you managed to offend.” Yun Mengyi nodded.

“Even if I hadn’t offended them, they wouldn’t let me go anyway. If I want to live, they must die,” Qin Wentian calmly spoke.

Several interspatial rings were left behind when the experts from the various powers were burned to death by the Purgatory flames.

Now that Qin Wentian and the rest had learned the ultimate arts, even if the interspatial rings of the experts had nothing good inside them, there would definitely be Yuan Meteor Stones packed within.

Not to mention that now, most of them were preparing their breakthroughs to the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

Qin Wentian’s mentality was now even more ruthless and decisive compared to before. Right now, he had only one thought in his mind—to break through to Heavenly Dipper.

Only with sufficient power, would one have the capital.

And as expected there were large quantities of Yuan Meteor Stones stashed within the interspatial rings of these experts. Qin Wentian immediately distributed the stones to his companions as they started cultivating within the protection offered by the Vermilion Bird Formation.

The transcendent powers continued sending more backup, and now outside the formation, numerous people could be seen circling around with indescribable emotion roiling in their hearts.

Qin Wentian obtained the position of the first ranker in the Heavenly Fate Rankings, yet the majority of the transcendent powers wanted to kill him. Not only that, his Vermilion Bird actually summoned the terrifying true spirit and fused with it, destroying countless members that belonged to them.

Only now did they understand why the Purgatory Vermilion Bird kept feasting on the ancient luck of others even after the legacy had been found—to gather enough soul power to summon the true spirit of the formation. They couldn't believe it, had this all been pre-planned by Qin Wentian?

Old Man Tianji hovered in the skies outside the formation, inwardly sighing as he watched on impassively. Because he chose not to make a move against Qin Wentian earlier, the formation didn't target him and allowed him to leave without issues.

The Divine Stele reappears in Grand Xia, and the ancient Vermilion Bird Formation protects the ancient kingdom. Those rankers that still remained within the formation would be the harbingers of change to Grand Xia.

“I truly hope for such a day.” Old Man Tianji sighed in his heart, before turning and slowly departing the area.

The number of experts steadily increased, sent by the various



powers that formed a grudge with Qin Wentian. They encircled the formation, leaving no gaps between them as they waited for Qin Wentian to exit.

Of all the clans, the Chen Clan suffered the heaviest losses. A total of seven to eight Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns were slain when they protected Chen Wang, escorting him out of the formation. Now, the other experts of the Chen Clan were eyeing the formation with intense killing intent flickering in their eyes.

Initially they thought that with so many experts around from so many powers, squashing Qin Wentian to death would be as easy as squashing an ant to death. Regardless of how much potential he had, a genius that died before maturity, wasn't a genius.

Yet no one would have predicted the course of events that had taken place.

Those from the Ouyang Aristocrat Clan and Mystic Moon Sect gazed at Ouyang Kuangsheng and Bai Qing in the formation world, together with Qin Wentian. They didn't know whether this was a blessing or a curse.

Those from the Nine Mystical Palace were also depressed. They mobilized several Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns this time around for the sake of capturing Qin Wentian. They initially thought that once Qin Wentian appeared, there was no way he would be able to escape. But they clearly underestimated Qin Wentian's knack for stirring up trouble. Even if they wanted their turn at Qin Wentian, they would still have to queue behind the other transcendent powers.

And right now, because of Qin Wentian, the situation in the entire Grand Xia had become chaotic, very chaotic.

The awkward peace that lasted for several thousands of years, was broken today!

In the blink of an eye, three months passed. In these three months, news of what happened, circulated around the entirety of Grand Xia. Qin Wentian's name resounded throughout the world, instantly becoming so famous to the extent that there was no one in this world that didn't know of him.

But now, his current state of safety was unclear. He was trapped within the formation and would be killed the moment he stepped out of it. During these three months, the experts sent by the transcendent powers spent their time in utter boredom—not a single person was seen to have exited the formation world, and it was obvious to all that Qin Wentian and his friends were only biding their time. But how much longer could they keep turtling within? And if they did come out, would they even be strong enough to prevail against the combined might hammered down by this many transcendent powers?!

# AGM 397 - Qin Wentian's Ambitions

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To Qin Wentian, this period of three months was like taking a good, long nap.

In the ranking battle, he broke through to the ninth level of Yuanfu and following the repeated battles, his foundation at the ninth level grew increasingly stable.

And now, another three months passed. The three Yuanfu receptacles in Qin Wentian's body were brimming with astral energy, to the extent of almost overflowing.

Qin Wentian laid down on the arena platform, sleeping quietly. Above him, the light emitted from the true spirit of the formation world cascaded down onto his body.

In the middle of the air, Little Rascal was there as well. Its body shone with golden light as its mouth moved unceasingly as though chewing on something. It appeared to be devouring the star light. After it had eaten its fill, it returned back to the platform, lying beside Qin Wentian, peacefully accompanying him in sleep.

The ancient kingdom was vast, and although the surroundings were still burning from the purgatory flames, there were still places where the people inside could take a break. Other than Qin Wentian, his other companions were in the middle of cultivating as well.

By everyone's perspective, the ninth level of Yuanfu was merely

the starting point.

At this moment, Qin Wentian finally moved. He lazily stretched his body and opened his eyes, warm emotion flashing within as he stared at the true spirit of the Vermilion Bird Formation.

“Little Rascal.” Hearing Qin Wentian’s voice, Little Rascal stood up and dashed into his arms. Qin Wentian embraced it and stroked its fur while laughing, “You are not allowed to leave me ever, got it?”

“Yi yaya!” Little Rascal unceasingly bobbed its head, causing a gentle smile to appear on Qin Wentian’s face. As he sat up, Qin Wentian contemplated the state of his body—he had totally recovered and was in tip-top condition. Sleeping for three months had done him good indeed.

“Wentian gege, you’ve awakened!”

A melodious voice drifted over, Qin Wentian turned his gaze towards the voice as a lovely figure strode over.

“Silly girl, how’s your cultivation progress?” Qin Wentian asked.

“Not bad at all, my Mandate of Sabre has already advanced to the second level, and I’m currently preparing to nurture my Astral Nova. I’m close to, barging into the Heavenly Dipper Realm.” Bai Qing sat down beside Qin Wentian. Similar to when she was a young girl, she loved to spend time with Qin Wentian just like this,

leisurely chatting away.

That young girl from back then had been naïve and innocent, with no concept of worry.

“Do you have enough Yuan Meteor Stones?” Qin Wentian enquired. Barging through to Heavenly Dipper wasn’t an easy task, even geniuses would require a long time in preparation, using a large amount of Yuan Meteor Stones to condense their Astral Nova. Not only that, the prerequisites for entering Heavenly Dipper Realm were that one’s Mandate must be at the second level, and for one’s state of heart to evolve as well. A cultivator must not be deficient in either of these conditions should they wish to break through to the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

For the rankers on the Heavenly Fate Rankings, the numerous intense life and death battles they faced had long pushed the state of their hearts, as well as the boundaries of their Mandates to the next level. As long as they reached the peak of the ninth level of Yuanfu, in addition to having sufficient time and resources, it shouldn’t be a problem for them to step into Heavenly Dipper.

This was also one of the reasons why the geniuses of countless generations wanted to participate in the battle for the Heavenly Fate Rankings. Only when fighting against geniuses of similar level would they be able to temper their hearts and their wills, allowing them to stabilize their cultivation realms, and even advance their respective will of Mandates.

After receiving such a baptism, the chance of them successfully breaking through the watershed to Heavenly Dipper, would then

be much greater.

“Yup, I have enough from the spoils we obtained in the interspatial rings of those experts.” Bai Qing laughed, “But should I first condense a single Astral Nova or condense all three in one go?”

“Since all three of your Mandates have already reached the second level, you might as well condense all three Astral Novas at the same time. They will have a direct boost to your combat strength once you crossed into Heavenly Dipper.” Qin Wentian laughed.

“Mhm, I thought the same as well. But the difficulty. and I wonder if the condensed Astral Novas would be powerful or not.” Bai Qing fluttered her lashes as she stared at Qin Wentian. “Wentian gege, when are you preparing to cross over? Your Astral Souls are all so powerful, so your condensed Novas would also be several degrees stronger compared to others.”

“Yes, but the amount of resources needed for me to condense one would also be exceedingly great as well.” Qin Wentian laughed. The stronger one’s Astral Souls were, the more power the condensed Astral Nova would be.

If an Astral Nova condensed from an Astral Soul that originated from the 5th Heavenly Layer were to clash against one that was condensed from the 1st Heavenly Layer, and if both opponents were at the same level, the latter’s Astral Nova might be even shattered after a single clash.

“I have no specific time frame in mind—I will break through when the time is right and will only start my preparations then.” Qin Wentian gazed at the skies. Stepping into Heavenly Dipper requires a long period of preparation. Cultivators were usually able to sense when that ‘moment’ arrived, increasing their chance of success at breaking through to an immeasurable degree.

“Bleh, you have to be faster. Big Bro Chu Mang has already started condensing his Astral Nova.” Bai Qing stuck out her tongue, Qin Wentian could only helplessly shrug as he smiled in response. Chu Mang’s heart should be the most resolute among them and also considering the fact that he had stayed in the ninth level of Yuanfu the longest, it was only logical for him to be the first one to take the step towards Heavenly Dipper.

“I know, and you too, right?” Qin Wentian pinched Bai Qing’s nose, causing her to roll her eyes.

Bai Qing then sighed as she stared at the skies. “Time passes so quickly. I still clearly remember all those years ago, when Wentian gege taught me how to form an innate connection with the constellations in the Heavenly Layers. Now in the blink of an eye, we’ve already started condensing Astral Novas instead. Wentian gege, we have to work hard together!”

She stretched out her little finger as she spoke.

Qin Wentian smiled and made a pinky promise with her. “Okay.”

“I’m going to cultivate now.” Bai Qing stood up, a sweet smile in her eyes as she left. Despite the passage of years, she was still that adorable little girl Qin Wentian remembered.

“For myself, and also for all of you, I cannot slack here,” Qin Wentian murmured in his heart. Right now he wasn’t just one man against the entire world. He had so many companions willing to share the same fate as him.

He, Qin Wentian, couldn’t stagnate here.

“In the entire Heavenly Fate Rankings, I’m the one who possesses the most dazzling Astral Souls. Hence, the Astral Novas I condense will also be the strongest of the lot.” Qin Wentian’s eyes gleamed with sharpness. He then closed his eyes and adopted a cross-legged sitting position. With a gesture, astronomical amounts of Yuan Meteor Stones appeared from the interspatial rings, clustered around him. The astral energy within them formed a radiance that enveloped Qin Wentian, as he began absorbing them madly in his preparation.

If others were to notice him at this moment, they would all be stunned. Why would someone at the peak of Yuanfu require so many Yuan Meteor Stones to condense an Astral Nova? Even the proud chosen from the transcendent powers would lack the qualification to obtain so many Yuan Meteor Stones from their clan resources as well.

Qin Wentian wasn’t interested in condensing ordinary Astral Novas. He wanted to convert the almost endless amounts of astral energy into Divine Energy, which he would then use to condense a



unique Astral Nova that would belong solely to him. The amount of cultivation resources clustered around Qin Wentian was ten times, or even hundreds of times larger when compared to what other cultivators required when condensing an Astral Nova.

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Spring went and autumn came by, time was the most merciless thing in the world. Time would never stop to wait for anyone.

In the blink of an eye, seven months passed after the Heavenly Fate Rankings concluded. The experts from the Chen Clan still surrounded the ancient kingdom. They had tried more than a few times to break through the formation but were unable to succeed. Not only that, a few of those who attempted it ended up heavily injured, to the point of almost losing their lives. After that, no one else tried to breach the formation any more. However, they didn't give up. As long as Qin Wentian wasn't dead, they couldn't feel at ease in their hearts.

This young man that was supposed to fall in the ranking battle had somehow managed to summon the Vermilion Bird Formation and safely hide within it. Even the transcendent powers couldn't do anything to him now.

The discussion of the Heavenly Fate Rankings gradually faded as time passed. But there would still be people occasionally travelling to the ancient kingdom. However, these visitors could only watch from afar, unable approach it. The Chen Clan had stationed a large number of their experts nearby, effectively sealing all available entrances—even a fly wouldn't be able to escape their notice if it

flew in.

They didn't believe Qin Wentian would be able to stay in there forever.

Without any interaction with the outside world, one's cultivation would run into a bottleneck sooner or later. Even if they broke through to Heavenly Dipper, they still had to come out eventually, and when they did, only death awaited them.

Chen Wang had narrowly escaped death, and after a full recovery, he immediately broke through to Heavenly Dipper. Even his shattered arm had been restored. Back then, his clash with Chen Wang had cancelled out most of Qin Wentian's strength, limiting the damage he'd dealt. Hence, Chen Wang's arms hadn't been completely destroyed and still had a chance to be mended

Not only Chen Wang, several of those rankers that survived the ranking battle had also broken through to Heavenly Dipper.

The Heavenly Dipper Realm was the beginning of a whole new frontier. From the moment they broke through, by right, their gazes should no longer be lingering on the Yuanfu Realm. And yet, the knots in their hearts still couldn't be untied...all because of Qin Wentian.

Too many major events had happened through this half year.

For example, in the Moon Continent, although the Star-Seizing

Manor couldn't do or say anything about Yang Fan's death, they could still make things difficult for the White Deer Institute even if they couldn't kill Qin Wentian.

They had personally witnessed how close the Bailu siblings were to Qin Wentian, not to mention that when Qin Wentian was still in the Moon Continent, he had once joined the White Deer Institute.

And the White Deer Institute, which initially had been based in the eastern region, was then forced to leave that area from the pressure.

In other locations in Grand Xia, particularly the Qing Continent, the grudge between the Greencloud Pavilion and Nine Mystical Palace also erupted into an all-out war.

Not only that, the relationship between the other transcendent powers had also perceptibly worsened, with mini-clashes happening now and then

But naturally, Qin Wentian had no inkling of all of this. He continued lying on the arena platform, in a deep sleep, unknowing of the changes affecting the entire world.

"How long has it been?" Ouyang Kuangsheng glanced at the sleeping Qin Wentian as he asked Fan Le.

"Almost three months, look at the sheer amount of Yuan Meteor Stones he's using," Fan Le mumbled in awe. The light from the

Yuan Meteor Stones glowed dimmer with every second, as Qin Wentian's Astral Souls blazed behind him, brighter and brighter with radiance. Clear gushing sounds from within Qin Wentian's Yuanfu could be heard, the intensity of that sound caused their hearts to tremble slightly in amazement.

“I wonder how much longer he'll need to finish his preparations.”

It was a thought uppermost in minds of Qin Wentian's companions. But before long, they too turned and departed the area—witnessing Qin Wentian's progress, they couldn't neglect their own cultivation!

# AGM 398 - Astral Soul Choices

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Cultivation was always something extremely boring. It required endurance, as well as a resolute will. If there was a lack in either of these attributes, it was difficult for one to become a truly powerful expert.

Within the palace of the ancient kingdom, these young cultivators were geniuses not merely on the basis of their talent. They had a resolute heart for their martial path, fueled by their thirst and conviction to grow stronger and stronger.

Among them, Chu Mang became the first to step into Heavenly Dipper.

Today, an incredible sharpness shot up to the Heavens at the location where Chu Mang was cultivating in, and the beam of sharpness was so powerful it was as though it could break straight through the formation world. This commotion naturally didn't go unnoticed and soon after, several silhouettes flashed, appearing in Chu Mang's location.

They saw Chu Mang sitting cross-legged as an intense light radiated from him. A starlight manifestation of a Heaven-Cleaving Axe shimmered in and out of existence.

That gigantic axe eventually flew into Chu Mang's Yuanfu, fusing with his Astral Soul. The light radiating from him grew increasingly brighter, his entire aura was changing, until at last it appeared as though Chu Mang himself was that gigantic axe,

exuding a sharpness so keen that nothing could block it.

Astral Nova—it was a clear indication of someone at the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

The Astral Novas that Stellar Martial Cultivators condensed were the combined embodiment of their cultivation levels, the state of their hearts, and lastly of their Martial Mandates. If one of these factors were lacking, it would be impossible to succeed, but once an Astral Nova was successfully condensed, this meant that the cultivator had stepped into the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

Standing up, Chu Mang slowly opened his eyes. A blinding axe light cleaved outwards in eight directions before shooting upwards, forming into a dome of light that enveloped him entirely. The sharpness he radiated made the onlookers feel as though even they would be split apart just from matching his gaze.

A powerful aura emanated forth from him, the aura of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. Chu Mang had succeeded in breaking through to the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

“The rate of consuming these resources is truly terrifying. Luckily, I only planned to condense two Astral Novas,” Chu Mang murmured before turning to the crowd and smiling at them. His aura and presence had totally changed, but that smile of his still gave off the same vibe as before, one that conveyed a simple honesty, albeit tempered with sharpness now.

There were too many experts that had fallen in the Purgatory

Vermilion Bird Formation and quite a large number of these experts were all Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns. It was all because of them that Qin Wentian and his companions had enough cultivation resources to break through to Heavenly Dipper.

After Chu Mang, it was Ouyang Kuangsheng who would be next to succeed. His Astral Nova took the form of a burning titan, invoking terror at the sight of it.

And then it was finally Qin Wentian's turn.

“Bzzz!” A terrifying aura permeated the air, causing Bailu Yi and Luo Huan to feel a sense of pressure so stifling that they couldn't breathe, even though they stood far away. A manifestation of a gigantic Heavenly Hammer shimmered in and out of existence, as the intense light it exuded enveloped Qin Wentian, fusing together with his Heavenly Hammer Astral Soul.

“RUMBLE!~” The fusion between this manifestation of starlight and his astral soul reached completion, taking on a corporeal form. Countless intricate runic outlines could be seen engraved upon the surface of the Heavenly Hammer, and the pressure it exuded felt as heavy as a mountain. Luo Huan and Bailu Yi exchanged a glance, seeing the shock in each other's eyes.

When Chu Mang and Ouyang Kuangsheng condensed their Astral Novas, they hadn't felt this great a pressure. It seemed that Qin Wentian's Astral Nova was somewhat different to the other two. It felt much more powerful, exuding a light that seemed brighter in comparison.

Qin Wentian's astral energy was then channelled into it, causing the light exuded from the Astral Nova to glow brighter in intensity as it floated in the air. Qin Wentian's eyes abruptly opened as he directly grabbed hold of his Astral Nova. A smile painted his face when he felt the dreadful, explosive waves of energy within it.

“Huh, he hasn't broken through yet?”

Bailu Yi froze, a look of bewilderment on her face. Qin Wentian glanced at her, and with a thought on his part, the gigantic Astral Nova shrunk into a miniature form, before entering into his Heavenly Hammer-aligned Yuanfu. Currently, all his Yuanfu Receptacles had expanded significantly and even the quality of the astral energy droplets stored in his Yuanfu had undergone a qualitative change, making him much more powerful compared to the past.

From Yuanfu to Heavenly Dipper, there was a barrier. This was because one needed to comprehend second level Mandates, one needed to expand their Yuanfu, their astral energy to evolve qualitatively, and finally, to condense an Astral Nova. To the majority of Yuanfu Cultivators, this was an incredibly difficult feat to accomplish. Even if they spent their entire lives attempting it, they might not be able to succeed. However, to Qin Wentian and his various companions, the requirements weren't at all difficult to accomplish.

At this moment, although the energy fluctuations coming from Qin Wentian were greatly formidable, it was still an aura at the Yuanfu Realm. This was why Bailu Yi felt bewildered—she didn't



understand what was going on.

“I’ll wait till I’ve condensed my two other Astral Novas first,” Qin Wentian remarked. The majority of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns only condensed a single Astral Nova during the time they stepped into Heavenly Dipper. Maybe this was a result of their insufficient resources, or perhaps their own comprehension of their other Mandates wasn’t that great. But to Qin Wentian, since he’d met all the conditions, he might as well condense all three Astral Novas before stepping into Heavenly Dipper. This way, his combat prowess would be greatly boosted the moment he broke through.

Qin Wentian couldn’t help but click his tongue when he saw the depleted Yuan Meteor Stones littered around him. Even after obtaining the contents of interspatial ring’s belonging to over ten Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns, he still felt that the resources he needed might still be a little lacking.

“I’ll continue on with my cultivation.” Qin Wentian smiled at Luo Huan, Bailu Yi and the rest. After which, he took out yet another pile of Yuan Meteor Stones and proceeded the condensation of his second Astral Nova. This required a lengthy period of time.

Time flowed by; Bai Qing, Yun Mengyi and Mu Feng all stepped into the Heavenly Dipper Realm. The last person to do so was Fan Le. He had been the slowest to develop his Mandates to the second level and hence needed a longer time to consolidate his foundations. By the time he condensed his first Astral Nova, the others had either already condensed their second, or even third

Astral Novas.

But there was still a person slower than Fan Le—Qin Wentian.

Out of everyone here, the difficulty of him condensing an Astral Nova was the highest. Only after a long time had passed did he finally manage to condense all three of his Astral Novas, all of which rested within each of his Yuanfu.

Right now, the amount of Yuan Meteor Stones on Qin Wentian was almost completely depleted.

Today, roughly around nine months had passed since the conclusion of the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

“Boss, why is your aura still stagnating at the Yuanfu Realm?” Fan Le sought out Qin Wentian, commenting in bewilderment as he felt the latter’s energy fluctuations. This was somewhat abnormal, as Qin Wentian had already finished condensing his Astral Novas, and his foundations were undoubtedly extremely solid. He belonged to the perfect kind of Yuanfu Cultivator that had maxed out their preparation with a total of three Astral Novas, yet why was his body still exuding an aura at the Yuanfu Realm?

“I have no idea either, but there might be a connection to it with the cultivation art I chose to cultivate in.” Qin Wentian had no answer to this question too, and it might be related to the Nine Astariums Cultivation Art he acquired from Emperor Azure. The Heavenly Dipper Realm would allow him to have a total of four Yuanfu—right now, he had only a total of three.

“I see. Anyway, at present only two of my Mandates are at the second level. For my third Mandate, the Mandate of Psyche-force, I still can’t comprehend it deeply enough to level it up, hence I’m unable to condense my third Astral Nova. But leaving that aside, I’m planning to condense my fourth Astral Soul first. Boss, do you have any suggestions?”

Fan Le sighed. In fact the fact that he’d stepped into Heavenly Dipper with two Astral Novas wasn’t too bad. The majority of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns would break through with only a single Astral Nova condensed.

As for those from transcendent powers, their abundant cultivation resources would enable them to condense a total of two to three Astral Novas from the get go. Hence, the gap between ordinary cultivators and themselves could only widen further, right from the start.

For people like Chen Wang, whose Mandates had not only reached the second level, but were already at the Advanced Boundary, as well as taking into consideration the amount of time he spent consolidating his foundations at the ninth level of Yuanfu—geniuses like him could break through without breaking a sweat, as long as there were sufficient resources. This was the difference between talented people and ordinary people.

From another perspective, although Chen Wang was slower than his peers when it came to stepping into the Heavenly Dipper Realm, he suffered no disadvantages whatsoever. He would only lose out in the Yuanfu Realm, but the moment he stepped into

Heavenly Dipper, his power would immediately experience a great boost. If not for this fact, those people wouldn't have wasted their time delaying and suppressing their cultivation bases just for the sake of the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

“Your current three Astral Souls are a flame-type, a bow-type and a psyche-force control type. Your attacks are exceedingly precise and you excel in sneak attacks, instantly slaying a thousand opponents with next to no effort. However, the problem is with the explosive strength of your attacks. You might suffer in the future if you were to face off against an opponent like Chen Wang.”

Qin Wentian calmly continued, “Hence, I suggest that you choose an astral soul that will boost your attack and speed, maximizing your current advantages. For strength, I've already explained, and as for speed, if you could increase it even further, the penetration attribute would be inconceivably fearsome. By then, who would be able to dodge or withstand a single one of your attacks?”

When one's attack speed increases, the power of their attack would naturally deliver a greater impact as well. Imagine a fruit's seed lightly flicked against your body compared to one that was shot out, boosted by a speed of 16x.

Qin Wentian could sense Fan Le's potential, and with the power of control he would definitely become one of the most fearsome archers to have ever existed.

“But of course, the most important thing is what path you wish to walk on in the future? I'm merely offering my input.” Qin

Wentian smiled and patted Fan Le on his shoulder. It didn't matter if Fan Le chose to disregard his suggestions. As a cultivator, the most important thing was to follow their hearts. Only then would they be able to maximize their power, constantly advancing forward.

“Understood.” Fan Le grinned. He then continued, “You should consider your choice as well. I believe with your current capabilities, your perception and will should be powerful enough to condense an Astral Soul from the 6th Heavenly Layer. In any case I didn't use up that much Yuan Meteor Stones condensing my two Astral Novas—here, take these.”

Fan Le passed a pile of Yuan Meteor Stones over before leaving. Qin Wentian didn't reject them. Although the Yuan Meteor Stones were becoming scarce among them, there wasn't a need to stand on ceremony between brothers.

And like what Fan Le had said, he truly had to properly consider what his fourth Astral Soul would be!

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Author Note: I admit that this chapter is somewhat 'dry', but I had to use this chance to explain the immense disparity between the different-tier Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns as well as the concept of breaking through to Heavenly Dipper. This is because all the following battles will be at that level. I apologize for the dryness, but let's look forward to the next chapter when Qin Wentian condenses his fourth Astral Soul.

# AGM 399 – Fourth Astral Soul

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Ultimately, Qin Wentian strongly believed that cultivation was something that should follow the heart of the cultivator and hence, he didn't put too much thought into what his choices should be.

Strength, attack power, defense, speed—he had no flaws in these areas. Hence, he decided not to think too much and would choose when the appropriate time came for him to choose.

Qin Wentian opened his eyes—he'd just opened his fourth Astral Gate and was currently using his perception and senses, opening up a pathway up to the Heavenly Layers.

Tonight, the starlight was exceptionally resplendent, and once again, Qin Wentian's perception continuously climbed upwards, soaring up to the Astral River in the Nine Heavenly Layers.

After undergoing so much tempering, his perception was now at a monstrous level. Very swiftly, he bypassed the 4th Heavenly Layer, and soon after arrived at the 5th. At this moment, he felt a strong sense of pressure pushing back against him.

“I already have three Astral Souls at the 5th Heavenly Layer. This time around, I must definitely barge up to the 6th.” Qin Wentian's will was incomparably resolute, and his perception continued to climb upwards as that sense of pressure grew increasingly overwhelming.

He stepped past various constellations, and even passed by those

whose glow was extremely blinding.

“Peak of the 5th Heavenly Layer.” Qin Wentian paused as he regarded the sea of constellations, satisfaction in his eyes. After which, his countenance hardened as his perception rushed upwards.

His domineering conviction led Qin Wentian up to the 6th Heavenly Layer. Over here, even with his level of strength, he still felt fear from sensing the fluctuations of the various constellations.

Even geniuses might not be able to withstand such pressure, or even be capable of climbing to this layer, unless they broke through to the same level as a Celestial Phenomenon. In other words, only those from the Ascendant level were able to use their Astral Souls here to absorb astral light and convert it into astral energy. He, Qin Wentian, may be the only exception.

“A Flame-type Astral Soul, but the flames it emits seem to be that of hellfire. It also contains a hint of the underworld—this fire appears to be one that can be eternally inextinguishable, or at least until its target is incinerated to ashes.” Qin Wentian stared at a constellation near him, however he had no intentions to form an innate connection with it.

His perception continued soaring through the 6th Layer. Right now, he could still control his senses.

“That constellation...” Qin Wentian stared at a sabre-type

constellation in the distance. It was completely pitch black in appearance, hanging suspended in the air. Even from such a far distance, Qin Wentian felt as though he could be split in half just from gazing upon it.

Qin Wentian involuntary thought of Bai Qing executing the Nine Slashes of the Underworld. If the Astral Soul she condensed was this particular one, the power of her attack would definitely be augmented by an inconceivable amount.

Qin Wentian continued exploring, steeling himself against the mounting pressure that caused his senses to tremble.

He saw a constellation that emitted an exceedingly evil aura, in the shape of a gigantic skeleton that had a mountain of corpses and immeasurable remains stacked upon it. Other constellations were extremely far away from it, as though even they were fearful of it.

“This constellation most definitely contains extreme power.” A thought appeared in Qin Wentian’s mind, but he had no intentions to form an innate connection with it.

Cultivation follows one’s heart. He wasn’t evil by nature and regardless of how powerful an Astral Soul was, if it didn’t match him well, that Astral Soul was still useless.

Although one could also use the power bestowed by the evil Astral Soul to do good, eventually the cultivator himself would slowly be influenced. Hence, it was still better to give up on such a constellation.



In the vast astral river of the 6th Layer, Qin Wentian saw many unfathomably powerful constellations. He could sense that he had already reached the edge of the 6th Layer, but when he tried to bridge the gap crossing into the 7th Heavenly Layer, he found himself unable to proceed.

In the nine Heavenly Layers, every three layers represented a gap. The luster of the corona surrounding the Astral Souls would change; for the initial three layers, there would only be a faint golden corona around the Astral Souls; for the middle three layers, there would be a pure golden corona around the Astral Souls; and for the 7th Heavenly Layer, the corona of the condensed Astral Soul would be violet-gold in color.

Astral Souls on the 7th Heavenly Layer totally and completely eclipsed Astral Souls condensed at the 6th Layer.

Qin Wentian's perception was forcibly bounced back, causing his mind to tremble violently as savage headaches wrecked him internally. He wiped traces of blood off the corner of his lips and rested for one full day. In the following days, he tried a total of seven times to breach the gap, and was met with failure every time. But naturally, his time at the 6th Layer wasn't wasted. He explored the Astral River there for quite some time, looking for a constellation suitable for him before he attempted to breach the 7th Layer.

This time around, it was already the eighth time his perception soared into the 6th Heavenly Layer. After some time, his perception reached the peak of the 6th Layer. There, he saw a

constellation, right at the peak of the 6th Layer and just before the gap to the 7th. Around this constellation was a vast region of desolation, for as far as the eye could see, there existed only a single constellation.

This constellation was in the shape of a sword, and it appeared to be an ancient gigantic astral sword that was embedded right at the very peak of the 6th Heavenly Layer, suppressing all other constellations beneath it. From the resplendent light it radiated, there lay darkness in its very depths. Billions of floating sword shadows could be seen inside that light, obeying its summons.

Without question, this was a sword-type astral constellation, and it somehow felt like Excalibur—only the worthy could wield it, a sword belonging to a Monarch that would dominate the world.

If one managed to condense an Astral Soul originating from this, then all other sword-type Astral Souls would tremble in fear before it, submitting to it in reverence.

“You’re it, then!”

Qin Wentian’s will gushed forwards, moving towards that king of swords. Instantly, a terrifying wave of energy slashed downwards, attempting to cleave Qin Wentian’s consciousness into two, crippling his mind and turning him into an idiot.

“How tyrannical,” Qin Wentian mumbled, but this only made him want to condense it even more. His heart and will had long been tempered to the point where he didn’t fear anything. His will

soared upwards, clashing with the energy wave of that sword. Yet, that unruly energy seemed unconquerable—nobody could control it.

Ordinary people wouldn't even dream of touching it; they were not qualified to.

This was the first time for Qin Wentian to meet such a constellation, and it was as though it possessed its own power of thought. Yet despite the strong resistance, how could he give it up? His own terrifying will continued forth inexorably, fiercely pushing back the sword's pressure.

On the arena platform, Qin Wentian's body began trembling violently, as though it was about to be shredded by an immense pressure.

"What's going on with your junior brother?" Nervousness painted his face as Mustang turned to Luo Huan.

"I've no idea, but there shouldn't be anything wrong." Although Luo Huan reply was as such, she also felt extreme worry in her heart.

Qin Zheng's silhouette slowly walked over. Upon seeing the abnormal situation Qin Wentian was in, his eyes glimmered with a strange light as he commented, "He's in the process of condensing an Astral Soul, but it seems that he's met an extremely tyrannical one and he's not willing to give it up."

“BZZZ!”

The radiant astral light cascaded downwards, transforming into countless incomparably sharp sword slashing towards Qin Wentian in an unmatched tyrannical manner.

“This...” Qin Zheng stared on, dumbfounded. What constellation was Qin Wentian trying to condense an Astral Soul from exactly?

Qin Wentian’s trembling grew more and more intense, as demonic qi exuded in huge waves from his body. Even his will, determination and heart seemed to transform into tangible energy fusing together, shooting straight up the dome of heavens as it aided him in fighting against the constellation.

The constellation seemed bent on making him give up. The king of swords, mortals wasn’t qualified to wield its power.

Yet Qin Wentian’s heart had already been tempered to such a degree, how could he give up in the face of a mere constellation? He wanted to be the master of it, instead.

Qin Wentian opened his eyes and inclined his head. A terrifying light shone within them as he stared upwards, imposing his will of Mandates within his gaze.

Boundless starlight blasted downwards, and the trembling of his body slowly stopped. The initially aggressive rays of light now gently enveloped his body, as an aura of extreme sharpness

pervaded the air. Moments later, an incomparably radiant, golden-colored glow radiated out from him as the astral soul-form of that ancient sword appeared to float above his head. A pitch-dark sword reminisces for the dark flames of purgatory.

“That corona...” Qin Zheng, Mustang and the rest felt terror in their hearts. The pure golden radiance radiating from it was at an intensity they had never seen before.

“An Astral Soul from the 6th Heavenly Layer.”

Mustang was dumbstruck, this disciple of his was constantly surprising him. He wasn't even fully twenty-one yet and if he were to return to Chu now, he would stand at the very peak.

Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns were already considered legends in Chu.

The Astral Soul gradually finished forming, and then exuded a tyrannical aura of kings.

Qin Wentian hadn't finished yet—after the condensation of his Astral Soul, his next job was to birth his fourth Yuanfu.

Currently, Qin Wentian's combat prowess could already be considered in the Heavenly Dipper Realm. However, he birthed all three of his initial Yuanfu at the very start of the Yuanfu Realm. A period of time would be needed for the amount and quality of Astral Energy in this fourth Yuanfu to match up to the earlier

three.

A month later, Qin Wentian finally stopped his cultivation. When he opened his eyes, he noticed several people surrounding him.

“You guys don’t want to cultivate?” Qin Wentian asked.

“We’ve already cultivated for nine solid months,” Fan Le stated, depressed. “And what’s going on? BOSS WHY HAVE YOU NOT BROKEN THROUGH TO HEAVENLY DIPPER YET?”

Qin Wentian could only shake his head with a bitter smile on his face. The indication of breaking through to Heavenly Dipper was the birth of an Astral Nova and the qualitative transformation of one’s Yuanfu.

To ordinary people, they only had a single Yuanfu. So after their Astral Nova was nurtured and birthed in their Yuanfu, their Yuanfu would evolve and they would officially step into the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

But he, was different. He cultivated the Art of the Nine Astrariums and at the Heavenly Dipper Realm, he could have a total of four Yuanfu. He couldn’t step into Heavenly Dipper before all four of his Yuanfu were nurtured and then birthed into an Astral Nova. It wasn’t that he didn’t want to, but he couldn’t do so.

That was why the Art of the Nine Astrariums was so powerful.

When he finally stepped into Heavenly Dipper, he would be completely different compared to ordinary Sovereigns. The gap between them was immeasurable. For opponents who only had a single Astral Nova, even without innate techniques, he would be able to effortlessly suppress them with just the number of novas he had alone.

“All of us, including myself, have already reached the threshold of Heavenly Dipper Sovereigns in terms of combat prowess. It’s time we think about how to exit this place,” Qin Wentian stated. To condense his fourth Astral Nova, Qin Wentian would first need to comprehend the Mandate of Swords to the second level. To do so, he would have to temper himself outside in order to break through any bottlenecks that may occur.

“I can send you guys out.”

A voice drifted over, as the gazes of the crowd turned in that direction, they discovered that the owner of the voice was none other than Qin Zheng.

Although Qin Zheng was trapped in with them, he didn’t really have a friendship with any of them. Even when they were learning the nine ultimate arts, he didn’t participate because he wasn’t that familiar with Qin Wentian.

Yet now, he actually said that he was able to send them out of the formation world.

Qin Wentian’s expression faltered, while the light in Yun

Mengyi's eyes brightened.

“I am the same as you, gaining all thirty-six eccentrics' approval in the Unmatched Realm. Don't forget that I excel in the Mandate of Space, and Yun Mengyi should be very clear of who my teacher in the Unmatched Realm is. He has given me a life-saving treasure.”

As he spoke, Qin Zheng took out an ancient scroll that emitted terrifying spatial waves—it seemed to belong to the concept of Space.

“This ancient scroll can control the power of space, transferring us ten thousand miles away. This is the treasure my teacher has given me, and we can make use of this to exit the Vermilion Bird Formation. But let me say this first, I have no control over this treasure, so all of us might end up being transferred to different places.”

“Since you have this treasure, why didn't you use it to exit earlier?” Qin Wentian stared at Qin Zheng in puzzlement.

“Most of us here are from the Unmatched Realm. Although the Unmatched Realm has never interfered with matters of the outside world, my teacher as well as the rest of the eccentrics, do not want us to fall here.” Qin Zheng matched Qin Wentian's gaze as he replied. He, Qin Wentian, Yun Mengyi, Chu Mang, Fan Le and Ouyang Kuangsheng were all cultivators of the Unmatched Realm.

“Fine, I will trust you on this.. Let's go out then.” Qin Wentian



stared at everyone as he continued his instructions, “After we’re out, everyone must leave Ginkou immediately. Don’t gather together, as this would make it easier to attract attention. Ouyang and Bai Qing, both of you return to your respective powers, there won’t be anyone daring to make a blatant move against you then. Chu Mang and Fan Le, you guys return to the Unmatched Realm in Azure Continent. Bailu Jing and Bailu Yi return to the White Deer Institute... but as for teacher Mustang and Senior Sister Luo Huan...”

There was no need for him to worry about Yun Mengyi and Mu Feng. But Mustang and Luo Huan just weren’t strong enough.

“I won’t go then, it isn’t so bad to stay here to cultivate.” Mustang laughed, “Wentian, after you grow powerful enough, remember the debt the Nine Mystical Palace owes us.”

“I’ll stay here and accompany teacher then.” Luo Huan smiled, “Pick us up when you are strong enough.”

Qin Wentian sighed, his heart filled with melancholy, but he nodded his head lightly. Gazing at Little Rascal, who was being hugged by Luo Huan, a series of yiyiyaya sounds echoed in his mind.

“You want to stay here as well?” Qin Wentian asked Little Rascal.

“Arf!” Little Rascal bobbed its head in agreement.

“Alright, accompany teacher Mustang and sister Luo Huan in my stead then. I will definitely be back for you guys,” Qin Wentian stated, as he withdrew the excess Yuan Meteor Stones in his possession, passing it over to them.

“Wentian gege, I don’t want to be separated from you so quickly.” Bai Qing pulled at his hands, sadness apparent in her eyes.

“You are still so weak, wouldn’t you be a burden if you stayed by my side?” Qin Wentian laughed causing Bai Qing stick her tongue out at him, knowing that Qin Wentian was intentionally teasing her.

“I will put in all my efforts in cultivation when I return. When the Mystic Moon Sect falls to my control, I will come and help you then.” Bai Qing smiled in an extremely adorable manner. Yet everyone knew that under all her smiles and laughter, there lay an incomparably resolute heart—she was a practitioner of the Chaotic Art of the Heavenly Devil after all.

“Mhm.” Qin Wentian nodded, gazing at every one of them. As he drew in a deep breath, he felt a great sense of reluctance at parting with his companions. But despite his reluctance, he understood that no matter what happened, the act of barging through Grand Xia had to be done single-handedly!

# AGM 400 – Sword Reverence City

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Pill Emperor Hall, Moon Continent. In the 99 flights of steps leading upwards, with celestial qi pervading the air, the main palace of the Pill Emperor Hall was built so tall that its tip reached the heavens, and was revered by people in all the eight directions.

To many, Pill Emperor Hall was sacred ground.

The majority of experts from Pill Emperor Hall were alchemists, and could save the lives of ordinary humans just with the pills they concocted. Hence, most people felt to them, that the Pill Emperor Hall was one of the best transcendent powers to currently exist.

In that main hall right now, fragrant incense permeated the air, appearing truly to be a place fit for immortals to reside. However, right towards the back of all the palaces and halls, there was a forbidden gate where no one was permitted to enter.

Many powerful experts guarded the gate, and beyond it, the celestial qi pervading the air was magnified, transformed into a dense mist. This caused several of the Pill Emperor Hall's disciples to sigh with longing. Legend has it that this was the sacred place of the Pill Emperor Hall, purely for the current Saintess of the sect to use for her baptism. After the ritual, the celestial qi exuding from the Saintess would be more intense, and her talent would strengthen, causing countless to hold her in reverence.

However, the Pill Emperor Hall had an ironclad rule. Upon entering the sacred ground of their sect, then in this life, for all

eternity, they would be the people of the Pill Emperor Hall. They would be unable to marry outside, and thus live and die in the sect.

At this moment, past the forbidden gate, a silhouette could be seen walking forward. This person was none other than Luo He from the Pill Emperor Hall.

Luo He slowly walked forwards, to the end of the celestial mist. In front of her, a cliff could be seen and on top of the cliff there was yet another figure—her senior brother, and Zhan Chen's master.

The Luo He now was a far cry from her usual self. As she walked up the cliff, she appeared extremely strained and ill at ease, casting her gaze downwards towards the valley depths. If others could see what Luo He saw now, they would definitely be stricken with terror, scared out of their minds.

The sacred Pill Emperor Hall was actually built upon a mountain range, surrounded by a sea of corpses and skeletons.

This mountain range exuded an overwhelming stench of death that originated from the ancient bones buried for all eternity underneath.

Other than this terrifying scene, there were numerous stone platforms scattered around, with several white-robed youthful females sitting cross legged upon it. Their individual beauty was capable of stirring the heavens, yet, what was weird about this scene was that their expressions all seemed a little strange, sluggish...and somewhat lifeless.

And right in the middle of these white-robed females, there was a set of skeletal remains that emitted a red glow, bringing to mind the rhythmic fluctuations of life.

“Have you prepared a total of eighty-one essence-gathering bodies for me?”

A voice rasped, reverberating with extreme evilness, drifting out from the skeletal remains. Luo He’s heart involuntarily clenched, her countenance was filled with acute discomfort as she cast a glance at her senior brother beside him.

“I will do my best,” Luo He respectfully replied.

“Hmph!”

That cold snort magnified the pressure on Luo He’s heart, causing her countenance to turn extremely pale.

“You’d better know your priorities.”

Luo He trembled intensely as she forced a bow. “I will do my best.”

“I will give you one more year of time.” The cold voice resounded as Luo He nodded her head, before silently retreating. She quietly thought in her heart, “Qingcheng, ah Qingcheng, I initially wanted

you to succeed me, and on account of your talent I shall give you one last chance. But if you continue being foolish, then don't blame me for being heartless."

Today would mark the first year since the conclusion of the Heavenly Fate Rankings.

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In the central region of Grand Xia, there was a city named Sword Reverence City.

Although this city wasn't as luxurious as the nine continents, it was still exceedingly famous over this vast piece of region of about ten thousand miles. Because, other than the Yan Continent, which specialized in swords, this city was another location where sword fanatics would gather.

Hence, it was named as the Sword Reverence City.

Outside the city gates of Sword Reverence City, there was a path that led to the edge of a precipice. Here, the air was pervaded with terrifying sword qi, and at the edge of the land the surface was extremely flat, as though the whole place was formed when a monstrous gigantic sword sundered the earth, cleaving it apart, with the remnants forming the precipice.

Nine swords of incomparable sharpness were embedded at the edge of the precipice, their bodies bent, accepting the worship and reverence of millions of people. Hence, the city at the side of this

precipice, was named as the Sword Reverence City.

Today, there was an extremely popular topic running through the city that was heavily discussed by many.

A few months ago, a young swordsman had appeared in the city. This swordsman was clad in white, with an ancient sword strapped behind his back, giving off an aura of sharpness that further enhanced his handsome features.

This young man came to the Sword Reverence City to gain enlightenment into the Mandate of Swords by finding people to spar against him every day. To everyone's shock, this young man actually comprehended the Mandate of Swords in a mere three days.

The first level of insight in the Mandate of Swords, was sharpness.

A sword that was sharp enough had nothing it couldn't cut through, capable of overcoming all obstacles.

This young man comprehended the Mandates of Swords in three days, reached the Advanced Boundary of the first level in ten, broke through to the Transformation Boundary after one month and finally, achieving the Perfect Boundary at three months.

His accomplishments were personally witnessed by many in the crowd, and they couldn't help but believe that in this world, there

was truly a genius at that level.

Not only that, this young man's perception was beyond extraordinary. For those that crossed blows with him, he'd actually learn their sword arts and techniques right after the first pass and even use it against them. Such talent truly caused all the spectators to be stunned.

From the time he started on the path of comprehending the sword, all the way up till now when he'd become a sword master, a total of three months had passed. Not only that, he had already defeated several powerful sword cultivators at the same realm as him, purely by sword techniques. It was as if regardless of whoever he fought against, he would defeat them all the same.

Only when he had no more opponents in the Reverence Sword Precipice, did this young man proceed and enter the city.

Right now, in the Sword Reverence City, that young man was currently sparring against another young man around twenty-six to twenty-seven years of age. Both their sword arts were unfathomably consummate, as sword qi devastated the surrounding area of their duel.

“Haha, Brother Qin's sword arts are truly brilliant. I, Zong, am truly impressed.” The other young man took a step back and returned his sword to his sheath. He stared at the other party with respect in his eyes. Having such achievements at such a young age, he could truly be termed as a demon-level genius when it came to the path of swords.



This talented young man was naturally Qin Wentian. After he exited the ancient kingdom, he didn't linger behind in Ginkou and left directly, coming to the Sword Reverence City to cultivate in his sword techniques. He had to first comprehend the Mandate of Swords to the second level before condensing an Astral Nova to break through to the Heavenly Dipper Realm.

But in truth, although the aura Qin Wentian exuded was still at Yuanfu, from another perspective, his three Astral Novas would indicate that his combat prowess was already at the Heavenly Dipper level.

“Brother Zong's sword arts are astounding as well, as expected of someone from a powerful sect.” Qin Wentian smiled.

Zong Qian's eyes flashed with a bright glow as he smiled back, “Seems like Brother Qin has already figured out my identity. Truth be told, I'm Zong Qian from the Zong Clan of the Sword Reverence City.”

There were three major powers in the city, respectively known as the Zong Clan, Li Clan and the Heavenly Sword Sect. They had a countless number of disciples under their wings who had come to this city to join them, enabling the sect and clans to prosper rather than decline throughout the years.

These three powers were all extremely prestigious. Experts were as common as clouds within their groups.

Of all three powers, the Zong Clan was the one with lowest profile, the Li Clan was the most high-handed, while the Heavenly Sword Sect's renown and influence was considered the greatest. The choice of countless young cultivators upon arriving at this city would most definitely be the Heavenly Sword Sect. After all, the other two were only clans.

"I'm Qin Wen." Qin Wentian nodded his head.

"I won't lie, Brother Qin, but I feel a little puzzled by the rumors in the city. Is the matter where you took only three months from a beginner to become a swordmaster really true?" Zong Qian's personality was straightforward, hence he asked directly. In fact, many people felt that Qin Wentian was actually an expert in the sword pretending to be a beginner to gain recognition and fame.

"If I say yes, would Brother Zong believe me?" Qin Wentian laughed.

Zong Qian muttered irresolutely to himself for a moment before replying, "If it was before this, I wouldn't have believed it. But now that I've met Brother Qin in person, if Brother Qin say its true, I will surely believe it as so."

"Why?" Qin Wentian curiously asked.

"Us sword users cultivate our sword heart. Our personality won't deviate from the way we use our sword. For those with strange and crafty sword techniques, their personality will reflect it as such. Brother Qin's sword was sharp and true, overwhelming and

tyrannical, pressing courageously forward, and even with a faint sense of a King within. From exchanging moves against you, how could I be unable to tell the sort of character you have?” Zong Qian laughed, causing Qin Wentian to be slightly stunned.

Zong Qian was truly from one of the three sword-wielding major powers, using one’s sword arts to evaluate his opponent’s character.

“Not only that, Brother Qin’s swordplay is extremely pure, your sword intent clear and sharp. It would truly be a waste if Brother Qin hadn’t chosen to cultivate in the path of swords.”

“Brother Zong praises me too much.” Qin Wentian bitterly smiled.

“We hit it off right from the start, I’m slightly older than you, hence, I should be your big brother. Today, let’s go back to my residence, and we will exchange sword pointers while drinking beautiful wine,” Zong Qian spoke enthusiastically, clutching Qin Wentian by his arm causing Qin Wentian to start slightly. However, as he directed his gaze towards Zong Qian, he discovered his countenance was clean and filled only with pure intentions of forming a friendship, extremely sincere without a hint of hypocrisy.

Just as he’d said earlier, the personality and character of sword cultivators could be inferred from the way they used their swords. Zong Qian’s sword was straightforward and swift, just like his character. He simply did what he wanted to do.

However, at this moment, the whistling of sword qi could be heard gushing over nearby. Lifting their heads, they saw three sharp swords speeding along in the air, instantly landing beside Qin Wentian. The newcomers were made up of two males and one female.

The two males were around thirty in age, while the female had a beautiful countenance, with limpid eyes, aged around twenty-five to twenty-six.

Upon seeing the appearance of these three, Zong Qian instantly relinquished his hold on Qin Wentian's arms. But the three of them had long seen what happened while they were in the air. Their eyes were like torches, filled with sharpness, as they stared at Qin Wentian.

“Are you that rumored undefeatable swordsman?” One of the males by the side had a blood dot in the centre of his brows, giving people a tyrannical feeling. He stood on his sword, staring at Qin Wentian as he coldly inquired.

“It is I, Qin,” Qin Wentian replied.

“I initially thought that you were alone and hence I wanted to spar against you. Who would have thought that you'd actually be someone from the Zong Clan.” The other male who had sword-angled eyebrows spoke, his words radiating enmity.

“What did I tell you guys, it's impossible for someone to use only

three months to step into the Perfect Boundary of the first level. It's obvious this entire thing was a setup. He's originally a sword cultivator, and not what the rumors were saying—that he was recently a beginner.” The female's thin lips mumbled, her harsh tone filled with unkindness.

Qin Wentian frowned slightly, only to see Zong Qian icily retorting, “Li Nian, this is the first time Brother Qin came to our Sword Reverence City. He has no relations with my Zong Clan.”

“Oh, are you trying to hide your relationship now? It's useless. Since he's someone your Zong Clan invited, I guess you guys must have already made your preparations to fight against us. Since there's such a good opportunity now, why don't we exchange some pointers with each other?” the female icily stated. As the sound of her voice faded, the male with the sword-angled brows blasted out a palm strike, and an instant later, a terrifying sword qi gushed out, flying right towards Qin Wentian.

Zong Qian stepped out in front of Qin Wentian, blocking the attack as he coldly replied, “The grudge between the Li and Zong Clan is for us alone to bear. Don't drag a bystander into it.”

“Since you guys did it, why are you so afraid to admit it? Since this expert was hired by the Zong Clan, why are you so afraid to do battle?” The countenance of the sword-angled eyebrows male grew sharper and sharper, as he continued slamming his palms forth. The sword qi gushing from him was now imbued with the will of his mandates.

Zong Qian immediately responded, exploding forth with his

aura. The male he was currently up against wasn't your average opponent, and not even Qin Wentian's Mandate of Swords was enough to stand against him, despite already reaching the Perfection Boundary of the first level.

And during their earlier exchange of blows, Zong Qian hadn't sensed any other Mandates from Qin Wentian. He now believed that Qin Wentian had only comprehended the Mandate of Swords and would only be at a severe disadvantage if he were to go up against the sword-angled eyebrows male—such a move would only invite calamity on himself!

Zong Qian similarly exploded forth with his aura. The current male he was fighting against wasn't just some run-of-the-mill opponent and although Qin Wentian's Mandate of Swords had reached the Perfection Boundary of the first level, it wasn't enough to stand against someone like the sword-angled eyebrows male.

Not only that, when Zong Qian exchanged blows with Qin Wentian earlier, he couldn't sense the will of any other Mandates from Qin Wentian, he strongly felt that Qin Wentian only comprehended the Mandate of Swords and thus was afraid that Qin Wentian would suffer a severe disadvantage when fighting against this male, inviting a calamity on himself!